

THE
WORKS
OF

The HONOURABLE

Sir Philip Sidney, Kt.

VOL. II.



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THE
COUNTESS of *Pembroke's*
A R C A D I A.

BOOK III.

THIS last Day's danger, having made *Pamela's* love discern what a loss it should have suffered if *Dorus* had been destroyed, bred such tenderness of kindness in her toward him, that she could no longer keep love from looking out through her eyes, and going forth in her words, whom before as a close prisoner she had to her heart only committed; so as finding not only by his speeches and letters, but by the pitiful oration of a languishing behaviour, and the easily deciphered character of a sorrowful face, that despair began now to threaten him destruction, she grew content both to pity him, and let him see she pitied him, as well by making her own beautiful beams to thaw away the former icyness of her behaviour, as by entertaining his discourses (whensoever he did use them) in the third person of *Musidorus*, to so far a degree,

that in the end she said, that if she had been the princess whom that disguised prince had virtuously loved, she would have requited his faith with faithful affection; finding in her heart, that nothing could so heartily love as virtue: with many more words to the same sense of noble favour, and chaste plainness. Which when at the first it made that unexpected bliss shine upon *Dorus*, he was like one frozen with extremity of cold, over-hastily brought to a great fire, rather oppressed than relieved with such a lightning of felicity. But after the strength of nature had made him able to feel the sweetness of joyfulness, that again being a child of passion, and never acquainted with mediocrity, could not set bounds upon his happiness, nor be content to give desire a kingdom, but that it must be an unlimited monarchy. So that the ground he stood upon being over-high in happiness, and slippery through affection, he could not hold himself from falling into such an error, which with sighs blew all comfort out of his breast, and washed away all cheerfulness of his cheer with tears. For this favour filling him with hope, hope encouraging his desire; and desire considering nothing but opportunity; one time (*Mopsa* being called away by her mother, and he left alone with *Pamela*) the sudden occasion called love, and that never stayed to ask reasons leave, but made the too much loving *Dorus* take her in his arms, offering to kiss her, and as if it were to establish a trophy of his victory. But she, as if she had been ready to drink a wine of excellent taste and colour, which suddenly she perceived had poison in it, so did she put him away from her: looking first up to heaven, as amazed to find her self so beguiled in him: then laying cruel punishment upon him of angry love, and lowering beauty, shewing disdain, and a despising disdain. Away (said she) unworthy man to love or to be loved. Assure thy self, I hate my self being so deceived; judge then what I do to thee for deceiving me. Let me see thee no more, the only fall of my judgment, and stain of my conscience. With that she called *Mopsa*, not staying for any answer (which was no other but a flood of tears) which she seemed not to mark (much less to pity) and chid her for having left her alone. It

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It was not a sorrow, but it was even a death, which then laid hold of *Dorus*: which certainly at that instant would have killed him, but that the fear to tarry longer in her presence (contrary to her commandment) gave him life to carry himself away from her sight, and to run into the woods; where throwing himself down at the foot of a tree, he did not fall into lamentation (for that proceeded of pitying) or grieving for himself (which he did no way) but to curses of his life, as one that detested himself. For finding himself not only unhappy, but unhappy after being fallen from all happiness: and to be fallen from all happiness, not by any misconceiving, but by his own fault, and his fault to be done to no other but *Pamela*; he did not tender his own estate, but despised it; greedily drawing into his mind, all conceits which might more and more torment him. And so remained he two days in the woods, disdaining to give his body food, or his mind comfort, loving in himself nothing but the love of her. And indeed that love only strove with the fury of his anguish, telling it, that if it destroyed *Dorus*, it should also destroy the image of her that lived in *Dorus*: and when the thought of that was crept in unto him, it began to win of him some compassion to the shrine of that image, and to bewail not for himself (whom he hated) but that so notable a love should perish. Then began he only so far to wish his own good, as that *Pamela* might pardon him the fault, though not the punishment: and the uttermost height he aspired unto, was, that after his death she might yet pity his error and know that it proceeded of love, and not of boldness. That conceit found such friendship in his thoughts, that at last he yielded, since he was banished her presence, to seek some means by writing to shew his sorrow, and testify his repentance. Therefore getting him the necessary instruments of writing, he thought best to counterfeit his hand (fearing that already as she knew his, she would cast it away as soon as she saw it) and to put it in verse, hoping that would draw her on to read the more, chusing the *Elegiac* as fittest for mourning. But never pen did more quakingly perform his office; never was paper more double moistened with ink and tears; never words more slowly married together,
and

and never the muses more tired than now, with changes and re changes of his devices: fearing how to end, before he had resolved how to begin, mistrusting each word, condemning each sentence, This word was not significant, that word was too plain: this would not be conceived, the other would be ill conceived: here sorrow was not enough expressed, there he seemed too much for his own sake to be sorry: this sentence rather shewed art than passion, that sentence rather foolishly passionate, than forcibly moving. At last, marring with mending, and putting out better than he left, he made an end of it; being ended, was divers times ready to tear it; till his reason assuring him, the more he studied the worse it grew, he folded it up, devoutly invoking good acceptance unto it; and watching his time, when they were all gone one day to dinner, saving *Mopsa* to the other Lodge, stole up into *Pamela's* chamber, and in her standish (which first he kissed; and craved of it a safe and friendly keeping) left it there, to be seen at her next using her ink (himself returning again to be true prisoner to desperate sorrow) leaving her standish upon her beds-head, to give her the more occasion to mark it: which also fell out.

For the finding it at her afternoon return, in another place than she left it, opened it. But when she saw the letter, her heart gave her from whence it came; and therefore clapping it to again she went away from it, as if it had been a contagious garment of an infected person: and yet was not long away, but that she wished she had read it, though she were loth to read it. Shall I, said she, second his boldness so far, as to read his presumptuous Letters? And yet (saith she) he sees me not now to grow the bolder thereby: and how can I tell whether they be presumptuous? The paper came from him, and therefore not worthy to be received; and yet the paper she thought was not guilty. At last she concluded, it were not much amiss to look it over, that she might out of his words pick some farther quarrel against him. Then she opened it, and threw it away, and took it up again, till (e're she were aware) her eyes would needs read it, containing this matter.

UNTO

UNT O a caitiff wretch, whom long affliction holdeth,
And now fully believes help to be quite perished,
Grant yet, grant yet a look, to the last moment of his
anguish,

O you (alas so I find) cause of his only ruin.

Dread not awhit (O goodly cruel) that pity may enter
Into thy heart by the sight of this Epistle I send :
And so refuse to behold of these strange wounds the recital,
Lest it might thee allure home to thy self to return,
(Unto thy self, I do mean those graces dwell so within thee,
Gratefulness, sweetness, holy love, hearty regard)
Such thing cannot I seek (despair hath giv'n me my an-
swer :

Despair most tragical clause to a deadly request)
Such thing cannot he hope, that knows thy determinate
hardness,

Hard like a rich marble : hard, but a fair Diamond.
Can those eyes, that of eyes drown'd in most hearty flow-
ing tears

(Tears and tears of a man? had no return to remorse)
Can those eyes now yield to the kind conceit of a sorrow,
Which ink only relates, but ne laments, ne replies ?
Ah, that, that do I not conceive (though that to my bliss
were)

More than *Nestor's* years, more than a King's diadem.
Ah, that, that do I not conceive ; to the Heaven when a
Mouſe climbs

Then may I hope to achieve grace of a heavenly Tyger.
But, but alas, like a man condemned doth crave to be
heard speak,

Not that he hopes for amends of the disaster he feels,
But finding the approach of death with an inly relenting,
Gives an adieu to the world, as to his only delight :

Right so my boiling heart, inflam'd with fire of a fair eye,
Bubbling out doth breathe signs of his huge dolours :

Now that he finds to what end his life and love be re-
served,

And that he thence must part, where to live only he liv'd ;
O fair, O fairest, are such the triumphs to thy fairness ?

Can death beauty become ? must I be such monument ?

Must

Must I be only the mark shall prove that virtue is angry?

Shall prove that fierceness can with a white Dove abide?

Shall to the world appear that faith and love be rewarded

With mortal disdain, bent to unending revenge.

Unto revenge? O sweet, on a wretch wilt thou be revenged?

Shall such high planets tend to the loss of a worm?

And to revenge who do bend, would in that kind be revenged

As th' offence was done, and go beyond if he can.

All my offence was love: with love then must I be chastened;

And with more, by the Laws that to revenge do belong.

If that love be a fault, more fault in you to be lovely:

Love never had me oppress, but that I saw to be lov'd.

You be the cause that I lov'd: what Reason blameth a shadow,

That with a body 't goes? since by a body it is?

If that love you did hate, you should your beauty have hidden:

You should those fair eyes have with a veil covered.

But fool, fool that I am, those eyes would shine from a dark cave:

What veils then do prevail, but to a more Miracle?

Or those golden locks, those locks which lock me to bondage,

Torn you should disperse unto the blasts of a wind.

But fool, fool that I am, though I had but a hair of her head found,

Ev'n as I am, so I should unto that hair be a thrall.

Or with fair hands, nails (O hand which nails me to this death)

You should have your face, since love is ill blemished.

O wretch, what do I say? should that fair face be defaced?

Should my too much sight cause so true a sun to be lost?

First let *Cimmerian* darkness be my only habitation:

First be mine eyes pull'd out, first be my brain perished,

E're that I should consent to do so excessive a damage

Unto the earth, by the hurt of this her heavenly jewel.

O not, but such love you say you could have afforded,

As might learn temp'rance, void of a rage's events.

O sweet simplicity: from whence should love be so learned?

Unto *Cupid*, that Boy, should a Pedant be found?

Well, but faulty I was: Reason to my passion yielded,

Passion

Passion unto my rage, rage to a hasty revenge,
But what's this for a fault, for which such faith be abolisht,
Such faith, so stainless, inviolate, violent?
Shall I not? O may I not thus yet refresh the remembrance,
What sweet joys I had once, and what a place I did
hold?

Shall I not once object, that you, you granted a favour
Unto the man, whom now such miseries you award?
Bend your thoughts to the dear sweet words which then
to me giv'n were,
Think what a world is now, think who hath alter'd
her heart.

What? was I then worthy such good, now worthy such
evil?

Now fled, then cherish'd? then so nigh, now so remote?
Did not a rosed breath from lips rosy proceeding,

Say, that I well should find in what a care I was had?
With much more: Now what do I find, but care to ab-
hor me?

Care that I sink in grief, care that I live banished?
And banished do I live, nor now will seek a recovery,
Since so she will, whose will is to me more than a law.
If then a man in most ill case may give you a farewell:
Farewel, long farewell, all my woe, all my delight.

What this would have wrought in her, she her self
could not tell: for, before her reason could moderate the
disputation between favour and faultiness, her sister, and
Miso, called her down to entertain *Zelmene*, who was
come to visit the two sisters; about whom, as about two
poles, the sky of beauty was turned: while *Gynecia* wea-
ried her bed with her melancholy sickness, and made
Miso's shrewdness (who like a spirit set to keep a treasure,
barred *Zelmene* from any farther conference) to be the
lieutenant of her jealousy; both she and her husband
driving *Zelmene* to such a streight of resolution, either
of impossible granting, or dangerous refusing, as the best
escape she had, was (as much as she could) to avoid their
company. So as this day, being the fourth day after
the uproar, (*Basilus* being with his sick wife, conferring
upon such examinations, as *Philanax* and other of his

noble-men had made of this late sedition, all touching *Cecropia*, with vehement suspicion of giving either flame or fuel unto it) *Zelmae* came with her body, to find her mind, which was gone long before her, and had gotten his seat in *Philoclea*, who now with a bashful chearfulness (as though she were ashamed, that she could not not chuse but be glad) joynd with her sister, in making much of *Zelmae*.

And so as they sat devising how to give more feathers to the wings of time, there came to the lodge-door six maids, all in one livery of scarlet petticoats, which were tuckt up almost to their knees, the petticoats themselves being in many places garnished with leasfs, their legs naked, saving that above the ankles they had little black silk laces, upon which did hang a few silver bells: like which they had a litle above their elbows upon their bare arms. Upon their hair they wore garlands of roses and gilliflowers; and the hair was so drest, as that came again above the garlands, interchanging a mutual covering: so as it was doubtful, whether the hair drest the garlands, or the garlands drest the hair: Their breasts liberal to the eye; the face of the foremost of them, in excellency fair; and of the rest lovely, if not beautiful: and beautiful might have been, if they had not suffered greedy *Phæbus* over-often and hard, to kiss them. Their countenances full of a graceful gravity, so as the gesture matcht with the apparel, it might seem a wanton modesty, an enticing soberness. Each of them had an instrument of musick in their hands, which consorting their well-pleasing tunes, did charge each ear with unsensibleness, that did not lend it self unto them. The musick entring alone into the lodge, the ladies were all desirous to see from whence so pleasant a guest was come: and therefore went out together, where before they could take the pains to doubt, much less to ask the question of their quality, the fairest of them (with a gay, but yet discreet demeanour) in this sort spake to them. Most excellent ladies (whose excellencies have power to make cities envy these woods, and solitariness to be accounted the sweetest company) vouchsafe our message your gracious hearing, which as it comes from love, so comes it from lovely persons. The maids of all this coast

of

Book III. *Pembroke's* ARCADIA.

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of *Arcadia*, understanding the often access that certain shepherds of these quarters are allowed to have in this forbidden place, and that their rural sports are not disdained of you, have been stirred up with emulation to them, and affection to you, to bring forth something, which might as well breed your contentment : and therefore hoping that the goodness of their intention, and the hurtlessness of their sex, shall excuse the breach of the commandment in coming to this place unsent for, they chose out us, to invite both your princely parents, and your selves, to a place in the woods about half a mile hence ; where they have provided some such sports, as they trust your gracious acceptations will interpret to be delightful. We have been at the other lodge, but finding them there busied in weightier affairs, our trust is, that you will not deny the shining of your eyes upon us. The ladies stood in some doubt whether they should go or not, lest *Basilus* might be angry withal : But *Miso* (that had been at none of the pastorals, and had a great desire to lead her old senses abroad to some pleasure) told them plainly, they should nor will, nor chuse, but go thither, and make the honest country people know, that they were not so squeamish as folks thought of them. The ladies glad to be warranted by her authority, with a smiling humbleness obeyed her ; *Pamela* only casting a seeking look, whether she could see *Dorus* (who poor wretch wandred half mad for sorrow in the woods, crying for pardon of her who could not hear him) but indeed was grieved for his absence, having given the wound to him through her own heart. But so the three ladies and *Miso* went with those six *Nymphs*, conquering the length of the way with the force of musick, leaving only *Mopsa* behind, who disgraced weeping with her countenance, because her mother would not suffer her to shew her new scoured face among them. But the place appointed, as they thought, met them half in their way, so well were they pleased with the sweet tunes and pretty conversation of their inviters. There found they in the midst of the thickest part of the wood, a little square place, not burthened with trees, but with a board, covered and beautified with the pleasantest fruits that sun-burned *Autumn* could deliver to them. The maids besought the la-

dies to sit down and taste of the swelling grapes, which seemed great with child of *Bacchus*: and of the divers coloured plumbs, which gave the eye a pleasant taste before they came to the mouth. The ladies would not shew to scorn their provision, but eat and drank a little of their cool wine, which seemed to laugh for joy to come to such lips.

But after the collation was ended, and that they looked for the coming forth of such devices as were prepared for them, there rusht out of the woods twenty armed men, who round about invironed them, and laying hold on *Zelmane* before she could draw her sword, and taking it from her, put hoods over the heads of all four, and so muffled, by force set them on horse-back, and carried them away; the sisters crying in vain for succour, while *Zelmane's* heart was rent in pieces with rage of the injury, and disdain of her fortune. But when they had carried them four or five mile further, they left *Miso* with a gagg in her mouth, and bound hand and foot, so to take her fortune; and brought the three ladies (by that time the night seemed with her silence to conspire to their treason) to a castle about ten miles from the lodges; where they were fain to take a boat which waited for them, for the castle stood in the midst of a great lake upon a high rock, where partly by art, but principally by nature, it was by all men esteemed impregnable. But at the castle-gate their faces were discovered, and there were met with a great number of torches, after whom the sisters knew their aunt-in-law *Cecropia*. But that sight increased the deadly terror of the princesses, looking for nothing but death, since they were in the power of the wicked *Cecropia*: who yet came unto them, making courtesy the outside of mischief, and desiring them not to be discomforted, for they were in a place dedicated to their service. *Philoclea* (with a look where love shined through the midst of fear) besought her to be good unto them, having never deserved evil of her. But *Pamela's* high heart disdaining humbleness to injury, aunt, said she, what you have determined of us I pray you do it speedily: for my part I look for no service, where I find violence.

But *Cecropia*, using no more words with them, conveyed them all three to several lodgings (*Zelmane's* heart

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heart so swelling with spite, that she could not bring forth a word) and so left them: first taking from them their knives, because they should do themselves no hurt, before she had determined of them: and then giving such order that they wanted nothing but liberty and comfort, she went to her son, who yet kept his bed, because of his wound he had received of *Zelmae*, and told him, whom now he had in his power. *Amphialus* was but even then returned from far countries, where he had won immortal fame both of courage and courtesy, when he met with the princesses, and was hurt by *Zelmae*, so as he was utterly ignorant of all his mother's wicked devices, to which he would never have consented, being (like a rose out of a briar) an excellent son of an evil mother: and now when he heard of this, was as much amazed, as if he had seen the sun fall to the earth. And therefore desired his mother that she would tell him the whole discourse, how all these matters had happened. Son, said she, I will do it willingly, and since all is done for you, I will hide nothing from you. And howsoever I might be ashamed to tell it strangers, who would think it wickedness, yet what is done for your sake (how evil soever to others) to you is virtue. To begin then even with the beginning: this doting fool *Basilus* that now reigns, having lived unmarried till he was nigh threescore years old (and in all his speeches affirming, and in all his doings, assuring that he never would marry) made all the eyes of this country to be bent upon your father, his only brother (but younger by thirty years) as upon the undoubted successor, being indeed a man worthy to reign, thinking nothing enough for himself: where this goose (you see) puts down his head, before there be any thing near to touch him. So that he holding place and estimation as heir of *Arcadia*, obtained me of my father the king of *Argos*, his brother helping to the conclusion, with protesting his batcherly intention: for else you may be sure the king of *Argos*, nor his daughter, would have suffered their royal blood to be stained with the base name of a subjection. So that I came into this country as apparent princess thereof, and accordingly was courted, and followed of all the ladies of this country.

country. My port and pomp did well become a king of *Argos's* daughter: in my presence their tongues were turned into ears, and their ears were captives unto my tongue; their eyes admired my majesty, and happy was he or she, on whom I would suffer the beams thereof to fall. Did I go to church? It seemed the very gods waited for me, their devotions not being solemnized till I was ready. Did I walk abroad to see any delight? Nay, my walking was the delight it self: for to it was the course, one thrusting upon another, who might shew himself most diligent and serviceable towards me: my sleeps were inquired after, and my wakings never unsaluted: the very gate of my house full of principal persons, who were glad, if their presents had received a grateful acceptance. And in this felicity wert thou born, the very earth submitting it self unto thee to be trodden as by his prince; and to that pass had my husband's virtue (by my good help) within short time brought it, with a plot we laid, as we should not have needed to have waited the tedious work of a natural end of *Basilus*, when the heavens (I think envying my great felicity) then stopped thy father's breath, when he breathed nothing but power and sovereignty. Yet did not thy orphanage, or my widowhood, deprive us of the delightful prospect, which the hill of honour doth yield, while expectation of thy succession did bind dependencies unto us.

But before, my son, thou wert come to the age to feel the sweetness of authority, this beast (whom I can never name with patience) falsely and foolishly married this *Gynecia*, then a young girl, and brought her to sit above me in all feasts, to turn her shoulder to me-ward, in all our solemnities. It is certain it is not so great a spight to be surmounted by strangers, as by ones own allies. Think then what my mind was, since withal there is no question, the fall is greater from the first to the second, than from the second to the undermost. The rage did swell in my heart so much the more as it was fain to be suppressed in silence, and disguised with humbleness. But above all the rest, the grief of griefs was, when with these two daughters, now thy prisoners, she cut off all hope of thy succession. It was a tedious thing to me, that my eyes should

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should look lower than any bodies, that (my self being by) another's voice than mine, should be more respected. But it was unsupportable unto me, to think that not only I, but thou shouldest spend all thy time in such misery, and that the sun should see my eldest son less than a prince. And though I had been a saint I could not chuse, finding the change this change of fortune bred unto me : for now from the multitude of followers, silence grew to be at my gate, and absence in my presence. The guess of my mind could prevail more before, than now many of my earnest requests. And thou (my dear son) by the fickle multitude no more than an ordinary person (born of the mud of the people) regarded. But I (remembering that in all *miserias sweeping becomes fools, and practice wise folks*) have tryed divers means to pull us out of the mire of subjection. And though many times fortune failed me, yet did I never fail my self. Wild beasts I kept in a cave hard by the lodges, which I caused by night to be fed in the place of their pastorals, I as then living in my house hard by the place, and against the hour they were to meet (having kept the beasts without meat) then let them loose, knowing that they would seek their food there, and devour what they found. But blind fortune hating sharp sighted inventions, made them unluckily to be killed. After I used my servant *Clinias* to stir a notable tumult of country people : but those louts were too gross instruments for delicate conceits. Now lastly, finding *Philanax* his examinations grow dangerous, I thought to play double or quit, and with a slight I used of my fine-witted wench *Artesia*, with other maids of mine, would have sent these goodly inheritrixes of *Arcadia* to have pleaded their cause before *Pluto*, but that over fortunately for them, you made me know the last day how vehemently this childish passion of love doth torment you. Therefore I have brought them unto you, yet wishing rather hate than love in you. For hate often begetteth victory ; love commonly is the instrument of subjection. It is true, that I would also by the same practice have intrapped the parents, but my maids failed of it, not daring to tarry long about it. But this sufficeth, since (these being taken away)

you are the undoubted inheritor, and *Basilus* will not long over-live this loss.

O mother, said *Amphialus*, speak not of doing them hurt, no more than to mine eyes, or my heart, or if I have any thing more dear than eyes or heart unto me. Let others find what sweetness they will in ever fearing, because they ever are feared: for my part, I will think myself highly intitled, if I may be once by *Philoclea* accepted for a servant. Well, said *Cecropia*, I would I had borne you of my mind, as well as of my body; then should you not have sunk under these base weaknesses. But since you have tied your thoughts in so wilful a knot, it is happy my policy hath brought matters to such a pass, as you may both enjoy affection, and upon that build your sovereignty. Alas, said *Amphialus*, my heart would fain yield you thanks for setting me in the way of felicity, but that fear kills them in me, before they are fully born. For if *Philoclea* be displeased, how can I be pleased? if she count it unkindness, shall I give tokens of kindness? perchance she condemns me of this action, and shall I triumph, perchance she drowns now the beauties I love with sorrowful tears, and where is then my rejoicing? you have reason, said *Cecropia*, with a feigned gravity; I will therefore send her away presently, that her contentment may be recovered. No good mother, said *Amphialus*, since she is here, I would not for my life constrain presence, but rather would I die than consent to absence. Pretty intricate follies, said *Cecropia*, but get you up and see how you can prevail with her, while I go to the other sister. For after, we shall have our hands full to defend our selves, if *Basilus* hap to besiege us. But remembering her self, she turned back and asked him what he would have done with *Zelmant*, since now he might be revenged of his hurt? Nothing but honourably answered *Amphialus*, having deserved no other of me, especially being (as I hear) greatly cherished of *Philoclea*: and therefore I could wish they were lodged together. O no, said *Cecropia*, company confirms resolutions, and loneliness breeds a weariness of ones thoughts, and so a sooner consenting to reasonable proffers.

But *Amphialus* (taking of his mother *Philoclea's* knives, which he kept as a relique since she had worn them)

them) got up, and calling for his richest apparel, nothing seemed sumptuous enough for his mistress's eyes; and that which was costly, he feared was not dainty; and though the invention were delicate, he misdoubted the making. As careful he was too of the colour; lest if gay, he might seem to glory in his injury, and her wrong; if mourning, it might strike some evil presage unto her of her fortune. At length he took a garment more rich than glaring, the ground being black velvet, richly embroidered with great pearl, and precious stones, but they set so among certain tufts of cypress, that the cypress was like black clouds, through which the stars might yield a dark lustre. About his neck he wore a broad and gorgeous collar; whereof the pieces interchangeably answering, the one was of diamonds and pearl set with a white enamel, so as by the cunning of the workman, it seemed like a shining ice; and the other piece being of rubies, and opals, had a fiery glittering, which he thought pictured the two passions of fear and desire, wherein he was enchained. His hurt not yet fully well, made him a little halt, but he strove to give the best grace he could unto his halting.

And in that sort he went to *Philoclea's* chamber: whom he found (because her chamber was over-lightsome) sitting on that side of her bed which was from the window; which did cast such a shadow upon her, as a good painter would bestow upon *Venus*, when under the trees she bewailed the murder of *Adonis*: her hands and fingers (as it were) indented one within the other: her shoulder leaning to her bed's head, and over her head a scarf, which did eclipse almost half her eyes, which under it fixed their beams upon the wall by, with so steady a manner, as if in that place they might well change, but not mend their object: and so remained they a good while after his coming in, he not daring to trouble her, nor she perceiving him, till that (a little varying her thoughts, something quickning her senses) she heard him as he happened to stir his upper garment: and perceiving him, rose up, with a demeanour, where, in the book of beauty, there was nothing to be read but sorrow: for kindness was blotted out, and anger was never there.

But *Amphialus* that had entrusted his memory with long and forcible speeches, found it so locked up in amazement, that he could pick nothing out of it, but the beseeching her to take what was done in good part, and to assure her self there was nothing but honour meant unto her person. But she making no other answer, but letting her hands fall one from the other, which before were joined (with eyes something cast aside, and a silent sigh) gave him to understand, that considering his doings, she thought his speech as full of incongruity, as her answer would be void of purpose : whereupon he kneeling down, and kissing her hand (which she suffered with a countenance witnessing captivity, but not kindness) he besought her to have pity of him, whose love went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of uttering : that in her hands the ballance of his life or death did stand ; whereto the least motion of hers would serve to determine, she being indeed the mistress of his life, and he her eternal slave, and with true vehemency besought her that he might hear her speak ; whereupon she suffered her sweet breath to turn it self into these kind of words.

Alas, cousin, *said she*, what shall my tongue be able to do, which is informed by the ears one way, and by the eyes another ? You call for pity, and use cruelty ; you say you love me, and yet do the effects of enmity. You affirm your death is in my hands, but you have brought me to so near a degree of death, as when you will, you may lay death upon me ; so that while you say, I am mistress of your life, I am not mistress of mine own. You entitle your self my slave, but I am sure I am yours. If then violence, injury, terror, and depriving of that which is more dear than life it self, liberty, be fit orators for affection, you may expect that I will be easily persuaded. But if the nearness of our kindred breed any remorse in you, or there be any such thing in you, which you call love toward me, then let not my fortune be disgraced with the name of imprisonment : let not my heart waste it self by being vexed with feeling evil, and fearing worse. Let not me be a cause of my parents woeful destruction ; but restore me to my self, and so doing,

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I shall account I have received myself of you. And what I say for myself, I say for my dear sister, and my friend *Zelmene*; for I desire no well-being without they may be partakers. With that her tears rained down from her heavenly eyes, and seemed to water the sweet and beautiful flowers of her face.

But *Amphialus* was like the poor woman, who loving a tame doe she had, above all earthly things; having long played withal, and made it feed at her hand and lap, is constrained at length by famine, all her flock being spent, and she fallen into extreme poverty, to kill the deer to sustain her life. Many a pitiful look doth she cast upon it, and many a time doth she draw back her hand before she can give the stroke. For even so *Amphialus* by a hunger-starved affection, was compelled to offer this injury, and yet the same affection made him with a tormenting grief think unkindness in himself, that he could find in his heart any way to restrain her freedom. But at length, neither able to grant nor deny, he thus answered her: dear lady, said he, I will not say unto you (how justly soever I may do it) that I am neither author, nor accessory unto this your with holding; for since I do not redress it, I am as faulty as if I had begun it. But this I protest unto you (and this protestation of mine let the heavens hear, and if I lye, let them answer me with a deadly thunderbolt) that in my soul I wish I had never seen the light; or rather, that I never had a father to beget such a child, than that by my means those eyes should overflow their own beauties; than by my means the sky of your virtue should be overclouded with sorrow. But woe is me, most excellent lady, I find myself most willing to obey you: neither truly do mine ears receive the least word you speak, with any less reverence, than as absolute and unresistable commandments. But alas, that tyrant love (which now possesseth the hold of all my life and reason) will no way suffer it. It is love, it is love, not I which disobey you. What then shall I say? but that I, who am ready to lie under your feet, to venture, nay to lose my life at your least commandment: I am not the stay of your freedom, but love, love, which ties you in your own knots.

knots. It is you your self, that imprison your self: it is your beauty which makes these castle walls embrace you: it is your own eyes, which reflect upon themselves this injury. Then is there no other remedy, but that you some way vouchsafe to satisfy this love's vehemency; which (since it grew in your self) without question you shall find it (far more than I) tractable.

But with these words *Philoclea* fell to so extreme a quaking, and her lively whiteness did degenerate to such a deadly paleness, that *Amphialus* feared some dangerous trance: so that taking her hand, and feeling that it (which was wont to be one of the chief firebrands of *Cupid*) had all the sense of it wrapt up in coldness, he began humbly to beseech her to put away all fear, and to assure herself upon the vow he made thereof unto God, and herself, that the uttermost forces he would ever employ to conquer her affection, should be desire and desert. That promise brought *Philoclea* again to herself; so that slowly lifting up her eyes upon him, with a countenance ever courteous, but then languishing, she told him, that he should do well to do so, if indeed he had ever tasted what true love was: for that where now she did bear him good will, she should (if he took any other way) hate and abhor the very thought of him: assuring him withal, that though his mother had taken away her knives, yet the house of death had so many doors, as she would easily fly into it, if ever she found her honour endangered.

Amphialus having the cold ashes of care cast upon the coles of desire, leaving some of his mother's gentlewomen to wait upon *Philoclea*, himself indeed a prisoner to his prisoner, and making all his authority to be but a foot-stool to humbleness, went from her to his mother. To whom with words, which affection indited, but amazement uttered, he delivered what had passed between him and *Philoclea*; beseeching her to try what her persuasions could do with her, while he gave order for all such things as were necessary against such forces, as he looked daily *Basilius* would bring before his castle. His mother bade him quiet himself, for she doubted not to take fit times: But that the best way was, first to let her own passion tire it self.

So they calling *Clinias*, and some other of their council, advised upon their present affairs. First, he dispatched private letters to all those principal lords and gentlemen of the country, whom he thought either alliance, or friendship to himself, might draw; with special motion from the general consideration of duty: not omitting all such, whom either youthful age, or youthlike minds did fill with unlimited desires: besides such whom any discontentment made hungry of change, or an over-spended want, made want a civil war: to each (according to the counsel of his mother) conforming himself after their humours. To his friend, friendliness; to the ambitious, great expectations; to the displeased, revenge; to the greedy, spoil; wrapping their hopes with such cunning, as they rather seemed given over unto them as partakers, than promises sprung of necessity. Then sent he to his mother's brother, the king of *Argos*; but he was then so over laid with war himself as from thence he could attend small succour.

But because he knew how violently rumours do blow the sails of popular judgments, and how few there be that can discern between truth and truth likeness, between shews and substance; he caused a justification of this his action to be written, whereof were sowed * abroad many copies, which with some glosses of probability, might hide indeed the foulness of his treason; and from true common places, fetch down most false applications. For beginning in how much the duty which is owed to the country, goes beyond all other duties, since in itself it contains them all; and that for the respect thereof, not only all tender respects of kindred, or whatsoever other friendships, are to be laid aside, but that even long-held opinions (rather builded upon a secret of government, than any ground of truth) are to be forsaken; he fell by degrees to shew, that since the end whereto any thing is directed, is ever to be of more noble reckoning, than the thing thereto directed; that therefore the weal-publick was more to be regarded than any person or magistrate, that thereunto was ordained: the feeling consideration whereof had

* i. e. Scattered.

moved him (tho' as near of kin to *Basilus* as could be, yet) to set principally before his eyes, the good estate of so many thousands, over whom *Basilus* reigned, rather than so to hood-wink himself with affection, as to suffer the realm to run to manifest ruin. The care whereof, did kindly appertain to those who being subaltern magistrates and officers of the crown, were to be employed, as from the prince, so for the people; and of all other, especially himself, who being descended of the royal race, and next heir male, nature had no sooner opened his eyes, but that the soil whereupon they did look, was to look for at his hands a continual carefulness: which as from his childhood he had ever carried; so now finding that his uncle had not only given over all care of government, but had put into the hands of *Philanax* (a man neither in birth comparable to many, nor for his corrupt, proud, and partial dealing, liked of any) but beside, had set his daughters, in whom the whole estate, as next heirs thereunto, had no less interest than himself; in so unfit and ill guarded a place, as it were not only dangerous for their persons, but (if they should be conveyed to any foreign country) to the whole common-wealth pernicious: that therefore he had brought them into this strong castle of his: which way, if it might seem strange, they were to consider, that *new necessities required new remedies*; but there they should be served and honoured as belonged to their greatness, until by the general assembly of the states it should be determined how they should to their best (both private and publick) advantage be matched; vowing all faith and duty both to the father and children, never by him to be violated. But if in the mean time, before the states could be assembled, he should be assailed, he would then for his own defence take arms; desiring all, that either tendered the dangerous case of their country, or in their hearts loved justice, to defend him in this just action. And if the prince should command them otherwise, yet to know, that therein he was no more to be obeyed, than if he should call for poison to hurt himself withal: since all that was done, was done for his service, howsoever he might (seduced by *Philanax*) interpret of it; he protesting that whatsoever he should

should do for his own defence, should be against *Philanax*, and no way against *Basilus*.

To this effect, amplified with arguments and examples, and painted with rhetorical colours, did he sow * abroad many discourses; which as they prevailed with some of more quick than sound conceit, to run his fortune with him; so in many did it breed a coolness, to deal violently against him, and a false-minded neutrality to expect the issue. But besides the ways he used to weaken the adverse party, he omitted nothing for the strengthening of his own. The chief trust whereof, because he wanted men to keep the field, he reposed in the surety of his castle, which at least would win him much time, the mother of many mutations. To that therefore he bent both his outward and inward eyes, striving to make art strive with nature, to whether of them two that fortification should be most beholding. The seat nature bestowed, but art gave the building; which as his rocky hardness would not yield to undermining force, so to open assaults he took counsel of skill, how to make all approaches, if not impossible, yet difficult; as well at the foot of the castle, as round about the lake, to give unquiet lodgings to them, whom only enmity would make neighbours. Then omitted he nothing of defence, as well simple defence, as that which did defend by offending, sitting instruments of mischief to places, whence the mischief might be most liberally bestowed. Neither was his smallest care for victuals, as well for the providing that which should suffice, both in store and goodness, as in well preserving it, and wary distributing it, both in quantity and quality; spending that first which would keep least.

But wherein he sharpened his wits to the piercingest point, was touching his men (knowing them to be the weapon of weapons, and master-spring, as it were, which makes all the rest to stir: and that therefore in the art of man stood the quintessence and ruling skill of all prosperous government, either peaceable or military) he chose in number as many as without pestering (and so danger

* i. e. Spread.

of infection) his victual would serve for two years to maintain ; all of able bodies, and some few of able minds to direct, not seeking many commanders, but contenting himself, that the multitude should have obeying wits, every one knowing whom he should command, and whom he should obey, the place where, and the matter wherein ; distributing each office as near as he could, to the disposition of the person that should exercise it : knowing no love, danger nor discipline can suddenly alter an habit in nature. Therefore would he not employ the still man to a shifting practice, nor the liberal man to be a dispenser of his victuals, nor the kind hearted man to be a punisher ; but would exercise their virtues in sorts, where they might be profitable, employing his chief care to know them all particularly, and thoroughly regarding also the constitution of their bodies ; some being able better to abide watching, some hunger, some labour, making his benefit of each ability, and not forcing beyond power. Time to every thing by just proportion he allotted, and as well in that, as in every thing else, no small error winkt at, lest greater should be animated. Even of vices he made his profit, making the cowardly *Clinias* to have care of the watch, which he knew his own fear would make him very wakefully perform. And before the siege began, he himself caused rumours to be sowed, and libels to be spread against himself, fuller of malice than witty perswasion ; partly to know those that would be apt to stumble at such motions, that he might cull them from the faithfuller band ; but principally, because in necessity they should not know when any such things were in earnest attempted, whether it were, or not of his own invention. But even then (before the enemies face came near to breed any terror) did he exercise his men daily in all their charges, as if danger had presently presented his most hideous presence : himself rather instructing by example than precept ; being neither more sparing in travel, nor spending in diet, than the meanest soldier ; his hand and body disdaining no base matters, nor shrinking from the heavy.

The only odds was, that when others took breath, he sighed ; and when others rested, he cross his arms. For
love

love passing thorough the pikes of danger, and tumbling itself in the dust of labour, yet still made him remember his sweet desire, and beautiful image. Often when he had begun to command one, somewhat before half the sentence were ended, his inward guest did so entertain him, that he would break it off, and a pretty while after end it, when he had (to the marvel of the standers by) sent himself to talk with his own thoughts. Sometimes when his hand was lifted up to do something, as if with the sight of *Gorgon's* head he had been suddenly turned into a stone, so would he there abide with his eyes planted, and hands lifted, till at length coming to the use of himself, he would look about whether any had perceived him; then would he accuse, and in himself condemn all those wits, that durst affirm idleness to be the well-spring of love. O, would he say, all you that affect the title of wisdom, by ungrateful scorning the ornaments of nature, am I now piping in a shadow? Or do slothful feathers now inwrap me? Is not hate before me, and doubt behind me? Is not danger of the one side, and shame of the other? And do I not stand upon pain and travail, and yet over all, my affection triumphs? The more I stir about urgent affairs, the more methinks the very stirring breeds a breath to blow the coals of my love: the more I exercise my thoughts, the more they increase the appetite of my desires. O sweet *Philoclea* (with that he would cast up his eyes, wherein some water did appear, as if they would wash themselves against they should see her) thy heavenly face is my astronomy; thy sweet virtue, my sweet philosophy; let me profit therein, and farewell all other cogitations. But alas, my mind misgives me, for your planets bear a contrary aspect unto me. Woe, woe is me, they threaten my destruction; and whom do they threaten this destruction? even him that loves them; and by what means will they destroy, but by loving them? O dear, though killing, eyes, shall death head his dart with the gold of *Cupid's* arrow? shall death take his aim from the rest of beauty? O beloved, though hating, *Philoclea*, how, if thou be'st merciful, hath cruelty stolen into thee? or how, if thou beest

best cruel, doth cruelty look more beautiful than ever mercy did? or alas, is it my destiny that makes mercy cruel; like an evil vessel which turns sweet liquor to founness? so when thy grace falls upon me, my wretched constitution makes it become fierceness. Thus would he exercise his eloquence, when she could not hear him, and be dumb-stricken, when her presence gave him fit occasion of speaking: so that his wit could find out no other refuge, but the comfort and counsel of his mother, desiring her, whose thoughts were unperplexed, to use for his sake the most prevailing manners of intercession.

She seeing her son's safety depend thereon, though her pride much disdained the name of a desirer, took the charge upon her, not doubting the easy conquest of an unexpert virgin, who had already with subtilty and impudency begun to undermine a monarchy. Therefore weighing *Philoclea's* resolutions by the counterpoise of her own youthful thoughts, which she then called to mind, she doubted not at least to make *Philoclea* to receive the poison distilled in sweet liquor, which she with little disguising had drank up thirstily. Therefore she went softly to *Philoclea's* chamber, and peeping through the side of the door, then being a little open, she saw *Philoclea* sitting low upon a cushion, in such a given-over manner, that one would have thought silence, solitariness, and melancholy were come there under the disguise of mishap, to conquer delight, and drive him from his natural seat of beauty: her tears came dropping down like rain in sun-shine, and she not taking heed to wipe the tears, they hung upon her cheeks and lips, as upon cherries which the dropping tree bedeweth. In the dressing of her hair and apparel, she might see neither a careful art, nor an art of carelessness, but even left to a neglected chance, which yet could no more unperfect her perfections, than a die any way cast could lose its squareness.

Cecropia, stirred with no other pity but for her son, came in, and haling kindness into her countenance, what ails this sweet lady, said she, will you mar so good eyes

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eyes with weeping? shall tears take away the beauty of that complexion, which the women of *Arcadia* wish for, and the men long after? Fie of this peevish sadness; insooth it is untimely for your age. Look upon your own body, and see whether it deserve to pine away with sorrow: see whether you will have these hands (with that she took one of her hands, and kissing it, looked upon it as if she were enamoured with it) fade from their whiteness, which makes one desire to touch them; and their softness, which rebounds again a desire to look on them, and become dry, lean and yellow, and make every body wonder at the change, and say, that sure you had used some art before, which now you had left; for if the beauties had been natural, they would never so soon have been blemished. Take a glass, and see whether these tears become your eyes: although I must confess, those eyes are able to make tears comely. Alas, madam, answered *Philoclea*, I know not whether my tears become my eyes, but I am sure my eyes thus beteared, become my fortune. Your fortune, said *Cecropia*, if she could see to attire her self, would put on her best raiments. For I see, and I see it with grief, and (to tell you true) unkindness, you misconstrue every thing that only for your sake is attempted. You think you are offended, and are, indeed, defended: you esteem your self a prisoner, and are, in truth, a mistress; you fear hate, and shall find love. And truly, I had a thing to say unto you, but it is no matter; since I find you are so obstinately melancholy, as that you wooe his fellowship, I will spare my pains, and hold my peace: And so stayed indeed, thinking *Philoclea* would have had a female inquisitiveness of the matter. But she, who rather wished to unknow what she knew, than to burthen her heart with more hopeless knowledge, only desired her to have pity of her, and if, indeed, she did mean her no hurt, then to grant her liberty; for else the very grief and fear would prove her unappointed executioners. For that, said *Cecropia*, believe me upon the faith of a king's daughter, you shall be free, so soon as your freedom may be free of mortal danger, being brought hither for no other cause, but to prevent

prevent such mischiefs as you know not of. But if you think, indeed, to win me to have care of you, even as of mine own daughter, then lend your ears unto me, and let not your mind arm it self with a wilfulness to be flexible to nothing. But if I speak reason, let reason have his due reward, perswasion. Then sweet niece (said she) I pray you pre-suppose, that now, even in the midst of your agonies, which you paint unto your self most horrible, wishing with sighs, and praying with vows, for a soon and safe delivery: imagine niece (I say) that some heavenly spirit should appear unto you, and bid you follow him through the door that goes into the garden, assuring you, that you should thereby return to your dear mother, and what other delights soever your mind esteems delights; would you (sweet niece) would you refuse to follow him; and say, that if he led you not through the chief gate, you would not enjoy your over-desired liberty? Would you not drink the wine you thirst for, without it were in such a glass as you especially fancied? Tell me (dear niece) but I will answer for you, because I know your reason and wit is such, as must needs conclude, that such niceness can no more be in you, to disgrace such a mind, than disgracefulness can have any place in so faultless a beauty. Your wisdom would assuredly determine, how the mark were hit, not whether the bow were of yew or no, wherein you shot. If this be so, and thus sure (my dear niece) it is, then, I pray you, imagine, that I am that same good angel, who grieving in your grief, and, in truth, not able to suffer, that bitter sighs should be sent forth with so sweet a breath, am come to lead you, not only to your desired and imagined happiness, but to a true and essential happiness; not only to liberty, but to liberty with commandment. The way I will shew you; which if it be not the gate builded hitherto in your private choice, yet shall it be a door to bring you through a garden of pleasures, as sweet as this life can bring forth; nay rather, which makes this life to be a life: My son, (let it be no blemish to him that I name him my son, who was your father's own nephew; for you know I am no small king's daughter) my son, I say, far passing the nearness

nearness of his kindred, with nearness of good will, and striving to match your matchless beauty with a matchless affection, doth by me present unto you the full enjoying of your liberty, so as with this gift you will accept a greater, which is, this castle, with all the rest which you know he hath in honourable quantity; and will confirm his gift, and your receipt of both, with accepting him to be yours. I might say much both for the person and the matter; but who will cry out the sun shines? It is so manifest a profit unto you, as the meanest judgment must straight apprehend it; so far it is from the sharpness of yours, thereof to be ignorant. Therefore (sweet niece!) let your gratefulness be my intercession, and your gentleness my eloquence; and let me carry comfort to a heart which greatly needs it. *Philoclea* looked upon her, and cast down her eye again: Aunt, said she, I would I could be so much a mistress of my own mind, as to yield to my cousin's virtuous request; for so I construe of it. But my heart is already set (and staying a while on that word, she brought forth afterwards) to lead a virgin's life to my death; for such a vow I have in my self devoutly made. The heavens prevent such a mischief, said *Cecropia*. A vow, quoth you? No, no, my dear niece, nature, when you were first born, vowed you a woman, and as she made you child of a mother, so to do your best to be mother of a child: She gave you beauty to move love; she gave you wit to know love: she gave you an excellent body to reward love; which kind of liberal rewarding is crowned with an unspeakable felicity. For this, as it bindeth the receiver, so it makes happy the bestower; This doth not impoverish, but enrich the giver. O the sweet name of a mother! O the comfort of comforts, to see your children grow up, in whom you are, as it were eternized! if you could conceive what a heart-tickling joy it is to see your own little ones, with awful love come running to your lap, and like little models of your self still carry you about them; you would think unkindness in your own thoughts, that ever they did rebel against the mean unto it. But perchance I set this blessedness before your eyes, as captains do victory before their soldiers, to which they must

must come through many pains, griefs and dangers : No, I am content you shrink from this my counsel, if the way to come unto it, be not most of all pleasant. I know not (answered the sweet *Philoclea*, fearing least silence would offend for fullness) what contentment you speak of ; but I am sure the best you can make of it (which is marriage) is a burdenous yoke. Ah, dear niece, said *Cecropia*, how much you are deceived : A yoke, indeed, we all bear, laid upon us in our creation, which by marriage is not increased ; but thus far eased, that you have a yoke fellow to help to draw through the cloddy cumbers of this world. O widdow-nights, bear witness with me of the difference ! How often, alas, do I embrace the orphan-side of my bed, which was wont to be imprinted by the body of my dear husband, and with tears acknowledge, that I now enjoy such a liberty as the banished man hath ; who may, if he list, wander over the world, but is for ever restrained from his most delightful home ? That I have now such a liberty as the feeled dove hath, which being first deprived of eyes, is then by the falconer cast off : For believe me niece, believe me, man's experience is woman's best eye-sight. Have you ever seen a pure rose-water kept in a crystal glass ? How fine it looks, how sweet it smells while that beautiful glass imprisons it ? Break the prison ; and let the water take his own course, doth it not embrace dust, and lose all his former sweetness and fairness ? Truly so are we, if we have not the stay, rather than the restraint of crystalline marriage. My heart melts to think of the sweet comforts I, in that happy time, received, when I had never cause to care, but the care was doubled : When I never rejoiced, but that I saw my joy shine in another's eyes. What shall I say of the free delight which the heart might embrace, without the accusing of the inward conscience, or fear of outward shame ? And is a solitary life as good as this ? Then can one string make as good musick as a consort : Then can one colour set forth a beauty. But it may be, the general consideration of marriage doth not so much mislike you, as the applying of it to him. He is my son, I must confess, I see him with a mother's eyes, which if they do not much

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deceive me, he is no such one, over whom contempt may make a just challenge. He is comely, he is noble, he is rich; but that which in it self should carry all comeliness, nobility and riches, he loves you; and he loves you who is beloved of others. Drive not away his affection (sweet lady) and make no other lady hereafter proudly brag, that she hath robbed you of so faithful and notable a service. *Philoclea* heard some pieces of her speeches, no otherwise than one doth when a tedious pratler cumbers the hearing of a delightful musick. For her thoughts had left her ears in that captivity, and conveyed themselves to behold (with such eyes as imagination could lend them) the estate of her *Zelmane*: For whom how well she thought many of those sayings might have been used with a far more grateful acceptation. Therefore listning not to dispute in a matter, whereof her self was resolved, and desired not to inform the other; she only told her that whilst she was so captivated, she could not conceive of any such persuasions, (though never so reasonable) any otherwise, than as constraints: and as constraints must needs even in nature abhor them, which at her liberty, in their own force of reason, might more prevail with her; and so fain would have returned the strength of *Cecropia's* persuasions, to have procured freedom.

But neither her witty words in an enemy, nor those words, made more than eloquent with passing thro' such lips, could prevail in *Cecropia*, more than her persuasions could win *Philoclea* to disavow her former vow, or to leave the prisoner *Zelmane*, for the commanding *Amphialus*. So that both sides being desirers, and neither granters, they brake off conference; *Cecropia* sucking up more and more spite out of her denial, which yet for her son's sake, she disguised with a vizard of kindness, leaving no office unperformed which might either witness, or endear her son's affection. Whatsoever could be imagined likely to please her, was with liberal diligence performed: musicks at her window, and especially such musicks as might (with doleful embassage) call the mind to think of sorrow, and think of it with sweetness; with ditties so sensibly expressing *Amphialus's* case, that every word seemed to be but a diversifying

verifying of the name of *Amphialus*. Daily presents, as it were oblations, to pacify an angry deity, sent unto her; wherein, if the workmanship of the form had striven with the sumptuousness of the matter, as much did the invention, in the application, contend to have the chief excellency: for they were as so many stories of his disgraces, and her perfections; where the richness did invite the eyes, the fashion did entertain the eyes, and the device did teach the eyes, the present misery of the presenter himself awfully serviceable; which was the more notable, as his authority was manifest. And for the bondage wherein she lived, all means used to make known, that if it were a bondage, it was a bondage only knit in love-knots: but she in heart already understanding no language but one, the musick wrought, indeed, a dolefulness, but it was a dolefulness to be in his power: the ditty intended for *Amphialus*, she translated to *Zelmane*: the presents seemed so many tedious clogs of a thrall'd obligation; and his service, the more diligent it was, the more it did exprobate, as she thought, unto her, her unworthy estate: that even he that did her service, had authority of commanding her, only construing her servitude in his own nature, esteeming it a right, and a right better servitude: so that all their shots, how well soever levelled, being carried awry from the mark, by the storm of her mistake, the prince *Amphialus* affectionately languished, and *Cecropia* spitefully cunning, disdain'd at the barrenness of their success.

Which willingly *Cecropia* would have revenged, but that she saw her hurt could not be divided from her son's mischief: wherefore, she bethought herself to attempt *Pamela*, whose beauty being equal, she hoped if she might be won, that her son's thoughts would rather rest on a beautiful gratefulness, than still be tormented with a disdain'd beauty. Therefore giving new courage to her wicked inventions, and using the more industry, because she had missed in this, and taking even precepts of prevailing in *Pamela*, by her failing in *Philoclea*, she went to her chamber, and (according to her own ungracious method of subtle proceeding) stood listening at the door, because that out of the circumstance of her present behaviour,

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there might kindly arise a fit beginning of her intended discourse.

And so she might perceive that *Pamela* did walk up and down, full of deep, though patient thoughts. For her look and countenance was settled, her pace soft, and almost still of one measure, without any passionate gesture, or violent motion: till at length, as it were awaking, and strengthening her self; well, said she, yet this is the best, and of this I am sure, that howsoever they wrong me, they cannot over-master God: no darkness blinds his eyes, no jail bars him out. To whom then else should I fly, but to him for succour? and therewith kneeling down even where she stood, she thus said. "O all-seeing light, " and eternal life of all things, to whom nothing is either " so great, that it may resist, or so small that it is contemn- " ed: look upon my misery with thine eye of mercy, " and let thine infinite power vouchsafe to limit out some " proportion of deliverance unto me, as to thee shall " seem most convenient. Let not injury, O Lord, triumph " over me, and let my faults by thy hand be corrected, " and make not mine unjust enemy the minister of thy " justice. But yet my God, if in thy wisdom, this be " the aptest chastisement for my unexcusable folly, if this " low bondage be fittest for my over-high desires; if the " pride of my not enough humble heart, be thus to be " broken, O Lord, I yield unto thy will, and joyfully em- " brace what sorrow thou wilt have me suffer. Only " thus much let me crave of thee, let my craving, O " Lord, be accepted of thee, (since even that proceeds from " thee) let me crave, even by the noblest title, which in " my greatest affliction I may give my self, that I am " thy creature, and by thy goodness, which is thy self, " that thou wilt suffer some beam of thy majesty so to " shine into my mind, that it may still depend confidently " upon thee. Let calamity be the exercise, but not the " overthrow of my virtue: let their power prevail, " but prevail not to destruction: let my greatness " be their prey: let my pain be the sweetness of their " revenge: let them (if so it seem good unto thee) vex " me with more and more punishment. But, O lord, " let

“ let never their wickedness have such a hand, but that
 “ I may carry a pure mind in a pure body! and pausing
 “ a while, and, O most gracious Lord, said she, what ever
 “ becomes of me, preserve the virtuous *Musidorus*.”

The other part *Cecropia* might well hear; but this latter prayer for *Musidorus*, her heart held it, as so jewel-like a treasure, that it would scarce trust her own lips withal. But this prayer, sent to heaven, from so heavenly a creature, with such a fervent grace, as if devotion had borrowed her body, to make of it self a most beautiful representation; with her eyes so lifted to the skyward, that one would have thought they had begun to fly thitherward, to take their place among their fellow stars; her naked hands raising up their whole length, and as it were, kissing one another, as if the right had been the picture of *zeal*, and the left of *humbleness*, which both united themselves to make their suits more acceptable. Lastly, all her senses being rather tokens than instruments of her inward motions, altogether had so strange a working power, that even the hardhearted wickedness of *Cecropia*, if it found not a love of that goodness, yet it felt an abashment at that goodness, and if she had not a kindly remorse, yet had she an irksome accusation of her own naughtiness; so that she was put from the byass of her fore-intended lesson. For well she found there was no way at that time to take that mind, but with some, at least, image of virtue; and what the figure thereof was, her heart knew not.

Yet did she prodigally spend her uttermost eloquence, leaving no argument unprovided, which might with any force invade her excellent judgment; the justness of the request being, but for marriage; the worthiness of the suiter: then her own present fortune, which should not only have amendment, but felicity: besides falsely making her believe, that her sister would think her self happy, if now she might have his love, which before she contemned: and obliquely touching, what danger it should be for her, if her son should accept *Philoclea* in marriage, and so match the next heir apparent, she being in his power: yet plentifully perjuring how extremely her son loved her, and excusing the little shews he made

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made of it, with the dutiful respect he bare unto her ; and taking upon her self that she restrained him, since she found she could set no limits to his passions. And as she did to *Philoclea*, so did she to her, with the tribute of gifts seek to bring her mind into servitude : and all other means, that might either establish a beholdingness, or at least awake a kindness ; doing it so, as by reason of their imprisonment, one sister knew not how the other was wooed, but each might think, that only she was sought. But if *Philoclea* with sweet and humble dealing did avoid their assaults, she with the majesty of virtue did beat them off.

But this day their speech was the sooner broken off, by reason that he, who stood as watch upon the top of the Keep, * did not only see a great dust rise (which the earth sent up, as if it would strive to have clouds as well as the air) but might spy sometimes, especially when the dust (wherein the naked wind did apparel it self) was carried aside from them, the shining of armour ; like flashing of lightning, wherewith the clouds did seem to be with child ; which the sun gilding with his beams, it gave a sight delightful to any, but to them that were to abide the terror. But the watch gave a quick alarm to the soldiers within, whom practice already having prepared, began each, with unabashed hearts, or at least countenances, to look to their charge, or obedience which was allotted unto them.

Only *Clinias* and *Amphialus* did exceed the bounds of mediocrity ; the one in his natural coldness of cowardice, the other in heat of courage. For *Clinias* (who was bold only in busy whisperings, and even in that whisperingness rather, indeed, confident in his cunning, that it should not not be bewrayed, than any way bold, if ever it should be bewrayed) now that the enemy gave a dreadful aspect unto the castle, his eyes saw no terror, nor ear heard any martial sound, but that they multiplied the hideousness of it to his matted mind. Before their coming he had many times felt a dreadful expectation, but yet his mind (that

* i. e. A strong tower in the middle of a castle, the last resort of the besieged.

was willing to ease it self of the burden of fear) did sometime fain unto it self possibility of let, as the death of *Basilus*, the discord of the nobility, and, when other cause failed him, the nature of Chance served as a cause unto him, and sometimes the hearing other men speak valiantly, and the quietness of his unassailed senses, would make himself believe, that he durst do something. But now, that present danger did display it self unto his eye, and that a dangerous doing must be the only mean to prevent the danger of suffering, one that had marked him would have judged, that his eyes would have run into him, and his soul out of him; so unkindly did either take a scent of danger. He thought the lake was too shallow, and the walls too thin: he misdoubted each man's treason, and conjectured every possibility of misfortune, not only fore-casting likely perils, but such as all the planets together could scarcely have conspired: and already began to arm himself, though it was determined he should tarry within doors; and while he armed himself, imagined in what part of the vault he would hide himself if the enemies won the castle. Desirous he was that every body should do valiantly, but himself; and therefore was afraid to shew his fear, but for very fear would have hid his fear, lest it should discomfort others: but the more he sought to disguise it, the more the unsutableness of a weak broken voice to high brave words, and of a pale shaking countenance, to a gesture of animating, did discover him.

But quite contrarily *Amphialus*, who, before the enemies came, was careful, providently diligent, and not sometimes without doubting of the Issue; now the nearer danger approached (like the light of a glow-worm) the less still it seemed: and now his courage began to boil in choler, and with such impatience to desire to pour out both upon the enemy, that he issued presently into certain boats he had of purpose; and carrying with him some choice men, went to the fortress he had upon the edge of the lake, which he thought would be the first thing that the enemy would attempt, because it was a passage, which commanding all that side of the country, and being lost, would stop victuals, or other supply, that might be brought

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into the castle: and in that fortress having some force of Horsemen, he issued out with two hundred horse, and five hundred footmen; ambushed his footmen in the falling of a hill, which was over-shaddowed with a wood; he with his horsemen went a quarter of a mile farther; aside hand of which he might perceive the many troops of the enemy, who came but to take view where best to encamp themselves.

But as if the sight of the enemy had been a magnet-stone to his courage, he could not contain himself, but shewing his face to the enemy, and his back to his soldiers, used that action, as his only oration, both of denouncing war to the one, and persuading help from the other. Who faithfully following an example of such authority, they made the earth to groan under their furious burthen, and the enemies to begin to be angry with them, whom in particular they knew not. Among whom there was a young man, youngest brother to *Philanax*, whose face as yet did not bewray his sex with so much as shew of hair; of a mind having no limits of hope, not knowing why to fear; full of jollity in conversation, and lately groan a lover. His name was *Agenor*, of all that army the most beautiful: who having ridden in sportful conversation among the foremost, all armed, saving that his beaver was up, to have his breath in more freedom, seeing *Amphialus* come a pretty way before his company, neither staying the commandment of the captain, nor reckoning whether his face were armed, or no; set spurs to his horse, and with youthful bravery casting his Staff about his head, put it then into his rest, as careful of comely carrying it, as if the mark had been but a ring, and the lookers on ladies. But *Amphialus's* lance was already come to the last of his descending line, and began to make the full point of death against the head of this young gentleman; when *Amphialus* perceiving his youth and beauty, compassion so rebated the edge of choler, that he spared that fair nakedness, and let his staff fall to *Agenor's* vampalt*: so as both with brave breaking should hurtlesly have performed that match, but that the pitiless lance of *Amphialus* angry with being broken)

* i. e. A gauntiet, or iron glove.

with an unlucky counterbuff, full of unsparing splinters, lighted upon that face, far fitter for the combats of *Venus*; giving not only a sudden, but a foul death, leaving scarcely any tokens of his former beauty: but his hands abandoning the reins, and his thighs the saddle, he fell sideward from the horse. Which sight coming to *Leontius*, a dear friend of his, who in vain had lamentably cried unto him to stay, when he saw him begin his career; it was hard to say, whether the pity of the one, or revenge against the other, held as then the sovereignty in his passions. But while he directed his eye to his friend, and his hand to his enemy, so wrongly comforted a power could not resist the ready minded force of *Amphialus*; who perceiving his ill directed direction against him, so paid him his debt before it was lent, that he also fell to the earth, only happy that one place, and one time, did finish both their loves and lives together.

But by this time there had been a furious meeting of either side: where after the terrible salutation of warlike noise, the shaking of hands was with sharp weapons: some lances according to the metal they met, and skill of the guider, did stain themselves in blood; some flew up in pieces, as if they would threaten heaven because they failed on earth. But their office was quickly inherited, either by (the prince of weapons) the sword, or by some heavy mace, or biting axe; which hunting still the weakest chace, sought ever to light there where smallest resistance might worse prevent mischief. The clashing of armour, and crushing of staves, the jussling of bodies, the resounding of blows, was the first part of that ill-agreeing musick, which was beautified with the grislincks of wounds, the rising of dust, the hideous falls and groans of the dying. The very horses angry in their master's anger, with love and obedience, brought forth the effects of hate and resistance, and with minds of servitude did as if they affected glory. Some lay dead under their dead masters, whom unknighly wounds had unjustly punished for a faithful duty. Some lay upon their lords by like accident, and in death had the honour to be borne by them, whom in life they had borne. Some having lost their commanding burthens, ran scattered about the field,

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abashed with the madness of mankind. The earth it self (wont to be a burial of men) was now, as it were buried with men: so was the face thereof hidden with dead bodies, to whom death had come masked in divers manners. In one place lay disinherited heads, dispossessed of their natural seignories; in another whole bodies to see to, but that their hearts wont to be bound all over so close, were now with deadly violence opened: in others, fouler deaths had uglily displayed their trayling guts. There lay arms, whose fingers yet moved, as if they would feel for him that made them feel: and legs, which contrary to common reason, by being discharged of their burthen, were grown heavier. But no sword payed so large a tribute of souls to the eternal kingdom, as that of *Amphialus*; who like a tyger, from whom a company of wolves did seek to ravish a new gotten prey; so he (remembring they came to take away *Philoctetes*) did labour to make valour, strength, choler and hatred, to answer the proportion of his love which was infinite.

There died of his hand the old knight *Eschylus*, who though by year might well have been allowed to use rather the exercises of wisdom than of courage, yet having a lusty body and a merry heart, he ever took the summons of time in jest, or else it had so creepingly stolen upon him, that he had heard scarcely the noise of his feet, and therefore was as fresh in apparel, and as forward in enterprizes, as a far younger man: but nothing made him bolder than a certain prophesy had been told him, that he should dye in the arms of his son, and therefore feared the less the arm of an enemy. But now when *Amphialus's* sword was passed through his throat, he thought himself abused; but that before he died, his son indeed seeing his father begin to fall, held him up in his arms, till a pitiless soldier of the other side, with a mace brained him, making father and son become twins in the never again dying birth. As for *Driales*, *Memnon*, *Nisus* and *Polycrates*, the first had his eyes cut out so, as he could not see to bid the near following death welcome; the second had met with the same prophet that old

Eschylus had; and having found many of his speeches true, believed this too, that he should never be killed but by his own companions; and therefore no man was more valiant than he against an enemy, no man more suspicious of his friends: so as he seemed to sleep in security, when he went to a battle, and to enter into a battle, when he began to sleep, such guards he would set about his person; yet mistrusting those very guards, lest they would murder him. But now *Amphialus* helped to unriddle his doubts; for he overthrowing him from his horse, his own companions coming with a fresh supply, pressed him to death. *Nisus* grasping with *Amphialus*, was with a short dagger slain. And for *Polycrates*, while he shunned as much as he could, keeping only his face for fear of punishment, *Amphialus* with a memorable blow struck off his head; where, with the convulsions of death, setting his spurs to his horse, he gave so brave a charge upon the enemy, as it grew a proverb, that *Polycrates* was only valiant after his head was off. But no man escaped so well his hands as *Phebilus* did: for he having long loved *Philoclea*, though for the meanness of his estate he never durst reveal it, now knowing *Amphialus*, setting the edge of a rival upon the sword of an enemy, he held strong fight with him. But *Amphialus* had already in the most dangerous places disarmed him, and was lifting up his sword to send him away from himself; when he thinking indeed to dye, O *Philoclea*, said he, yet this joys me, that I dye for thy sake. The name of *Philoclea* first stayed his sword, and he heard him out, though he abhorred him much worse than before, yet could he not vouchsafe him the honour of dying for *Philoclea*, but turned his sword another way, doing him no hurt for over much hatred. But what good did that to poor *Phebilus*, if escaping a valiant hand, he was slain by a base soldier, who seeing him to be disarmed, thrust him through?

But thus with the well-followed valour of *Amphialus* were the other almost overthrown, when *Philanax*, who was the marshal of the army, came in, with new force renewing the almost decayed courage of his soldiers. For crying to them, and asking them whether their
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backs or their arms were better fighters, he himself thrust just into the press, and making force and fury, wait upon discretion and government, he might seem a brave lion, who taught his young lionets, how in taking a prey, to join courage with cunning. Then fortune, as if she had made chaces enough of the one side of the bloody tennis-court, went of the other side the line, making as many fall down of *Amphialus's* followers as before had done of *Philanax*, they losing the ground, as fast as before they had won it, only leaving them to keep it, who had lost themselves in keeping it. Then those that had killed, inherited the lot of those that had been killed; and cruel death made them lye quietly together, who most in their lives had sought to disquiet each other; and many of those first overthrown, had the comfort to see their murderers over-run them to *Charon's* ferry.

Codrus, *Ctesiphon*, and *Milo*, lost their lives upon *Philanax's* sword. But no body's case was more pittied, than of a young squire of *Amphialus*, called *Ismenus*, who never abandoning his master, and making his tender age aspire to acts of the strongest manhood, in this time that his side was put to the worst, and that *Amphialus's* valour was the only stay of them from delivering themselves over to a most shameful flight, he saw his master's horse killed under him. Whereupon asking advice of no other thought, but of faithfulness and courage, he presently lighted from his own horse, and with the help of some choice and faithful servants, got his master up. But in the multitude that came of either side, some to succour, some to save *Amphialus*, he came under the hand of *Philanax*: and the youth perceiving he was the man that did most hurt to his party, desirous even to change his life for glory, struck at him as he rode by him, and gave him a hurt upon the leg: that made *Philanax* turn towards him; but seeing him so young, and of a most lovely presence, he rather took pity of him, meaning to take him prisoner, and then to give him to his brother *Agenor* to be his companion, because they were not much unlike, neither in years, nor countenance. But as he looked down upon

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him

him with that thought, he espied where his brother lay dead, and his friend *Leontius* by him, even almost under the squire's feet. Then sorrowing not only his own sorrow, but the past-comfort sorrow which he foreknew his mother would take, who with many tears and misgiving sighs had suffered him to go with his elder brother *Philanax*, blotted out all figures of pity out of his mind, and putting forth his horse, while *Ismenus* doubled two or three more valiant than well-set blows, saying to himself, let other mothers bewail an untimely death as well as mine, he thrust him through. And the boy fierce, though beautiful; and beautiful, though dying, not able to keep his falling feet, fell down to the earth, which he bit for anger, repining at his fortune, and as long as he could resisting death, which might seem unwilling too; so long as he was in taking away his young struggling soul.

Philanax himself could have wished the blow ungiven, when he saw him fall like a fair apple, which some uncourteous body, breaking his bough, should throw down before it were ripe. But the case of his brother made him forget both, that, and himself: so as overhastily pressing upon the retiring enemies, he wat (e're he was aware) farther engaged than his own soldiers could relieve him; where being overthrown by *Amphialus*, *Amphialus*, glad of him, kept head against his enemies, while some of his men carried away *Philanax*.

But *Philanax's* men, as if with the loss of *Philanax* they had lost the fountain of their valour, had their courage so dried up in fear, that they began to set honour at their backs, and to use the virtue of patience in an untimely time, when into the press comes, as hard as his horse, more afraid of the spur than the sword, could carry him, a knight in armour as black as darkness could make it, followed by none, and adorned by nothing; so far without authority, that he was without knowledge. But virtue quickly made him known, and admiration bred him such authority, that though they of whose side he came knew him not, yet they all knew it was fit to obey him; and while he was followed by the valiantest,

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anteft, he made way for the vileft. For taking part with the befiegers, he made the *Amphialians* blood ferve for a caparifon to his horfe, and a decking to his armour. His arm no oft:ner gave blows, than the blows gave wounds, than the wounds gave deaths fo terrible was his force, and yet was his quicknefs more forcible than his force, and his judgment more quick than his quicknefs. For though his fword went fafter than eye fight could follow it, yet his own judgment went ftill before it. There died of his hand, *Sarpedon*, *Pliftonax*, *Strophilus*, and *Hippolitus*, men of great proof in wars, and who had that day undertaken the guard of *Amphialus*. But while they fought to fave him, they loft the fortrefles that nature had placed them in. Then flew he *Megalus*, who was a little before proud to fee himfelf ftained in the blood of his enemies: but when his own blood came to be married to theirs, he then felt that cruelty doth never enjoy a good cheap glory. After him fent he *Palemon*, who had that day vowed, with foolifh bravery, to be the death of ten; and nine already he had killed, and was careful to perform his, almoft performed, vow, when the black knight helped him to make up the tenth himfelf.

And now the often changing fortune began alfo to change the hue of the battels. For at the firft, though it were terrible, yet terror was deckt fo bravely with rich furniture, gilt fwords, fhining armours, pleafant penfils, that the eye with delight had fcarce leifure to be afraid: but now all univerfally defiled with duft, blood, broken armour, mangled bodies, took away the mask, and fet forth horror in his own horrible manner. But neither could danger be dreadful to *Amphialus* his undifmayable courage, nor yet feem ugly to him, whose truly affected mind did ftill paint it over with the beauty of *Philoclea*: and therefore he, rather inflamed, than troubled with the increafe of dangers, and glad to find a worthy fubject to exercife his courage, fought out this new knight, whom he might eafily find: for he, like a wanton rich Man, that throws down his neighbours houfe, to make himfelf the better profpect: fo had his fword made him fo fpacious a room, that *Amphialus* had more
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cause to wonder at the finding, than labour for the seeking: which if it stirred hate in him, to see how much harm he did to the one side, it provoked as much emulation in him to perceive how much good he did to the other side. Therefore, they approaching one to the other, as in two beautiful folks, love naturally stirs a desire of joining; so in their two courages hate stirred a desire of tryal. Then began there a combat between them, worthy to have had more large lists, and more quiet beholders: for with the spur of courage, and the bit of respect, each so guided himself, that one might well see, the desire to overcome, made them not forget how to overcome: in such time and proportion they did employ their blows, that none of *Ceres*, servants could more cunningly place his flail: while the left foot spur set forward his own horse, the right set backward the contrary horse, even sometimes by the advantage of the enemies leg, while the left hand, like him that held the stern, guided the horses obedient courage. All done in such order, that it might seem the mind was a right prince indeed, who sent wise and diligent lieutenants into each of those well-governed parts. But the more they fought, the more they desired to fight; and the more they smarted, the less they felt the smart: and now were like to make a quick proof, to whom fortune and valour would seem most friendly, when, in comes an old governor of *Amphialus*, always a good knight, and careful of his charge; who giving a sore wound to the black knights thigh, while he thought not of him, with another blow slew his horse under him. *Amphialus* cried to him, that he dishonoured him: you say well, answered the old knight, to stand now like a private soldier, setting your credit upon particular fighting, while you may see *Basilus* with all his host is getting between you and your town. He looked that way, and found that true indeed, that the enemy was beginning to encompass him about, and stop his return: and therefore causing the retreat to be sounded, his governor led his men homeward, while he kept himself still hindmost, as if he had stood at the gate of a sluice to let the stream go, with such proportion as should seem good unto him, and with so

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manful discretion performed it, that (though with loss of many of his men) he returned himself safe, and content, that his enemies had felt how sharp the sword could bite of *Philoclea's* lover. The other party being sorry for the loss of *Philanax*, was yet sorer when the black knight could not be found : for he having gotten a horse, whom his dying master had bequeathed to the world, finding himself sore hurt, and not desirous to be known, had in the time of the enemies retiring, retired away also ; his thigh not bleeding blood so fast, as his heart bled revenge. But *Basilus* having attempted in vain to bar the safe return of *Amphialus*, encamped himself as strongly as he could, while he, to his grief, might hear the joy that was made in town by his own subjects, that he had that day sped no better. For *Amphialus*, being well beloved of that people, when they saw him not vanquished, they esteemed him as victorious, his youth setting a flourishing shew upon his worthiness and his great nobility enobling his dangers.

But the first thing *Amphialus* did, being returned was to visit *Philoclea*, and first presuming to cause his dream to be sung unto her, which he had seen the night before he fell in love with her, making a fine boy he had accord the pretty dolefulness unto it. The song was this.

NOW was our heavenly vault deprived of the light,
With sun's depart : and now the darkness of the
night,

Did light those beamy stars which greater light did dark :
Now each thing that enjoy'd that fiery quickning spark,
(Which life is call'd) were mov'd their spirits to repose,
And wanting use of eyes, their eyes began to close ;
A silence sweet each where with one consent embrac'd
(A musick sweet to one in careful musing plac'd)
And mother earth, now clad in mourning weeds, did
breathe

A dull desire to kiss the image of our death :
When I, disgraced wretch, not wretched then did give
My senses such relief, as they which quiet live,

Whose

Whose brains boil not in woes, nor breasts with beat-
ings ake,

With nature's praise are wont in safest home to take.

Far from my thoughts was aught, where to their minds
aspire

Who under courtly pomps do hatch a base desire.

Free all my powers were from those captivating snares,

Which heav'nly purest gifts defile with muddy cares.

Nay could my soul it self accuse of such a fault,

As tender conscience might with furious pangs assault.

But like the feeble flower, whose stalk cannot sustain

His weighty top, his top downward doth drooping lean :

Or as the silly bird in well acquainted nest

Doth hide his head with cares, but only to rest :

So I in simple course, and unintangled mind,

Did suffer drowsie lids mine eyes, then clear, to blind ;

And laying down my head, did nature's rule observe,

They first their use forgot, then fancies lost their force ;

'Till deadly sleep at length possess'd my living course.

A living course I lay : but ah my wakeful mind

(Which made of heav'nly stuff, no mortal change doth
blind)

Flew up with freer wings of fleshly bondage free ;

And having plac'd my thoughts, my thoughts thus
placed me.

Methought, nay sure I was, I was in fairest wood,

Of *Samothra* land, a land which whilom stood

An honour to the world, while honour was their end,

And while their line of years they did in virtue spend.

But there I was, and there my calmy thoughts I fed

On nature's sweet repast, as healthful senses led.

Her gifts my study was, her beauty were my sport,

My work her works to know, her dwelling my resort.

Those lamps of heav'nly fire to fixed motion bound,

The ever turning spheres, the never moving ground ;

What essence destiny hath, if fortune be or no ;

Whence our immortal souls to mortal earth do flow :

What life it is, and how that all these lives do gather,

With outward maker's force, or like an inward father.

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Such thoughts, methought, I thought, and strain'd my
single mind,

Then void of nearer care, the depth of things to find,
When lo with hugest noise, such noise a tower makes
When it blown down with wind, a fall of ruin takes,
Or, such a noise it was, as highest thunders send,
Or cannons thunder-like, all shot together lend.

The moon asunder rent, whereout with sudden fall

(More swift than falcons stoop to feeding falconers call)

There came a chariot fair, by doves and sparrows guided.

Whose storm-like course staid not till hard by me it bided.

I wretch astonisht was, and thought the deathful doom,

Of heaven, of earth, of hell, of time and place was come.

But strait there issued forth two ladies, ladies sure

They seemed to me, on whom did wait a virgin pure.

Strange were the ladies weeds, yet more unfit than
strange.

The first with cloths tuckt up, as nymphs in woods do
range,

Tuckt up even with the knees with bow and arrows prest :

Her right arm naked was, discovered was her breast.

But heavy was her pace, and such a meager cheer,

As little hunting mind, god knows, did there appear.

The other had with art, more than our women know,

As stuff meant for the sale, set out to glaring show,

A wanton woman's face, and with curl'd knots had twin'd

Her hair, which by the help of painters cunning shin'd,

When I such guests did see come out of such a house,

The mountains great with child, I thought brought forth
a mouse,

But walking forth, the first thus to the second said.

Venus come on : said she *Diana* you are obey'd.

Those names abash'd me much, when those great names

I heard :

Although their fame (me seem'd) from truth had greatly
jarr'd.

As I thus musing stood, *Diana* call'd to her

The waiting nymph, a nymph that did excel as far

All things that earst I saw, as orient pearls exceed

That which their mother hight, or else their silly seed,

Indeed

Indeed a perfect hew, indeed a sweet consent,
 Of all those graces gifts the heavens have ever lent.
 And so she was attir'd, as one that did not prize
 Too much her peerless parts, nor yet could them despise.
 But call'd, she came apace; apace, wherein did move
 The band of beauty's all, the little world of love.
 And bending humbled eyes (O eyes the sun of sight)
 She waited mistress's will; who thus disclos'd her spright;
 Sweet *Mira* mine, quoth she, the pleasure of my mind,
 In whom of all my rules the perfect proof I find;
 To only thee, thou seest, we grant this special grace
 Us to attend, in this most private time and place.
 Be silent therefore now, and so be silent still
 Of that thou seest; close up in secret not thy will.
 She answered was with look, and well perform'd behest:
 And *Mira* I admir'd; her shape sunk in my breast.
 But thus with ireful eyes, and face that shook with spite
Diana did begin. What mov'd me to invite,
 Your presence, sister dear, first to my moony sphere,
 And hither now, vouchsafe to take with willing ear.
 I know full well you know, what discord long hath reign'd
 Betwixt us two; how much that discord foul hath stain'd
 Both our estates, while each the other did deprave,
 Proof speaks too much to us, that feeling trial have,
 Our names are quite forgot, our temples are defac'd;
 Our offerings spoil'd, our priests from priesthood are displac'd.
 Is this the fruit of strife? those thousand churches high,
 Those thousand altars fair now in the dust to lie?
 In mortal minds, our minds but planets names preserve;
 No knees once bowed, forsooth, for them they say we
 serve.
 Are we their servants grown? no doubt a noble stay:
 Celestial powers to worms, *Jove's* children serve to clay.
 But such they say we be: this praise our discord bred,
 While we for mutual spite, a striving passion fed.
 But let us wiser be; and what foul discord brake,
 So much more strong again let fastest concord make,
 Our years do it require; you see we both do feel
 The weakning work of time's for ever whirling wheel.

Although

Although we be divine, our grandfire *Saturn* is
With ages force decay'd, yet once the heaven was his.
And now before we seek by wise *Apollo's* skill,
Our young years to renew, for so he saith he will,
Let us a perfect peace between us two resolve ;
Which least the ruinous want of government dissolve,
Let one the princess be, to her the other yield :
For vain equality is but contention's field.
And let her have the gifts that should in both remain ;
In her let beauty both, and chastness fully reign.
So as if I prevail, you give your gifts to me,
If you, on you I lay what in my office be.
Now resteth only this, which of us two is the,
To whom precedence shall of both accorded be.
For that, so that you like, hereby doth lie a youth,
She beckoned unto me, as yet of spotless truth ;
Who may this doubt discern : for better wit, then lot,
Becometh us : in us fortune determines not.
This crown of amber fair, an amber crown she held,
To worthiest let him give, when both he hath beheld :
And be it as he saith. *Venus* was glad to hear
Such proffer made, which she well shew'd with smiling
 cheer,
As though she were the same, as when by *Paris* doom
She had chief goddesses in beauty overcome.
And smirkiy thus gan say, I never sought debate,
Diana dear, my mind to love and not to hate
Was ever apt : but you my pastimes did despise.
I never spited you, but thought you overwise.
Now kindness profer'd is, none kinder is than I ;
And so most ready am this mean of peace to try ;
And let him be our judge : the lad doth please me well
Thus both did come to me, and both began to tell ;
For both together spake, each loath to be behind,
That they by solemn oath their deities would bind,
To stand unto my will, their will they made me know
I that was first agast, when first I saw their show ;
Now bolder waxt, waxt proud, that I such sway must
 bear ;
For near acquaintance doth diminish reverent fear.

And

And having bound them fast by *Styx*, they should obey
 To all what I decreed, did thus my verdict say.
 How ill both you can rule, well hath your discord taught;
 Nay yet for ought I see, your beauties merit ought.
 To yonder Nymph therefore, to *Mira* I did point,
 The crown above you both for ever I appoint.
 I would have spoken out; but out they both did cry;
 Fie, fie, what have we done? ungodly rebel, fie.
 But now we needs must yield, to that our oaths require.
 Yet thou shalt not go free, quoth *Venus*, such a fire
 Her beauty kindle shall within thy foolish mind,
 That thou full oft shall wish thy judging eyes were blind.
 Nay then, *Diana* said, the chastity I will give,
 In ashes of despair, though burnt, shall make thee live.
 Nay thou, said both, shalt see such beams shine in her
 face,
 That thou shalt never dare seek help of wretched case.
 And with that cursed curse away to heaven they fled,
 First having all their gifts upon fair *Mira* spread.
 The rest I cannot tell; for therewithal I wak'd,
 And found with deadly fear that all my sinews shak'd.
 Was it a dream? O dream, how hast thou wrought in me,
 That I things erst unseen should first in dreaming see?
 And thou, O traitor sleep, made for to be our rest;
 How hast thou fram'd the pain wherewith I am oppress'd?
 O coward *Cupid* thus dost thou thy honour keep,
 Unarm'd, alas, unarm'd to take a man asleep?

Laying not only the conquests, but the heart of the
 conqueror at her feet. But she receiving him after her
 wonted sorrowful, but otherwise unmoved, manner, it
 made him think, his good success was but as a pleasant
 monument of a doleful burial: Joy it self seeming bitter
 unto him, since it agreed not to her taste.

Therefore, still craving his mother's help to persuade
 her, he himself sent for *Philanax* unto him, whom he had
 not only long hated, but now had his hate greatly encreas-
 ed by the death of his squire *Ismenus*. Besides, he had
 made him as one of the chief causes that moved him to
 this rebellion, and therefore was inclined, to colour the
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his accomplices by making them guilty of such a trespass, in some formal sort to cause him to be executed, being also greatly egged thereunto by his mother, and some other, who long had hated *Philanax*; only because he was more worthy, than they, to be loved.

But while that deliberation was handled, according rather to the humour, than the reason of each speaker; *Philoclea* coming to the knowledge of the hard plight wherein *Philanax* stood, she desired one of the gentlewomen appointed to wait upon her, to go in her name and beseech *Amphialus*, that if the love of her had any power of perswasion in his mind, he would lay no farther punishment, than imprisonment upon *Philanax*. This message was delivered even as *Philanax* was entring to the presence of *Amphialus*, coming, according to the warning was given him, to receive judgment of death. But when he with manful resolution, attended the fruit of such a tyrannical sentence, thinking it wrong, but no harm to him that should dye in to good a cause; *Amphialus* turned quite the form of his pretended speech, and yielded him humble thanks, that by his means he had come to that happiness, as to receive a commandment of his lady: and therefore he willingly gave him liberty to return in safety, whither he would, quitting him, not only of all former grudge, but assuring him, that he would be willing to do him any friendship and service: only desiring thus much of him, that he would let him know the discourse and intent of *Basilus* his proceeding.

Truly, my lord, answered *Philanax*, if there were any such, known to me, secret in my master's counsel, as that the revealing thereof might hinder his good success, I should loath the keeping of my blood, with the loss of my faith; and would think the just name of a traitor a hard purchase of a few years living. But since it is so, that my master hath indeed no way of privy practice; but means openly and forcibly to deal against you, I will not stick, in few words, to make your required declaration. Then told he him in what a maze of amazement, both *Basilus* and *Gynecia* were, when they miss'd their children and *Zelmane*. Sometimes apt to suspect some practise of *Zelmane*, because she was a stranger:

stranger: sometimes doubting some reliicks of the late mutiny; which doubt was rather increased, than any wite satisfied, by *Miso*: who, being found almost dead for hunger, by certain country people, brought home word, with what cunning they were trained out, and with what violence they were carried away. But that within a few days they came to knowledge where they were by *Amphialus* his own letters sent abroad to procure confederates in his attempts; that *Basilus* his purpose was never to leave the siege of the town till he had taken it, and revenged the injury done unto him. That he meant rather to win it by time, and famine, than by force of assault; knowing how valiant men he had to deal withal in the town: that he had sent order, that supplies of soldiers, pioneers, and all things else necessary, should daily be brought unto him: so as, my lord, said *Philanax*, let me now, having received my life by your grace, let me give you your life and honour by my counsel; protesting unto you, that I cannot chuse but love you, being my master his nephew; and that I wish you well in all causes but this. You know his nature is as apt to forgive, as his power is able to conquer. Your fault passed is excusable, in that love perswaded, and youth was perswaded. Do not urge the effects of angry victory, but rather seek to obtain that constantly by courtesie, which you can never assuredly enjoy by violence. One might easily have seen in the chear of *Amphialus*, that disdainful choler would fain have made the answer for him, but the remembrance of *Philoclea* served for forcible barriers between anger, and angry effects: so as he said no more, but that he would not put him to the trouble to give him any farther counsel; but that he might return, if he listed, presently. *Philanax* glad to receive an uncorrupted liberty, humbly accepted his favourable convoy out of the town; and so departed, not visiting the princesses, thinking it might be offensive to *Amphialus*, and no way fruitful to them, who were no way, but by force, to be rescued.

The poor ladies, indeed, not suffered either to meet together, or to have conference with any other, but such as *Cecropia* had already framed, to sing all their songs to her tune; she her self omitting no day, and catching
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hold of every occasion to move forward her son's desire, and remove their own resolutions: using the same arguments to the one sister, as to the other; determining that whom she could win first, the other should, without her son's knowledge, by poison be made away. But though the reasons were the same to both, yet the handling was diverse, according as she saw their humours to prepare a more or less aptness of apprehension. This day having long speech to *Philoclea*, amplifying not a little the great dutifulness her son had shew'd in delivering *Philanax*; of whom she could get no answer, but a silence sealed up in virtue, and so sweetly graced, as that in one instant it carried with it both resistance, and humbleness: *Cecropia* threatening in her self to run a more rugged race with her, went to her sister *Pamela*: who that day having wearied her self with reading, and with the height of her heart disdaining to keep company with any of the gentlewomen appointed to attend her, whom she accounted her jaylors, was working upon a purse certain roses and lillies, as by the fineness of the work, one might see she had borrowed her wits of the sorrow that then owed them, and lent them wholly to that exercise. For the flowers she had wrought carried such life in them, that the cunningest painter might have learned of her needle: which with so pretty a manner made his careers to and fro through the cloath, as if the needle it self would have been loth to have gone fromward such a mistress; but that it hoped to return thitherward very quickly again, the cloath looking with many eyes upon her, and lovingly embracing the wounds she gave it: the shears also were at hand to behead the silk that was grown too short. And if at any time she put her mouth to bite it off, it seemed, that where she had been long in making of a rose with her hands, she would in an instant make roses with her lips; as the lillies seemed to have their whiteness rather of the hand that made them, than of the matter whereof they were made; and that they grew there by the suns of her eyes, and were refreshed by the moist, in discomfort, comfortable air, which an unawares sigh might bestow upon them. But the colours for the ground were so well chosen, neither sullenly dark, nor glaringly lightsome; and

and so well proportioned, as that, though much cunning were in it, yet it was but to serve for ornament of the principal work; that it was not without marvel to see, how a mind which could cast a careless semblant upon the greatest conflicts of fortune, could command it self to take care for so small matters. Neither had she neglected the dainty dressing of her self; but as if it had been her marriage time to affliction, she rather seemed to remember her own worthiness, than the unworthiness of her husband. For well might one perceive she had not rejected the counsel of a glass, and that her hands had pleased themselves in paying the tribute of undeceiving skill, to so high perfections of nature.

The sight whereof so divers from her sister, who rather suffered sorrow to dress it self in her beauty, than that she would bestow any entertainment of so unwelcome a guest the made *Cecropia* take a sudden assuredness of hope, that she should obtain somewhat of *Pamela*: thinking, according to the squaring out of her own good nature, that beauty carefully set forth, would soon prove a sign of an unrefusing harborough. Animated therewith, she sat down by *Pamela*, and taking the purse, and with affected curiosity looking upon the work; fully happy is he, said she, at least if he knew his own happiness, to whom a purse in this manner, and by this hand wrought, is dedicated. In faith he shall have cause to account it, not as a purse for treasure, but as a treasure it self, worthy to be pursed up in the purse of his own heart, and think you so indeed, 'said *Pamela* half smiling?' I promise you I wrought it, but to make some tedious hours believe, that I thought not of them; for else I valued it but even as a very purse. It is the right nature, said *Cecropia*, of beauty, to work unwitting effects of wonder. Truly, said *Pamela*, I never thought till now, that this outward gloss, intituled beauty, which it pleaseth you to lay to my 'as I think' unguilty charge, was but a pleasant mixture of natural colours, delightful to the eye, as musick is to the ear, without any farther consequence: since it is a thing, which not only beasts have, but even stones and trees many of them do greatly excel in it. That other things, answered, *Cecropia*, have some portion of it, takes not away the excellency of it, where

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where indeed it doth excel : since we see that even those beasts, trees and stones are in the name of beauty only highly praised. But that the beauty of human persons is beyond all other things, there is great likelihood of reason ; since to them only is given the judgment to discern beauty ; and among reasonable wights, as it seems, that our sex hath the preheminance, so that in that preheminance, nature countervails all other liberalities, wherein she may be thought to have dealt more favourably toward mankind. How do men crown, think you, themselves with glory, for having either by force brought others to yield to their mind, or with long study, and premeditated orations, persuaded what they would have persuaded ? and see, a fair woman shall not only command without authority, but persuade without speaking. She shall not need to procure attention, for their own eyes will chain their ears unto it. Men venture lives to conquer, she conquers lives without venturing. She is served, and obeyed, which is the most notable, not because the laws so command it, but because they become laws themselves to obey her ; not for her parents sake, but for her own sake. She need not dispute, whether to govern by fear or love, since without her thinking thereof, their love will bring forth fear, and their fear will fortify their love ; and she need not seek offensive or defensive force, since her only lips may stand for ten thousand shields, and ten thousand inevitable shot go from her eyes. Beauty, beauty, dear niece, is the crown of the feminine greatness ; which gift on whomsoever the heavens, ' therein most niggardly ' do bestow, without question, she is bound to use it to the noble purpose for which it is created ; not only winning, but preserving ; since that indeed is the right happiness which is not only in it self happy, but can also derive the happiness to another. Certainly, aunt, said *Pamela*, I fear you will make me not only think my self fairer than ever I did, but think my fairness a matter of greater value than heretofore I could imagine it. For I ever, till now, conceived those conquests you speak of, rather to proceed from the weakness of the conquered, than from the strength of the conquering power : as they say, the *Cranes* overthrow whole battles of *Pigmeys*, not so much of their cranish courage,

courage, as because the other are *Pigmeys*; and that we see young babes think babies of wonderful excellency, and yet the babies are but babies. But since your elder years, and abler judgment, find beauty to be worthy of so incomparable estimation, certainly, methinks, it ought to be held in dearness, according to the excellency, and no more than we would do of things which we account precious, never to suffer it to be defiled.

Defiled? said, *Cecropia*, marry god forbid that my speech should tend to any such purpose as should deserve so foul a title. My meaning is, to join your beauty to love, your youth to delight. For, truly, as colours should be as good as nothing, if there were no eyes to behold them; so is beauty nothing, without the eye of love behold it: and therefore so far is it from defiling it, that it is only the honouring of it, only the preserving of it; for beauty goes away, devoured by time: but where remains it ever flourishing, but in the heart of a true lover? and such a one, if ever there were any, is my son: whose love is so subjected unto you, that rather than breed any offence unto you, it will not delight it self in beholding you. There is no effect of his love, answered *Pamela*, better pleaseth me than that: but as I have often answered you, so resolutely I say unto you, that he must get my parents consent, and then he shall know further of my mind: for, without that I know I should offend god. O sweet youth, said *Cecropia*, how untimely subject it is to devotion? no, no, sweet niece, let us old folks think of such precise considerations: do you enjoy the heaven of your age, whereof you are sure; and like good householders, which spend those things that would not be kept, so do you pleasantly enjoy that, which else will bring an over late repentance, when your glass shall accuse you to your face, what a change there is in you. Do you see how the spring-time is full of flowers, decking it self with them, and not aspiring to the fruits of *Autumn*? what lesson is that unto you, but that in the april of your age, you should be like *April*? let not some of them for whom already the grave gapeth, and perhaps envy the felicity in you, which themselves cannot enjoy, persuade you to lose the hold of occasion, while it may not only be taken, but offers, nay
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sues to be taken ; which if it be not now taken, will never hereafter be overtaken. Your self know how your father hath refused all offers made by the greatest princes about you, and will you suffer your beauty to be hidden in the wrinkles of his peevish thoughts ? If he be peevish, said *Pamela*, yet is he my father ; and how beautiful soever I be, I am his daughter : so, as God, claims at my hands obedience, and makes me no judge of his imperfections.

These often replies upon conscience in *Pamela*, made *Cecropia* think that there was no righter way for her, than as she had, in her opinion, set her in liking of beauty, with perswasion not to suffer it to be void of purpose ; so if she could make her less feeling of those heavenly conceits, that then she might easily wind her to her crooked byass. Therefore employing the uttermost of her mischievous wit, and speaking the more earnestly, because she spake as she thought, she thus dealt with her. Dear niece, or rather dear daughter, if my affection and wish might prevail therein, how much doth it increase, through you, the earnest desire I have of this blessed match, to see these virtues of yours knit fast with such zeal of devotion (indeed the best bond) which the most politick wits have found, to hold man's wit in well doing ? For as children must first by fear be induced to know that, which after, when they do know, they are most glad of ; so are these bugbears of opinions brought by great clerks into the world, to serve as shewels to keep them from those faults, whereto else the vanity of the world, and weakness of senses might pull them. But in you, niece, whose excellency is such, as it need not to be held up by the staff of vulgar opinions, I would not you should love virtue servilely, for fear of I know not what, which you see not ; but even for the good effects of virtue which you see. Fear, and indeed foolish fear, and fearful ignorance, was the first inventor of those conceits : for when they heard it thunder, not knowing the natural cause, they thought there was some angry body above that spake so loud : and ever the less they did perceive, the more they did conceive ; whereof they knew no cause, that grew straight a miracle : foolish folks not

marking that the alterations be but upon particular accidents, the universality being always one. Yesterday was but as to-day, and to-morrow will tread the same footsteps of his foregoers: so as it is manifest enough, that all things follow but the course of their own nature, saving only man, who while by the pregnancy of his imagination he strives to things supernatural, mean while he loseth his own natural felicity. Be wise, and that wisdom shall be a God unto thee; be contented, and that is thy heaven: for else to think that those powers, if there be any such, above are moved either by the eloquence of our prayers, or in a chase at the folly of our actions, carries as much reason, as if flies should think that men take great care which of them hums sweetest, and which of them flies nimblest.

She would have spoken further, to have enlarged and confirmed her discourse; when *Pamela*, whose cheeks were died in the beautifullest grain of virtuous anger, with eyes which glistened forth beams of disdain, thus interrupted her. Peace, wicked woman, peace, unworthy to breathe, that dost not acknowledge the breath-giver; most unworthy to have a tongue which speaketh against him, through whom thou speakest: keep your affection to your self, which like a bemired dog, would defile with fawning. You say yesterday was as to-day. O foolish woman, and most miserably foolish, since wit makes you foolish; what doth that argue, but that there is a constancy in the everlasting governor? Would you have an inconstant God, since we count a man foolish that is inconstant? He is not seen, you say, and would you think him a God, who might be seen by so wicked eyes as yours? Which yet might see enough if they were not like such, who for sport sake willingly hood-wink themselves to receive blows the easier. But though I speak to you without any hope of fruit in so rotten a heart, and there be no body else here to judge of my speeches, yet be thou my witness, O captivity, that my ears shall not be willingly guilty of my creator's blasphemy: you say because we know not the causes of things, therefore fear was the mother of superstition: nay, because we know that each effect hath a cause that hath engendered a true

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and lively devotion. For this goodly work of which we are, and in which we live, hath not his being by chance; on which opinion it is beyond marvel, by what chance any brain could stumble. For if it be eternal, as you would seem to conceive of it, eternity and chance are things unsufferable together. For that is chanceable which happeneth; and if it happen, there was a time before it happened, when it might not have happened; or else it did not happen, and if so chanceable, not eternal. And as absurd it is to think, that if it had a beginning, his beginning was derived from chance: for chance could never make all things of nothing; and there were substances before, which by chance should meet to make up this work; thereon follows another bottomless pit of absurdities. For then those substances must needs have been from ever, and so eternal: and that eternal causes should bring forth chanceable effects, is as sensible, as that the sun should be the author of darkness. Again, if it were chanceable, then was it not necessary; whereby you take away all consequence. But we see in all things, in some respect or other, necessity of consequence: therefore in reason we must needs know that the causes were necessary. Lastly, chance is variable, or else it is not to be called chance: but we see this work is steady and permanent. If nothing but chance had glewed those pieces of this All, the heavy parts would have gone infinitely downward, the light infinitely upward, and so never have met to have made up this goodly body. For before there was a heaven, or earth, there was neither a heaven to stay the height of the ring, or an earth, which (in respect of the round walls of heaven) should become a center. Lastly, perfect order, perfect beauty, perfect constancy, if these be the children of chance, let wisdom be counted the root of wickedness. But you will say, it is so by nature; as much as if you said, it is so, because it is so. If you mean of many natures conspiring together, as in a popular government to establish this fair estate; as if the elementish and ethereal parts should in their town-house set down the bounds of each one's office: then consider what follows, that there must needs have been a wisdom

dom which made them concur : for their natures being absolutely contrary, in nature rather would have sought each others ruin, than have served as well consoorted parts to such an unexpressible harmony. For that contrary things should meet to make up a perfection without force and wisdom above their powers, is absolutely impossible ; unless that you will fly to that hissed out opinion of chance again. But you may, perhaps, affirm that one universal nature, which hath been for ever, is the knitting together of these many parts to such an excellent unity. If you mean a nature of wisdom, goodness and providence, which knows what it doth ; then say you that which I seek of you, and cannot conclude those blasphemies, with which you defiled your mouth, and mine ears : but if you mean a nature, as we speak of the fire, which goeth upward, it knows not why : and of the nature of the sea, which in ebbing and flowing seems to observe so just a dance, and yet understands no musick, it is but still the same absurdity superscribed with another title. For this word, One, being attributed to that which is All, is but one mingling of many, and many ones ; as in a less matter, when we say one kingdom which contains many cities, or one city which contains many persons, wherein the under-ones, if there be not a superior power and wisdom, cannot by nature have regard to any preservation but of themselves : no more we see they do, since the water willingly quenches the fire, and drowns the earth, so far are they from a conspired unity ; but that a right heavenly nature indeed, as it were unnaturing them, doth so bridle them. Again, it is as absurd in nature, that from an unity many contraries should proceed still kept in an unity ; as that from the number of contrarieties an unity should arise. I say still, if you banish both a singularity, and plurality of judgment from among them, then (if so earthly a mind can lift it self up so high) do but conceive, how a thing whereto you give the highest and most excellent kind of being, which is eternity, can be of a base and vilest degree of being, and next to a not being : which is so to be, as not to enjoy his own being ? I will not here call all your
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senses to witness, which can hear nor see nothing, which yields not most evident evidence of the unspeakableness of that wisdom: each thing being directed to an end, and an end of preservation: so proper effects of judgment, as speaking and laughing, are of mankind. But what mad fury can ever so invade any conceit, as to see our mortal and corruptible selves to have a reason, and that this universality, whereof we are but the least pieces, should be utterly devoid thereof: as if one should say, that ones foot might be wise, and himself foolish: this heard I once alledged against such a godless mind as yours, who being driven to acknowledge this beastly absurdity, that our bodies should be better than the whole world, if it had the knowledge, whereof the other were void; he sought, not able to answer directly, to list it off in this sort; and if that reason were true, then must it follow also, that the world must have in it a spirit, that could write and read too, and be learned, since that was in us commendable. Wretched fool, not considering that *books be but supplies of defects*; and so are praised, because they help our want. and therefore cannot be incident to the eternal intelligence, which need no recording of opinions to confirm his knowledge, no more than the sun wants wax to be the fuel of his glorious lightfulness. This world therefore cannot otherwise consist but by a mind of wisdom, which governs it; which whether you will allow to be the creator thereof, as undoubtedly he is, or the soul and governor thereof, most certain it is, that whether he govern all, or make all, his power is above either his creatures, or his government. And if his power be above all things, then consequently it must needs be infinite, since there is nothing above it to limit it. For beyond which there is nothing, must needs be boundless and infinite: if his power be infinite, then likewise must his knowledge be infinite: for else there should be an infinite proportion of power which he should not know how to use, the unsensibleness whereof I think even you can conceive: and if infinite, then must nothing, no not the estate of flies, which you with so unfavoury scorn did jest at, be known unto him. For if there were, then there were his

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knowledge bounded, and so not infinite: if his knowledge and power be infinite, then must needs his goodness and justness march in the same rank: for infiniteness of power and knowledge, without like measure of goodness, must necessarily bring forth destruction and ruin, and not ornament and preservation. Since then there is a God, and an all-knowing God, so as he seeth into the darkest of all natural secrets, which is the heart of man; and sees therein the deepest dissembled thoughts, nay sees the thought before they be thought: since he is just to exercise his might, and mighty to perform his justice, assure thy self, most wicked woman, that hast so plaguily a corrupted mind, as thou canst not keep thy sickness to thy self, but must most wickedly infect others; assure thy self, I say, for what I say depends on everlasting and unremoveable causes, that the time will come when thou shalt know that power by feeling it; when thou shalt see his wisdom in the manifesting thy ugly shamefulness, and shalt only perceive him to have been a creator in thy destruction.

Thus she said, thus she ended, with so fair a majesty of unconquered virtue, that captivity might seem to have authority over tyranny: so foully was the filthiness of impiety discovered by the shining of her unstained goodness, so far as either *Cecropia* saw indeed, or else the guilty amazement of a self-excusing conscience made her eyes untrue judges of their natural object, that there was a light more than human, which gave a lustre to her perfections. But *Cecropia*, like a bat, which though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath so evil eyes that it cannot delight in the sun, found a truth but could not love it. But as great persons are wont to make the wrong they have done, to be a cause to do the more wrong, her knowledge rose to no higher point, but to envy a worthier; and her will was no otherwise bent, but the more to hate, the more she found her enemy provided against her. Yet all the while she spake, though with eyes cast like a horse that would strike at the stirrup, and with colour which blushed through yellowness, she sat rather still than quiet, and after her speech rather
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muttered, than replied : for the war of wickedness in herself, brought forth disdainful pride to resist cunning dissimulation ; so as, saying little more unto her. but that she should have leisure enough better to bethink her self ; she went away repining, but not repenting, condemning greatly, as she thought, her son's over-feeble humbleness, and purposing to egg him forward to a course of violence. For her self, determining to deal with neither of them both any more in manner of a suitor : for what majesty of virtue did in the one, that did silent humbleness in the other. But finding her son over-apt to lay both condemnation, and execution of sorrow upon himself, she sought to mitigate his mind with feigned delays of comfort, who (having this inward overthrow in himself) was the more vexed, that he could not utter the rage thereof upon his outward enemies.

But *Basilus*, taught by the last day's tryal, what dangerous effects chosen courages can bring forth, rather used the spade, than the sword ; or the sword, but to defend the spade, girding about the whole town with trenches ; which beginning a good way off from the town, with a number of well directed pioneers, he still carried before him, till they came to a near distance, where he builded forts, one answering the other, in such sort, as it was a pretty consideration in the discipline of war, to see building used for the instrument of ruin, and the assayer intrenched as if he was besieged. But many sallies did *Amphialus* make to hinder their working. But they (exercising more melancholy than choler in their resolution) made him find, that if by the advantage of the place, few are able to defend themselves from many, that many must needs have power (making themselves strong in fear) to repel few, referring the revenge rather to the end, than to a present requital. Yet oftentimes they dealt some blows in light skirmishes, each side having a strong retiring place, and rather fighting with many alarms, to vex the enemy, than for any hope of great success.

Which every way was a tedious cumber to the impatient courage of *Amphialus* ; till the fame of this war, bringing thither diverse, both strangers and subjects, a

well of princely, as noble houses, the gallant *Phalantus*, who refrained his sportful delights as then, to serve *Basilus* (whom he honoured for received honours) when he had spent some time in considering the *Arcadian* manner in marching, encamping and fighting; and had learned in what points of government, and obedience their discipline differed from others, and so had satisfied his mind in the knowledges, both for the cutting off the enemies helps, and furnishing one's self, which *Basilus's* orders could deliver unto him, his young spirits (weary of wanting cause to be weary) desired to keep his valour in knowledge, by some private act, since the publick policy restrained him; the rather, because his old mistress *Artesia* might see whom she had so lightly forsaken: and therefore demanding and obtaining leave of *Basilus*, he caused a herald to be furnished with apparel of his office, and tokens of a peaceable message, and so sent him to the gate of the town to demand audience of *Amphialus*: who, understanding thereof, caused him both safely and courteously to be brought into his presence: who, making lowly reverence unto him, presented his letters, desiring *Amphialus*, that whatsoever they contained, he would consider he was only the bearer, and not the inditer. *Amphialus* with noble gentleness assured him both by honourable speeches, and a demeanour which answered for him, that his revenge, whensoever, should sort unto it self a higher subject. But opening the letters, he found them to speak in this maneer.

‘ *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, to *Amphialus* of *Arcadia*, sendeth the greeting of a hateless enemy. The liking of martial matter without any dislike of your person, hath brought me rather to the company, than to the mind of your besiegers: where languishing in idleness, I desire to refresh my mind with some exercise of arms, which might make known the doers, with delight of the beholders. Therefore if there be any gentleman in your town, that either for the love of honour, or honour of his love, well armed on horseback, with lance, and sword, win another, or lose himself, to
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‘ be prisoner at discretion of the conqueror, I will to
 ‘ morrow morning by sun-rising, with a trumpet and a
 ‘ squire only, attend him in like order furnished. The
 ‘ place I think fittest, the island within the lake, because
 ‘ it stands so well in the view of your castle ; as that the
 ‘ ladies may have the pleasure of seeing the combat :
 ‘ which, though it be within the commandment of your
 ‘ castle, I desire no better security, than the promise I
 ‘ make to my self of your virtue. I attend your answer,
 ‘ and wish you success as may be to your honour, rather
 ‘ in yielding to that which is just, than in maintaining
 ‘ wrong by violence.

Amphialus read it with chearful countenance, and
 thinking but a little with himself, called for ink and pa-
 per, and wrote this answer.

‘ *Amphialus* of *Arcadia*, to *Phalantus* of *Corinth*,
 ‘ wisheth all his own wishes, saving those which may be
 ‘ hurtful to another. The matter of your letters so fit
 ‘ for a worthy mind, and the manner so suitable to the
 ‘ nobleness of the matter, give me cause to think how
 ‘ happy I might account my self, if I could get such a
 ‘ friend ; who esteem it no small happiness to have met
 ‘ with so noble an enemy. Your challenge shall be an-
 ‘ swered, and both time, place, and weapon accepted.
 ‘ For your security from any treachery (having no ho-
 ‘ stage worthy to countervail you) take my word, which
 ‘ I esteem above all respects. Prepare therefore your
 ‘ arms to fight, but not your heart to malice, since true
 ‘ valour needs no other substance than desire of honour.

Having writ and sealed his letter, he delivered it to the
 herald, and withal took a fair chain from off his own
 neck, and gave it him. And so with safe convoy sent him
 away from out his city : and he being gone, *Amphialus*
 shewed unto his mother, and some other of his chief
 counsellors, what he had received, and how he had an-
 swered : telling them withal, that he was determined to
 answer the challenge in his own person. His mother,
 with prayers authorized by motherly commandment ; his

old governour, with perswasions mingled with reprehension (that he would rather affect the glory of a private fighter, than of a wise general) *Clinias* with falling down at his feet, and beseeching him to remember, that all their lives depend upon his safety, fought all to dissuade him. But *Amphialus* (whose heart was inflamed with courage, and courage inflamed with affection) made an imperious resolution, cut off the tediousness of replies, giving them a charge what they should do upon all occasions, and particularly to deliver the ladies, if otherwise than well happened unto him: only desiring his mother, that she would bring *Philoclea* to a window, whence she might with ease perfectly discern the combat. And so soon as the morning began to draw dew from the fairest greens to wash her face withal, against the approach of the burning sun, he went to his stable, where himself chose out a horse, whom, (though he was near twenty years old) he preferred for a piece of sure service, before a great number of younger. His colour was of a brown bay-dappled thick with black spots; his forehead marked with a white star; to which, in all his body there was no part suitable, but the left foot before; his main and tail black and thick, of goodly, and well proportioned greatness. He caused him to be trimmed with a sumptuous saddle of tawny, and gold enamel, enriched with precious stones: his furniture was made into the fashion of branches of a tree, from which the leaves were falling: and so artificially were the leaves made, that as the horse moved, it seemed indeed, that the leaves wagged, as when the wind plays with them; and being made of a pale cloath of gold, they did bear the straw coloured livery of ruin. His armour was also of tawny and gold, but formed into the figures of flames darkened, as when they newly brake the prison of a smoaky furnace. In his shield he had painted the *Torpedo* Fish. And so appointed, he caused himself with his trumpet and squire (whom he had taken since the death of *Ismenus*) to be ferried over into the island, a place well chosen for such a purpose. For it was so plain, as there was scarcely any bush, or hillock, either to unlevel, or shadow it: of length

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length and breadth enough, to try the uttermost both of lance and sword; and the one end of it facing the castle, the other extending it self toward the camp, and no access to it, but by water, there could no secret treachery be wrought; and for manifest violence, either side might have time enough to succour their party.

But there he found *Phalantus*, already waiting for him upon a horse milk white, but that upon his shoulders and withers, he was freckled with red stain, as when a few strawberries are scattered into a dish of cream. He had caused his main and tail to be dyed in carnation, his reins were vine branches, which ingendering one with the other, at the end, when he came to the bit, there for the boys brought forth a cluster of grapes, by the workman made so lively, that it seemed, as the horse champed on his bit, he chopped for them, and that it did make his mouth water, to see the grapes so near him. His furniture behind was of vines, so artificially made, as it seemed the horse stood in the shadow of the vine, so prettily were clusters of ruby grapes dispersed among the trappers which embraced his sides. His armour was blue like the heaven, which a sun did with his rays (proportionably delivered) gild in most places. His shield was beautified with this device: a grey-hound which over-running his fellow, and taking the hare, yet hurts it not, when it takes it. The words were, *The glory, not the prey.*

But as soon as *Amphialus* landed, he sent his squire to *Phalantus*, to tell him, that there was the knight, ready to know whether he had any thing to say to him; *Phalantus* answered, that his answer now must be in the language of lances; and so each attended the warning of the trumpets, which were to sound at the appointment of four judges, who with consideration of the same had divided the ground. *Phalantus* his horse young, and feeling the youth of his master, stood covetting, which being well governed by *Phalantus*, gave such a glittering grace, as when the sun in a clear day shines upon a waving water. *Amphialus's* horse stood pawing upon the ground, with his farther foot before, as if he would for his master's cause begin to make himself angry:

till

till the trumpets sounding together, together they set spurs to their horses, together took their lances from their thighs, conveyed them up into the rest together, together let them sink downward, so as it was a delectable fight in a dangerous effect; and a pleasant consideration, that there was so perfect agreement, in so mortal disagreement; like a musick made of cunning discords. But their horses keeping an even line their masters had skilfully allotted unto them, passed one by another without encountering, although either might feel the angry breath of the other. But the slaves being come to a just descent, even when the mark was ready to meet them, *Amphialus* was run thorough the vamplate, and under the arm; so as the staff appearing behind him, it seemed to the beholders, he had been in danger. But he struck *Phalantus* just upon the gorget, so as he battered the lams thereof, and made his head almost touch the back of his horse. But either side having stayed the spur, and used the bit to stop their horses fury, casting away the truncheons of their slaves, and drawing their swords, they attended the second summons of the death-threatening trumpet, which quickly followed; and they as soon making their horses answer their hands, with a gentle gallop, set one toward the other, till they being come to the nearness of a little more than a slave's length. *Amphialus* trusting more to the strength, than to the nimbleness of his horse, put him forth with speedy violence, and making his head join to the other's flank, guided his blow with discretion, and strengthening it with the course of his horse, struck *Phalantus* upon the head, in such sort, that his feeling sense did both dazzle his sight, and astonish his hearing. But *Phalantus* (not custom'd to be ungrateful to such benefits) struck him upon the side of his face, with such force, that he thought his jaw had been cut asunder; though the faithfulness of his armour indeed guarded him from farther damage. And so remained they awhile; rather angry with fighting, than fighting for anger, till *Amphialus's* horse leaning hard upon the other, and winning ground, the other horse feeling himself pressed, began to rise a little.

little before, as he was wont to do in his corvet, which advantage *Amphialus* taking, set forward his own horse with the farther spur, so as *Phalantus's* horse came over with his master under him. Which *Amphialus* seeing, lighted, with intention to help *Phalantus*. But his horse that had faulted, rather with untimely art, than want of force, got up from burthening his burthen, so as *Phalantus*, in the fall having gotten his feet free off the stirrup, could, though something bruised, arise, and seeing *Amphialus* near him, he asked him, whether he had given him any help in removing his horse. *Amphialus* said no. Truly, said *Phalantus*, I asked it, because I would not willingly have fought with him, that had had my life in his mercy. But now, said *Phalantus*, before we proceed farther, let me know who you are, because never did any man bring me to the like fortune. *Amphialus* listing to keep himself unknown, told him he was a gentleman, to whom *Amphialus* that day had given armour and horse to try his valour, having never before been in any combat worthy remembrance. Ah, said *Phalantus* in a rage, and must I be the exercise of your prentice age? and with that, choler took away either the bruise, or the feeling of the bruise, so as he entred a fresh into the combat, and boiling into his arms, the disdain of his heart, struck so thick upon *Amphialus*, as if every blow would fain have been foremost. But *Amphialus*, that many like trials had taught, great spending to leave small remnants, let pass the storm with strong wards, and nimble avoidings, till his time fit, both for distance and nakedness, he struck him so cruel a blow on the knee, that the poor gentleman fell down withal in a swoon.

But *Amphialus* pitying approved valour, made precious by natural courtesy, went to him, and taking off his head piece to give him air, the young knight (disdaining to buy life with yielding, bad him use his fortune; for he was resolved never to yield. No more you shall, said *Amphialus*, if it be not to my request, that you will account your self to have great interest in me. *Phalantus* more overcome by his kindness, than by his fortune, desired yet once again to know his name, who in his first beginning

ginning had shewed such fury in his face, and yet such stay in his fury. *Amphialus* then named himself, telling him withal he would think his name much bettered, if it might be honoured by the title of his friend. But no balm could be more comfortable to his wound, than the knowledge thereof was to his mind, when he knew his mishap should be excused by the renowned valour of the other. And so promising each to other assuredness of good will, *Phalantus*, of whom *Amphialus* would have no other ransom but his word of friendship, was conveyed into the camp, where he would but little remain among the enemies of *Amphialus*; but went to seek his adventures other-where.

As for *Amphialus*, he was received with triumph into the castle; although one might see by his eyes (humbly lifted up to the window where *Philoclea* stood) that he was rather suppliant than victorious: which occasion *Cecropia* taking, who as then stood by *Philoclea*, and had lately left *Pamela* in another room, whence also she might see the combat. Sweet lady, said she, now you may see, whether you have cause to love my son, who then lies under your feet, when he stands upon the neck of his bravest enemies. Alas, said *Philoclea*, a simple service to me, methinks it is, to have those, who come to succour me destroyed: if it be my duty to call it love, be it so: but the effects it brings forth, I confess I account hateful. *Cecropia* grew so angry with this unkind answer, that she could not abstain from telling her, that she was like them that could not sleep, when they were softly laid: but that if her son would follow her counsel, he should take another course with her: and so flung away from her.

Yet, knowing the desperate melancholy of *Amphialus* in like cases, framed to him a very thankful message, powdering it with some hope-giving phrases; which were of such joy to *Amphialus*, that he, though against publick respect, and importunity of disswaders, presently caused it to be made known to the camp, that whatsoever knight would try the like fortune as *Phalantus* did, he should in like sort be answered: so as divers of the valiantest, partly of themselves, partly at the instigation of

Basilus,

Basilus, attempted the combat with him ; and according to every one's humour, so were the causes of the challenge grounded : one laying treason to his charge ; another preferring himself in the worthiness to serve *Philoctea* ; a third, exalting some ladies beauty beyond either of the sisters ; a fourth laying disgraces to love it self naming it the bewitcher of the wit, the rebel to reason, the betrayer of resolution, the defiler of thoughts, the underminer of magnanimity, the flatterer of vice, the slave of weakness, the infection of youth, the madness of age, the curse of life, and reproach of death ; a fifth disdaining to cast at less than at all, would make the cause of his quarrel the causes of love, and proclaim his blasphemies against womankind ; that namely, that sex was the oversight of nature, the disgrace of reasonableness, the obstinate cowards, the slave born tyrants, the shops of vanities, the gilded weather cocks, in whom conscience is but peevishness, chastity, waywardness, and gratefulness a miracle. But all these challenges, how well so ever indited, were so well answered, that some by death taught others, though past learning themselves, and some by yielding gave themselves the lie, for having blasphemed ; to the great grief of *Basilus*, to see his rebel prevail, and in his own sight, to crown himself with deserved honour.

Whereupon thirsting for revenge, and else not hoping to prevail, the best of his camp being already overthrown, he sent a messenger to *Argalus*, in whose approved courage and force, he had, and had cause, to have great confidence, with a letter ; requiring him to take his quarrel in hand, from which he had hitherto spared him in respect of his late marriage. But now his honour, and (as he esteemed it) felicity standing upon it, he could no longer forbear to challenge of him his faithful service.

The messenger made speed, and found *Argalus* at a castle of his own, sitting in a parlour with the fair *Parthenia*, he resting in a book the stories of *Hercules*, she by him, as to hear him read : but while his eyes looked on the book, she looked on his eyes, and sometimes staying him, with some pretty question ; not so much to be resolved of the doubt, as to give him occasion to look upon her : a happy couple, he joying in her, she joying

her self, but in her self, because she enjoyed him : both increased their riches by giving to each other ; each making one life double, because they made a double life one ; where desire never wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction ever bred satiety ; he ruling, because she would obey, or rather because she would obey, he therein ruling.

But when the messenger came in with letters in his hand, and haste in his countenance, though she knew not what to fear, yet she feared because she knew not ; but she rose, and went aside, while he delivered his letters and message : yet a far off she looked, now at the messenger, and then at her husband : the same fear, which made her loth to have cause of fear, yet making her seek cause to nourish her fear. And well she found there was some serious matter : for her husband's countenance figured some resolution between lothness and necessity : and once his eye cast upon her, and finding hers upon him, he blushed, and she blushed, because he blushed, and yet straight grew pale, because she knew not why he had blushed. But when he had read, and heard, and dispatched away the messenger, like a man in whom honour could not be rocked asleep by affection, with promise quickly to follow ; he came to *Parthenia*, and as sorry as might be for parting, and yet more sorry for her sorrow, he gave her the letter to read. She with fearful slowness took it, and with fearful quickness read it ; and having read it. Ah my *Argalus*, said she, and have you made such haste to answer ? and are you so soon resolved to leave me ? but he discourting unto her, how much it imported his honour, which since it was dear to him, he knew it would be dear unto her, her reason overclouded with sorrow, suffered her not presently to reply, but left the charge thereof to tears, and sighs ; which he not able to bear, left her alone, and went to give order for his present departure.

But by that time he was armed, and ready to go, she had recovered a little strength of spirit again, and coming out, and seeing him armed, and wanting nothing for his departure but her farewell, she ran to him, took him by the arm, and kneeling down without regard, who either heard her speech, or saw her demeanour.

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My *Argalus*, my *Argalus*, said she, do not thus forsake me. Remember, alas, remember that I have interest in you, which I will never yield shall be thus adventured. Your valour is already sufficiently known: sufficiently have you already done for your country: enough, enough there are beside you to lose less worthy lives. Woe is me, what shall become of me, if you thus abandon me? then was it time for you to follow these adventures, when you adventured no body but your self, and were no bodies but your own. But now pardon me, that now, or never, I claim mine own; mine you are, and without me you can undertake no danger: and will you endanger *Parthenia*? *Parthenia* shall be in the battle of your fight: *Parthenia* shall smart in your pain, and your blood must be bled by *Parthenia*. Dear *Parthenia*, said he, this is the first time, that ever you resisted my will: I thank you for it, but persevere not in it; and let not the tears of those most beloved eyes be a presage unto me of that, which you would not should happen, I shall live, doubt not: for so great a blessing as you are, was not given unto me, so soon to be deprived of it. Look for me, therefore, shortly, and victorious; and prepare a joyful welcome, and I will wish for no other triumph. She answered not, but stood as it were thunder-stricken with amazement; for true love made obedience stand up against all other passions. But when he took her in his arms, and sought to print his heart in her sweet lips, she fell in a swoon, so as he was fain to leave her to her gentlewomen, and carried away by the tyranny of honour, though with many a back cast look, and hearty groan, went to the camp. Where understanding the notable victories of *Amphialus*, he thought to give him some days respite of rest, because he would not have his victory disgraced by the other's weariness. In which days, he sought by all means (having leave to parley with him) to dissuade him from his enterprize: and then imparting his mind to *Basilus*, because he found *Amphialus* was inflexible, wrote his defy unto him in this manner.

Right

Right famous Amphialus, if my persuasion in reason, or prayer in good will, might prevail with you, you should by better means be like to obtain your desire. You should make many brave enemies become your faithful servants, and make your honour fly up to heaven, being carried up by both wings of valour and justice; whereof now it wants the latter. But since my suit nor counsel can get no place in you, disdain not to receive a mortal challenge, from a man so inferior unto you in virtue, that I do not so much mislike of the deed, as I have the doer in admiration. Prepare therefore your self, according to the noble manner you have used, and think not lightly of never so weak an arm, which strikes with the sword of justice.

To this he quickly received this answer.

Much more famous Argalus, I whom never threatenings could make afraid, am now terrified by your noble courtesy. For well I know, from what height of virtue it doth proceed, and what cause I have to doubt such virtue bent to my ruin: but love, which justifieth the injustice you lay unto me, doth also animate me against all dangers. since I come full of him by whom your self have been (if I be not deceived) sometimes conquered. I will therefore attend your appearance in the isle, carrying this advantage with me, that as it shall be a singular honour, if I get the victory, so there can be no dishonour in being overcome by Argalus.

The challenge thus denounced, and accepted Argalus was armed in white armour, which was all gilded over with knots of women's hair, which came down from the crest of his head-piece, and spread it self in rich quantity over all his armour; his furniture was cut out in the fashion of an eagle, whereof the beak (made into a rich jewel) was fastened to the saddle, the tail covered the crupper of the horse, and the wings served for trappers; which falling off each side, as the horse stirred, the bird seemed to fly. His petrel and reins, were embroidered with feathers suitable unto it: upon his right arm he wore a sleeve which his dear *Parthenia* had made for him, to be worn in a just, in the time that success was
ungrateful

ungrateful to their well deserved love : it was full of bleeding hearts, though never intended to any bloody enterprize. In his shield (as his own device) he had two palm trees near one another, with a word signifying, *In that sort flourishing*. His horse was of fiery sorrel, with black feet, and black list on his back, who with open nostrils breathed war, before he could see an enemy : and now up with one leg, and then with another, seemed to complain of nature, that she had made him any whit earthy.

But he had scarcely viewed the ground of the island, and considered the advantages, if any were, thereof, before the castle boat had delivered *Amphialus*, in all points provided to give a hard entertainment. And then sending each to other their squires in honourable manner, to know whether they should attend any farther ceremony, the trumpets sounding, the horses with smooth running, the slaves with unshaken motion, obediently perform'd their cholerick commandments. But when they drew near, *Argalus's* horse being hot, prest in with his head : which *Amphialus* perceiving, knowing if he gave him his side, it should be to his disadvantage, prest in also with him, so as both the horses and men met shoulder to shoulder, so as the horses (hurt as much with the striking, as being stricken) tumbled down to the earth, dangerously to their masters, but that they, by strength nimble, and by use skilful in the falling, shunned the harm of the fall, and without more respite, drew out their swords with a gallant bravery ; each striving to shew himself the less endamaged, and to make known that they were g'd, they had now nothing else to trust to, but their own virtue. True it is that *Amphialus* was the sooner up, but *Argalus* had his sword out the sooner : and then fell they to the cruellest combat, that any present eye had seen. Their swords first, like canons, battering down the walls of their armour, making breaches almost in every place for troops of wounds to enter. Among the rest, *Argalus* gave a great wound to *Amphialus's* disarmed Face ; though part of the force of it *Amphialus* warded upon his shield, and withal, first casting his eye up to *Philoclea's* window, as if he had fetched

fetched his courage thence, feigning to extend the same
 sort of blow, turned his sword, and with a mighty re-
 verse, gave a cruel wound to the right arm of *Argalus*,
 the unfaithful armour yielding to the sword's strong-
 guided sharpness. But though the blood accused the
 hurt of *Argalus*, yet would he in no action of his con-
 fess it: but keeping himself in a lower ward, stood
 watching with timely thrusts to repair his loss, which
 quickly he did. For *Amphialus*, following his fawning
 fortune, laid on so thick upon *Argalus*, that his shield
 had almost fallen piece-meal to the earth, when *Argalus*
 coming in with his right foot, and something stooping
 to come under his armour, thrust him into the belly
 dangerously; and mortally it would have been, but that
 with the blow before, *Amphialus* had ever stricken him-
 self so, as he fell sideward down, and with falling sa-
 ved himself from ruin; the sword by that means slip-
 ping aside, and not piercing more deeply. *Argalus* see-
 ing him fall, threatening with voice and sword, bad him
 yield. But he striving without answer to rise, *Argalus*
 struck him with all his might upon his head. But his
 hurt arm not able to master so sound a force, let the
 sword fall so, as *Amphialus*, though astonished with the
 blow could arise: which *Argalus* considering, ran in to
 grasp with him, and so closed together; falling so to the
 ground, now one getting above, and then the other; at
 length, both weary of so unlovely embraces, with
 a dissenting consent got up, and went to their swords:
 but happened, each on his enemies; where *Argalus* find-
 ing his foes sword garnished in blood, his heart rose with
 the same sword to revenge it, and on that blade to ally
 their bloods together. But his mind was evil waited on
 by his lamed force, so as he received still more and
 more wounds: which made all his armour seem to blest,
 that it had defended his master no better. But *Amphi-
 alus* perceiving it, and weighing the small hatefulness of
 their quarrel, with the worthiness of the knight, desired
 him to take pity of himself. But *Argalus*, the more re-
 pinning, the more he found himself in disadvantage, fill-
 ing his veins with spite instead of blood, and making
 courage arise against faintness (like a candle, which a

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little before it goes out, gives then the greatest blaze) so did he unite all his force, that casting away the little remnant of his shield, and taking his sword in both hands, he struck such a notable blow, that he cleft his shield, armour, and arm almost to the bone.

But then *Amphialus* forget all ceremonies, and with cruel blows made more of his best blood succeed the rest: till his hand being stayed by his ear, his ear filled with a pitiful cry, the cry guided his sight to an excellent fair lady, who came running as fast as she could, and yet because she could not so fast as she would, she sent her lamentable voice before her: and being come, and being known to them both to be the beautiful *Parthenia*, who had that night dreamed she saw her husband in such estate, as she then found him, which made her make such haste thither, they both marvelled. But *Parthenia* ran between them, fear of love making her forget the fear of nature, and then fell down at their feet, determining so to part them, till she could get breath to sigh out her doleful speeches: and when her breath, which running had spent, and dismaidness made slow to return, had by sobs gotten into her sorrow-closed breast, for a while she could say nothing, but, O wretched eyes of mine, O wailful sight, O day of darkness! at length turning her eyes, wherein sorrow swam, to *Amphialus*, my lord, said she, it is said you love; in the power of that love, I beseech you to leave off this combat, as ever your heart may find comfort in his affection, even for her sake, I crave it: or if you be mortally determined, be so pitiful unto me, as first to kill me, that I might not see the death of *Argalus*. *Amphialus* was about to have answered, when *Argalus*, vexed with his fortune, but more vexed that she should see him in that fortune; ah *Parthenia*, said he, never until now unwelcome unto me, do you come to get my life by request? and cannot *Argalus* live but by request? is that a life? with that he went aside, for fear of hurting her, and would have began the combat afresh. But *Amphialus* not only conjured by that which held the monarchy of his mind, but even in his noble heart melting with compassion at so passionate a sight, desired him to withhold

hold his hands, for that he should strike one who sought his favour, and would not make resistance. A notable example of the wonderful effects of virtue, where the conqueror sought for friendship of the conquered, and the conquered would not pardon the conqueror: both indeed being of that mind to love each other for accepting, but not for giving mercy, and neither affected to outlive a dishonour: so that *Argalus*, not for much striving with *Amphialus*, for if he had him in the like sort, in like sort he would have dealt with him, as labouring against his own power, which he chiefly despised, set himself forward, stretching his strength to the uttermost. But the fire of that strife, blown with his inward rage, boyled out his blood in such abundance, that he was driven to rest himself upon the pommel of his sword: and then each thing beginning to turn round in the dance of death before his eyes, his sight both dazled and dimmed, till, thinking to sit down, he fell in a swoon. *Parthenia*, and *Amphialus* both hastily went unto him: *Amphialus* took off his helmet, and *Parthenia* laid his head in her lap, tearing off her linen sleeves and partlet to serve about his wounds: to bind which she took off her hairlace, and would have cut off her fair hair her self, but that the squires and judges came in with fitter things for that purpose: while she bewailed her self with so lamentable sweetness, as was enough to have taught sorrow to the gladdest thoughts, and have engraved it in the minds of hardest mettall.

O *Parthenia*, no more *Parthenia*, said she, what art thou? what seest thou? how is thy bliss in a moment fallen? how wert thou even now before all ladies the example of perfect happiness, and now the gazing stock of endless misery? O God, what, hath been my desert, to be thus punished? Or if such had been my desert, why was I not my self punished? O wandering life, to what wilderness wouldst thou lead me. But sorrow, I hope thou art sharp enough to save my labour from other remedies. *Argalus*, *Argalus*, I will follow thee, I will follow thee.

But with that *Argalus* came out of his swoon, and lifting up his languishing eyes, which a painful rest and iron

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iron sleep did seek to lock up, seeing her in whom, even dying, he lived, and himself seated in so beloved a place, it seemed a little cheerful blood came up to his cheeks, like a burning coal, almost dead, if some breath a little revive it : and forcing up, the best he could, his feeble voice, my dear, my better half, said he, I find I must now leave thee : and by that sweet hand, and fair eyes of thine I swear, that death brings nothing with it to grieve me, but that I must leave thee, and cannot remain to answer part of thy infinite deserts, with being some comfort unto thee. But since so it pleaseth him, whose wisdom and goodness guideth all, put thy confidence in him, and one day we shall blessedly meet again, never to depart : mean while live happily, dear *Parthenia*, and I persuade my self, it will increase the blessedness of my soul, so to see thee. Love well the remembrance of thy loving, and truly loving *Argalus* : and let not, with that word he sighed, this disgrace of mine, make thee one day think, thou hadst an unworthy husband. They could scarcely understand the last words : for death began to seize himself of his heart, neither could *Parthenia* make answer, so full was her breast of anguish. But while the other sought to stanch his remediless wounds, she with her kisses made him happy : for his last breath was delivered into her mouth.

But when indeed she found his ghost was gone, then sorrow lost the wit of utterance, and grew rageful, and mad, so that she tore her beautiful face, and rent her hair, as though they could serve for nothing, since *Argalus* was gone ; till *Amphialus* (so moved with pity of that sight, as that he honoured his adversaries death with tears) caused her, with the help of her women that came with her, partly by force to be conveyed into the boat, with the dead body of *Argalus*, from which she would not depart. And being come on the other side, there she was received by *Basilus* himself, with all the funeral pomp of military discipline, trailing all their ensigns upon the ground, making their warlike instruments found doleful notes, and *Basilus* with comfort in his mouth and woe in his face, sought to persuade some ease into *Parthenia's* mind : but all was as caseful to her,

as the handling of sore wounds : all the honour done, being to her but the triumph of her ruin, she finding no comfort but in desperate yielding to sorrow : and rather determined to hate herself if ever she would find ease thereof. And well might she hear as she past through the camp, the great praises spoken of her husband, which were all records of her loss. But the more excellent he was, being indeed counted second to none in all Greece, the more did the breath of those praises bear up the wings of *Amphialus's* fame : to whom yet such was his case, that trophy upon trophy, still did but build up the monument of his thralldom ; he ever finding himself in such favour of *Philoclea* that she was most absent, when he was present with her ; and ever sorriest, when he had best success : which would have made him renounce all comfort, but that his mother with diversity of devices kept up his heart.

But while he allayed thus his outward glory with inward discomfort, he was like to have been overtaken with a notable treason, the beginning whereof (though merely ridiculous) had like to have brought forth to him a weeping effect.

Among other that attended *Basilus* in this expedition, *Dametas* was one ; whether to be present with him, or absent from *Miso* : once, certain it was without any mind to make his sword curied by any widow. Now being in the camp, while each talk seemed injurious, which did not acknowledge some duty to the fame of *Amphialus*, it fell out sometimes in communication, that as the speech of heaven doth often beget the mention of hell, so the admirable prowess of *Amphialus* (by a contrary) brought forth the remembrance of the cowardise of *Clinias* : in somuch, as it grew almost to a proverb, *As every a coward as Clinias* ; describing him in such sort, that in the end *Dametas* began to think with himself, that if he made a challenge unto him, he would never answer it ; and that then he should greatly increase the favourable conceit of *Basilus*. This fancy of his he uttered to a young gentleman that waited upon *Philanax*, in whose friendship he had especial confidence, because he haunted his company, laughing often merrily at his speeches, and not a little extolling

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tolling the goodly dotes of *Mopsa*. The young gentleman as glad as if he had found a hare sitting, egged him on, breaking the matter with *Philanax*, and then, for fear the humour should quail in him, wrote a challenge himself for *Dametas*, and brought it to him. But when *Dametas* read it, putting his head on his shoulder, and somewhat smiling, he said, It was pretty indeed, but that it had not a lofty stile enough; and so, would needs indite it in this sort.

‘ **O** *Clinias*, thou *Clinias*, the wickedest worm that ever
‘ went upon two legs; the very fritter of fraud,
‘ and seething pot of iniquity: I *Dametas*, chief go-
‘ vernor of all the royal cattle, and also of *Pamela*,
‘ (whom thy master most perniciously hath suggested
‘ out of my dominion) do defy thee in a mortal as-
‘ fray from the bodkin to the pike upward: Which if
‘ thou dost presume to take in hand, I will, out of that
‘ superfluous body of thine, make thy soul to be eva-
‘ cuated.

The young gentleman seemed dumb-stricken with admiration, and presently took upon him to be the bearer thereof, while the heat of the fit lasted; and having gotten leave of *Basilus* (every body helping on to ease his mind, overcharged with melancholy) he went into the town, according to the manner before time used, and, in the presence of *Amphialus*, delivered this letter to *Clinias*; desiring to have an answer, which might be fit for his reputation. *Clinias* opened it, read it, and, in the reading, his blood, not daring to be in so dangerous a place, went out of his face, and hid itself more inwardly: and his very words, as if they were afraid of blows, came very slowly out of his mouth: but, as well as his panting breath would utter it, he bad him tell the lout that sent him, That he disdained to have any thing to do with him. But *Amphialus*, perceiving the matter, took him aside, and very earnestly dealt with him, not to shame himself; *Amphialus* only desirous to bring it to pass, to make some sport to *Philoclea*: but, not being able to persuade him, *Amphialus* licenced the gentleman,

tleman, telling him, That by next morning he should have an answer.

The young gentleman, sorry he had sped no better, returned to *Dametas*, who had fetched many a sower-breathed sigh, for fear *Clinias* would accept the challenge. But when he perceived, by his trusty messenger, that this delay was in effect a denial, there being no disposition in him to accept it, then lo, *Dametas* began to speak his loud voice, to look big, to march up and down, and, in his march, to lift his legs higher than he was wont, swearing, by no mean devotions, that the walls should not keep the coward from him, but he would fetch him out of his coney-burrow: and then was hotter than ever to provide himself of horse and armour, saying, he would go to the island bravely addubed, and shew himself to his charge *Pamela*. To this purpose many willing hands were about him, letting him have reins, pettrel, with the rest of the furniture, and very brave bases; but all coming from divers houses, neither colour nor fashion, shewed any kindred one with another. But that liked *Dametas* the better; for that he thought would argue, that he was master of many brave furnitures. Then gave he order to a painter for his device; which was a plough with the oxen loosed from it, a sword, with a great number of arms and legs cut off: and lastly, a great army of pen and ink-horns, and books. Neither did he stick to tell the secret of his intent; which was, that he had left off the plough, to do such bloody deeds with his sword, as many ink-horns and books should be employed about the historifying of them: and being asked, why he set no word unto it, he said, that was indeed like the painter, that saith in his picture, here is the dog, and there is the hare: and with that he laughed to perfectly, as was great consolation to the beholders. Yet remembering that *Miso* would not take it well at his return, if he forgot his duty to her, he caused in a border about to be written,

* *Miso*, mine own pigsaie, thou shalt hear news of *Dametas*.

Thus

Thus all things being condignly ordered, with an ill-favoured impatience he waited until the next morning, that he might make a muster of himself in the island, often asking them that very diligently waited upon him, whether it were not pity that such a coward as *Clinias* should set his run away feet upon the face of the earth.

But as he was, by divers principal young gentlemen, to his no small glory, lifted up on horseback, comes a page of *Amphialus*, who, with humble smiling reverence, delivered a letter unto him from *Clinias*, whom *Amphialus* had brought to this; first with persuasions, (that for certain, if he did accept the combat, *Dametas* would never dare to appear, and that then the honour should be his) but principally threatening him, that if he refused it, he would turn him out of the town, to be put to death for a traytor by *Basilus*: so as the present fear (ever to a coward most terrible) of being turned out of the town, made him, though full unwillingly, undertake the other fear, wherein he had some shew of hope, that *Dametas* might hap either to be sick, or not to have the courage to perform the matter. But when *Dametas* heard the name of *Clinias*, very aptly suspecting what the matter might be, he bad the page carry back his letter, like a naughty boy as he was; for he was in no humour, he told him, of reading letters. But *Dametas* his friend, first persuading him, that for certain it was some submission, took upon him so much boldness as to open the letter, and to read it aloud, in this sort.

Filthy drivel, unworthy to have thy name set in any letter by a soldier's hand writing, could thy wretched heart think it was timorousness that made *Clinias* suspend a while his answer? no, castiff, no: it was but as a ram, which goes back to return with the greater force: Know therefore, that thou shalt no sooner appear, (appear now if thou darest) I say thou shalt no sooner appear in the island, (O happy thou if thou dost not appear) but that I will come upon thee with all my force, and cut thee in pieces. (mark what I say) joynt after joynt, to the eternal terror of all presumptuous villains. Therefore look what thou dost; for I tell thee, horrible smart

* and pains shall be thy lot, if thou wilt needs be so foolish,
 * lish, I having given thee no such cause, as to meet with
 * me.

These terrible words *Clinias* used, hoping they would give a cooling to the heat of *Dametas's* courage : and so indeed they did, that he did groan to hear the thundering of those threatnings. And when the gentleman had ended the reading of them, *Dametas* told them, that in his opinion he thought this answer came too late, and that therefore he might very well go and disarm himself, especially considering the other had in courteous manner warned him not to come : but they having him now on horseback, led him into the ferry, and so into the island ; the clashing of his own armour striking miserable fear into him, and in his mind thinking great unkindness in his friend, that he had brought him to a matter so contrary to his complexion. There staid he but a little (the gentleman that came with him teaching him how to use his sword and lance, while he cast his eye about, to see which way he might run away, cursing all islands for being evil situated) when *Clinias* with a brave sound of trumpets landed at the other end : who came all the way debating with himself, what he had deserved of *Amphialus* to drive him to those inconveniences. Sometimes his wit made him bethink himself what was best to be done : but fear did so corrupt his wit, that whatsoever he thought was best, he still found danger therein ; fearfulness (contrary to all other vices) making him think the better of another, the worse he found himself, rather imagining in himself what words he would use (if he were overcome) to get his life of *Dametas*, than how to overcome, whereof he could think with no patience. But oftentimes looking to the earth, pitifully complaining, that a man of such sufficiency, as he thought himself, should in his best years be swallowed up by so base an element : fain he would have prayed, but he had not heart enough to have confidence in prayer ; the glittering of the armour, and sounding of the trumpets giving such an assault to the weak breach of his false senses, that he grew from the degree of fear to an amazement, not almost to know

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know what he did, till two judges (chosen for the purpose) making the trumpet cease, and taking the oath of those champions, that they came without guile or witchcraft, set them at wonted distance, one from the other.

Then the trumpets founding, *Dametas's* horse (used to such causes) when he thought least of the matter, started out so lustily, that *Dametas* was jogged back with head and body, and pulling withal his bridle-hand, the horse, that was tender of mouth, made half a stop, and fell to bounding; so that *Dametas* threw away his lance, and with both his hands held by the pommel, the horse half running, half leaping, till he met with *Clinias*; who fearing he should miss his rest, had put his staff therein before he began his career: neither would he then have begun, but that at the trumpets warning, one (that stood behind) struck on his horse, who running swiftly, the wind took such hold of his staff, that it crost quite over his breast, in that sort gave a flat bastinado to *Dametas*: who half out of his saddle, went near to his old occupation of digging the earth, but with the crest of his helmet. *Clinias* when he was past him, not knowing what he had done, but fearing least *Dametas* were at his back, turned with a wide turn; and seeing him on the ground, he thought then was his time, or never, to tread him under his horse's feet; and withal, if he could, hurt him with his lance, which had not broken, the encounter was so easy. But putting forth his horse, what with the falling of the staff too low before the legs of the horse, and the coming upon *Dametas*, who was then scrambling up, the horse fell over and over, and lay upon *Clinias*. Which *Dametas*, who was gotten up, perceiving, drew out his sword, prying which way he might best come to kill *Clinias* behind. But the horse that lay upon him, kept such a pawing with his feet, that *Dametas* durst not approach, but very leisurely, so as the horse, being lusty, got up, and withal began to strike, and leap, that *Dametas* started back a good way, and gave *Clinias* time to rise, but so bruised in body, and broken in heart, that he meant to yield himself to mercy; and with that intent drew out his sword, intending when he came nearer to present the pommel of it to *Dametas*. But *Dametas*,

when he saw him coming with his sword drawn, not conceiving any such intent, went back as fast as his back and heels would lead him. But as *Clinias* found that he began to think a possibility in the victory, and therefore followed him with the cruel haste of a prevailing coward; laying upon *Dametas*, who did nothing but cry out to him to hold his hand, sometimes that he was dead, sometimes that he would complain to *Basilus*; but still bore the blows ungratefully, going back, till at length he came into the water with one of his feet.

But then a new fear of drowning took him, so that daring not to go back, nor to deliberate (the blows still so lighted on him) nor to yield, because of the cruel threatnings of *Clinias*, fear being come to the extremity, fell to a madness of despair; so that (winking as hard as ever he could) he began to deal some blows, and his arm (being used to the flail in his youth) laid them on so thick, that *Clinias* now began with lamentable eyes to see his own blood come out in many places: and before he had lost half an ounce, finding in himself that he fainted, cried out aloud to *Dametas* that he yielded. Throw away thy sword then, said *Dametas*, and I will save thee; but still lying on as fast as he could. *Clinias* straight obeyed, and humbly craved mercy, telling him his sword was gone. Then *Dametas* first opened his eyes, and seeing him indeed unweaponed, made him stand a good way off from it; and then willed him to lye down upon the earth as fitt as he could; *Clinias* obeyed; and *Dametas* (who never could think himself safe, till *Clinias* were dead) began to think with himself, that if he struck at him with his sword, if he did not kill him at the first blow, that then *Clinias* might hap to rise, and revenge himself. Therefore he thought best to kneel down upon him, and with a great whittle he had (having disarmed his head) to cut his throat, which he had used so with calves, as he had no small dexterity in it. But while he sought for his knife, which under his armour he could not well find out, and that *Clinias* lay with so sheepish a quietness, as if he would have been glad to have his throat cut for fear of more pain, the judges came in, and took

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Dametas from off him, telling him he did against the law of arms, having promised life if he threw away his sword. *Dametas* was loath to consent, till they swore, they would not suffer him to fight any more, when he was up; and then more forced, then persuaded, he let him rise, crowing over him, and warning him to take heed how he dealt any more with any that came of his father's kindred. But thus this combat of cowards being finished, *Dametas* was with much mirth and melody received into the camp as victorious, never a page there failing to wait upon his triumph.

But *Clinias*, though he wanted heart to prevent shame, yet he wanted not wit to feel shame; not so much repining at it for the abhorring of shame, as for the discomforts, that to them that are ashamed, ensue. For well he deemed, it would be a great bar to his practice, and a pulling on of injuries, when men needed not care how they used him. Inasmuch, that *Clinias* (finding himself the scorn-stock of every company) fell with repining, to hate the cause thereof; and hate in a coward's heart, could set it self no other limits, but death. Which purpose was well egged on by representing unto himself, what danger he lately was in; which still kept no less ugly figure in his mind, than when it was present; and quickly (even in his dissembling countenance) might be discerned a concealed grudge. For though he forced himself to a far more diligent officiousness toward *Amphialus*, than ever before, yet a leering eye upon the one side at him, a countenance still framed to smiling before him (how little cause soever there was of smiling) and grumbling behind him at any of his commandments, with an uncertain manner of behaviour: his words coming out, though full of flattery, yet slowly, and hoarsely pronounced, might well have blazed, what arms his false heart bore. But despised, because of his cowardliness, and not marked because despised, he had the freer scope of practice. Which he did the more desperately enter into, because the daily danger *Amphialus* did submit himself unto, made *Clinias* assuredly look for his overthrow, and for his own consequently, if he did not redeem his former treason to *Basilius*, with a more treasonable falsehood toward *Amphialus*.

phialus. His chief care therefore was, to find out among all sorts of the *Amphialians*, whom either like fear, tediousness of the siege, or discontent of some unsatisfied ambition would make apt to dig in the same mine that he did : and some already of wealthy weary folks, and unconstant youths (who had not found such sudden success as they had promised themselves) he had made stoop to his lure. But of none he made so good account as of *Artesia*, sister to the late slain *Ismenus*, and the chief of the six maids, who had trained out the princesses to their banquet of misery : so much did the sharpness of her wit countervail, as he thought, any other defects of her sex : for she had undertaken that dangerous practice by the persuasion of *Cecropia*, who assured her that the two princesses should be made away, and then *Amphialus* would marry her ; which she was the apter to believe, by some false persuasion her glass had given her of her own incomparable excellencies, and by the great favour she knew he bare to her brother *Ismenus*, which, like a self-flattering woman, she conceived was done for her sake. But when she had atchieved her attempt, and that she found the princesses were so far from their intended death, as that one of them was like to be her sovereign ; and that neither her service won of *Amphialus* much more than an ordinary favour, nor her over-large offering her self to a mind otherwise owed, had obtained a looked-for acceptation : disdain to be disdained, spite of a frustrate hope, and perchance unquenched lust-grown rage, made her unquiet thoughts find no other rest, but malice ; which was increased by the death of her brother, whom she judged neither succoured against *Philanax*, nor revenged upon *Philanax*. But all these coals were well blown by the company she especially kept with *Zelmane* all this time of her imprisonment. For finding her presence uncheerful to the mourning *Philoclea*, and condemned of the high-hearted *Pamela*, she spent her time most with *Zelmane* : Who though at the first hardly brooking the instrument of their misery, learning cunning in the school of adversity, in time framed her self to yield her acceptable entertainment. For *Zelmane*,
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when she had by that unexpected mischief her body imprisoned, her valour over-mastered, her wit beguiled, her desires barred, her love eclipsed; assured of evil, fearing worse, able to know *Philoctea's* misfortune, and not able to succour her, she was a great while before the greatness of her heart could descend to sorrow, but rather rose boiling up in spight and disdain, reason hardly making courage believe, that it was distressed: but as if the walls would be afraid of her, so would her looks shoot out threatnings upon them. But the fetters of servitude, growing heavier with wearing, made her feel her case, and the little prevailing of repining: and then grief got a seat in her softened mind, making sweetness of passed comforts, by due title, claim tears of present discomforts: and since her fortune made her able to help as little as any body, yet to be able to wail as much as any body; solitary sorrow, with a continual circle in her self, going out at her own mouth, to come in again at her own ears. Then was the name of *Philoctea* graved in the glass windows, and by the foolish idolatry of affection, no sooner written, than adored; and no sooner adored, than pitied: all the wonted praises (she was wont to give unto her) being now but figures of rhetorick to amplify the injuries of misfortune; against which being alone, she would often make invective declamations, methodized only by raging sorrow.

But when *Artesia* did insinuate her self into her acquaintance, she gave the government of her courage to wit, and was content to familiarize her self with her: so much the rather, as that she perceived in her certain flaws of ill concealed discontentment: insomuch that when *Zelmane* would sweeten her mouth with the praise of the sisters, especially setting forth their noble gratefulness in never forgetting well-intended services, and invoking the justice of the gods not to suffer such treasures to be wrongfully hidden, and sometimes with a kind of unkindness charging *Artesia*, that she had been abused to abuse so worthy persons: *Artesia*, though falsely, would protest, that she had been beguiled in it, never meaning other matter than recreation; and yet

withal, by alledging how ungratefully she was dealt with, it was easy to be seen it was the unrewarding, and not the evil employing her service, which grieved her. But *Zelmane*, using her own byas to bowl near the mistress of her own thoughts, was content to lend her belief, and withal to magnify her desert, if willingly she would deliver, whom unwillingly she had imprisoned; leaving no argument which might tickle ambition, or flatter revenge. So that *Artesia*, pushed forward by *Clinias*, and drawn onward by *Zelmane*, bound herself to that practice; wherein *Zelmane*, for her part, desired no more, but to have armour and weapons brought into her chamber, not doubting therewith to perform any thing, how impossible soever, which longing love can persuade, and invincible valour dare promise.

But *Clinias*, whose faith could never comprehend the mysteries of courage, persuaded *Artesia*, while he by corruption had drawn the guard of one gate, to open it, when he would appoint the time to the enemy, that she should impoison *Amphialus*; which she might the easier do, because she her self had used to make the broths, when *Amphialus*, either wearied or wounded, did use such diet. And all things already were ready to be put in execution, when they thought best to break this matter with the two excellent sisters, not doubting of their consent in a thing so behoveful to themselves: their reasons being, that the princesses knowing their service, might be sure to preserve them from the fury of the entering soldiers: whereof *Clinias*, even so, could scarcely be sufficiently certain: and withal, making them privy to their action, to bind them afterwards to a promised gratefulness towards them. They went therefore at one time, when they knew them to be alone, *Clinias* to *Philoclea*, and *Artesia* to *Pamela*; and *Clinias*, with no few words, did set forth what an exploit was intended for her service. But *Philoclea*, in whose clear mind, treason could find no hiding-place, told him, that she would be glad if he could persuade her cousin to deliver her, and that she would never forget his service therein; but that she desired him to lay down any such way of mischief, for, that for her part, she would rather yield to

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perpetual imprisonment than consent to the destroying her cousin, who, she knew, loved her, though wronged her. This unlooked-for answer amazed *Clinias*, so that he had no other remedy in his mind, but to kneel down to *Philoclea*, and beseech her to keep it secret, considering that the intention was for her service, and vowing, since she misliked it, to proceed no farther therein, she comforted him with promise of silence, which she performed.

But that little availed; for *Artesia* having in like sort opened this device to *Pamela*, she, in whose mind virtue governed with the scepter of knowledge, hating so horrible a wickedness, and strait judging what was fit to do; wicked woman, said she, whose unrepenting heart can find no way to amend treason, but by treason, now the time is come that thy wretched wiles have caught thy self in thine own net: as for me, let the Gods dispose of me as shall please them; but sure it shall be no such way, nor way-leader, by which I will come to liberty. This she spake something with a louder voice than she was wont to use, so as *Cecropia* heard the noise, who was, sooner than *Artesia* imagined she would, come up, to bring *Pamela* to a window, where she might see a notable skirmish happened in the camp, as she thought among themselves: and being a cunning fisher in troubled waters, straight found by their voices and gestures there was some matter of consequence, which she desired *Pamela* to tell her. Ask of her, said *Pamela*, and learn to know, that *who do falsehood to their superiors, teach falsehood to their inferiors*. More she would not say. But *Cecropia* taking away the each-way guilty *Artesia*, with fear of torture, got of her the whole practice: so as *Zelmane* was the more closely imprisoned, and *Clinias*, with the rest of his corrupted mates, according to their merits, executed: for as for *Artesia*, she was but locked up in her chamber, *Amphialus* not consenting, for the love he bore to *Ismenus*, that farther punishment should be laid upon her.

But the noise they heard in the camp was by occasion of the famous prince *Anaxius*, nephew to the giant *Euander*, whom *Pyrocles* slew; a prince of body exceedingly strong,

in arms so skilful and fortunate, as no man was thought to excel him; of courage that knew not how to fear; of parts worthy praise, if they had not been guided by pride, and followed by injustice. For by a strange composition of mind, there was no man more tenderly sensible in any thing offered to himself, which in the farthest-fetcht construction might be wrested to the name of wrong; no man that in his own actions could worse distinguish between valour and violence: so proud, as he could not abstain from a *Thraso*-like boasting, and yet, so unlucky a lodging his virtues had gotten, he would never boast more than he would accomplish, falsely accounting an inflexible anger a couragious constancy; esteeming fear and astonishment righter causes of admiration, than love and honour. This man had four sundry times fought with *Amphialus*, but *Mars* had been so impartial an arbiter, that neither side got advantage of the other. But in the end it happened that *Anaxius* found *Amphialus*, unknown in great danger, and saved his life: whereupon, loving his own benefit, began to favour him, so much the more, as thinking so well of himself, he could not chuse but like him, whom he found a match for himself: which at last grew to as much friendship towards him, as could by a proud heart be conceived. So as in this travel, (seeking *Pyrocles* to be revenged of his uncle's death) hearing of this siege, never taking pains to examine the quarrel, like a man whose will was his god, and his hand his law, taking with him his two brothers, men accounted little inferior to himself in martial matters, and two hundred chosen horsemen, with whom he thought himself able to conquer the world, yet commanding the rest of his forces to follow, he himself upon such an unexpected suddenness entered in upon the back of *Basilus*, that many with great unkindness took their death, not knowing why, nor how they were so murdered. There, if ever, did he make known the wonderfulness of his force. But the valiant and faithful *Philanax*, with well-governed speed, made such head against him as would have shewed, how soon courage falls in the ditch which hath not the eye of wisdom; but that *Amphialus* at the same time issued out and winning with abundance of courage

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one of the sconces which *Basilus* had builded, made way for his friend *Anaxius*, with great loss of both sides, but especially of the *Basilians*. Such notable monuments had those two swords especially left of their master's redoubted worthiness.

There, with the respect fit to his estate, the honour due to his worthiness, and the kindness which accompanies friendship, made fast by interchanged benefits, did *Amphialus* enforce himself, as much as in a besieged town he could, to make *Anaxius* know, that his succour was not so needful as his presence grateful. For causing the streets and houses of the town to witness his welcome, making both soldiers and magistrates in their countenances to shew their gladness of him, he led him to his mother, whom he be sought to entertain him with no less love and kindness, than as one, who once had saved her son's life, and now came to save both life and honour. Thus, said *Anaxius*, speaking aloud, looking upon his brothers, I am only sorry there are not half a dozen kings more about you, that what *Anaxius* can do might be the better manifested. His brothers smiled, as though he had overmodestly spoken, far underneath the pitch of his power. Then was he disarmed at the earnest request of *Amphialus*: for *Anaxius* boiled with desire to issue out upon the enemies, persuading himself, that the sun should not be set, before he had overthrown them. And having reposed himself, *Amphialus* asked him whether he would visit the young princesses. But *Anaxius* whispered him in the ear; in truth, said he, dear friend *Amphialus*, tho' I am none of those that love to speak for themselves, I never came yet in company of ladies, but that they fell in love with me. And that I in my heart scorn them as a peevish paltry sex, nor worthy to communicate with my virtues, would not do you the wrong: since, as I hear, you do debase your self so much as to affect them. The courteous *Amphialus* could have been angry with him for those words; but knowing his humour, suffered him to dance to his own musick: and gave himself to entertain both him and his brothers, with as chearful a manner as could issue from a mind whom unlucky love had fill'd with melancholy. For to *Anaxius* he yielded the direction of all.

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He gave the watch-word, and if any grace were granted, the means were to be made to *Anaxius*. And that night when supper was ended, wherein *Amphialus* would needs himself wait upon him, he caused in boats upon the lake an excellent musick to be ordered; which, tho' *Anaxius* might conceive was for his honour, yet indeed he was but the brick wall to convey it to the ears of the beloved *Philoclea*.

The musick was of cornets, whereof one answering the other, with a sweet emulation striving for the glory of musick, and striking upon the smooth face of the quiet lake, was then delivered up to the castle walls, which with a proud reverberation, spreading it into the air, it seemed before the harmony came to the ear, that it had enriched itself in travel, the nature of those places adding melody to that melodious instrument. And when a while that instrument had made a brave proclamation to all possessed minds of attention, an excellent concert straight followed, of five viols, and as many voices; which all being but orators of their master's passions, bestowed this song upon her that thought upon another matter.

THE fire to see my wrongs for anger burneth;
 The air in rain for my affliction sweepeth:
 The sea to ebb for grief his flowing turneth:
 The earth with pity dull his center keepeth.
 Fame is with wonder blazed;
 Time runs away for sorrow:
 Place standeth still amazed,
 To see my night of evils, which bath no morrow.
 Alas all only see no pity taketh
 To know my miseries, but chaste and cruel,
 My fall her glory maketh;
 Yet still her eyes give to my flame their fuel.
 Fire, burn me quite, till sense of burning leave me:
 Air, let me draw thy Breath no more in anguish:
 Sea, drown'd in thee of tedious life bereave me;
 Earth, take this Earth wherein my spirits languish.
 Fame, say I was not born:
 Time, haste my dying hour.
 Place, see my grave up torn:
 Fire, air, sea, earth, fame, time, place, shew your power.

Alas

*Alas from all their help I am exiled :
For hers am I, and death fears her displeasure.*

*Fie death thou art beguiled :
Though I be hers, she makes of me no treasure.*

But *Anaxius*, seeming a-weary before it was ended, told *Amphialus*, that for his part he liked no musick but the neighing of horses, the sound of trumpets, and the cries of yielding persons : and therefore desired, that the next morning they should issue upon the same place where they had entered that day, not doubting to make them quickly a-weary of being the besiegers of *Anaxius*. *Amphialus*, who had no whit less courage, though nothing blown up with pride, willingly condescended : and so the next morning, giving false alarm to the other side of the camp, *Amphialus* at *Anaxius's* earnest request, staying within the town to see it guarded, *Anaxius* and his brethren, *Lycurgus* and *Zoilus*, sallied out with the best chosen men. But *Basilus*, having been the last day somewhat unprovided, now had better fortified the overthrown sconce ; and so well had prepared every thing for defence, that it was impossible for any valour from within to prevail. Yet things were performed by *Anaxius* beyond the credit of the credulous : for thrice, valiantly followed by his brothers, did he set up his banner upon the rampire of the enemy ; tho' thrice again by the multitude, and advantage of the place, but especially by the coming of three valiant knights, he was driven down again. Numbers there were that day, whose deaths and overthrows were excused by the well known sword of *Anaxius* : but the rest by the length of time and injury of historians have been wrapped up in dark forgetfulness ; only *Tressenius* is spoken of, because when all abandoned the place, he only made head to *Anaxius* ; till having lost one of his legs, yet not lost the heart of fighting, *Lycurgus*, second brother to *Anaxius*, cruelly murdered him ; *Anaxius* himself disdaining any farther to deal with them.

But so far had *Anaxius* at the third time prevailed, that now the *Basilians* began to let their courage descend to their feet ; *Basilus* and *Philanax* in vain striving with reverence of authority to bridle the flight of astonishment,
and

and to teach fear, discretion : So that *Amphialus*, seeing victory shew such a flattering countenance to him, came out with all his force, hoping that day to end the siege.

But that fancy altered quickly, by the sudden coming to the other side of the three knights, whereof the one was in white armour, the other in green, and the third by his black armour and device, straight known to be the notable knight, who the first day had given fortune so short a stop with his notable deeds ; fighting hand to hand with the deemed invincible *Amphialus*. For the very cowards no sooner saw him, but as borrowing some of his spirit, they went like young eagles to the prey, under the wing of their dam. For the three adventurers, not content to keep them from their rampire, leapt down among them, and entred into a brave combat with the three valiant brothers. But to whether side fortune would have been partial, could not be determined. For the *Basilians*, lightened with the beams of their strangers valour, followed so thick, that the *Amphialians* were glad with some haste to retire to the wall ward : though *Anaxius* neither reason, fear, nor example, could make him aswage the fury of his fight : until one of the *Basilians* (unworthy to have his name registred, since he did it cowardly, sideward, when he least looked that way) almost cut off one of his legs ; so as he fell down, blaspheming heaven, that all the influences thereof had power to overthrow him : and there death would have seized on his proud heart, but that *Amphialus* took in hand the black knight, while some of his soldiers conveyed away *Anaxius*, so requiting life for life unto him.

And for the love and example of *Amphialus*, the fight began to enter into a new fit of heat : when *Basilus*, that thought enough to be done for that day, caused retreat to be sounded ; fearing lest his men following over-earnestly, might be the loss of those excellent knights whom he desired to know. The knights as soon as they heard the retreat, though they were eagerly set, knowing that *courage without discipline, is nearer beastliness than manhood*, drew back their swords, though hungry of more blood : especially the black knight, who knowing of
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Amphialus, could not refrain to tell him, that this was the second time he escaped out of his hands, but that he would shortly bring him a bill of all the former accounts. *Amphialus* seeing it fit to retire also, most of his people being hurt, both in bodies and hearts, withdrew himself with so well-seated a resolution, that it was as far from anger, as from dismayedness, answering no other to the black knight's threats, but that when he brought him his account, he should find a good pay-master.

The fight being ceased, and each side withdrawn within their strengths, *Basilus* sent *Philanax* to entertain the strange knights, and to bring them unto him, that he might acknowledge what honour was due to their virtue. But they excused themselves, desiring to be known first by their deeds, before their names should accuse their unworthiness: and though the other replied according as they deserved, yet (finding that *unwelcome courtesy is a degree of injury*) he suffered them to retire themselves to a tent of their own without the camp, where they kept themselves secret: *Philanax* himself being called away to another strange knight; strange not only by the unlooked-for-ness of his coming, but by the strange manner of his coming.

For he had before him four damsels, and so many behind him, all upon palfreys, and all apparelled in mourning weeds; each of them a servant on each side, with like liveries of sorrow. Himself in an armour, all painted over with such a cunning of shadow, that it represented a gaping sepulchre; the furniture of his horse was all of cypress branches: wherewith in old time, they were wont to dress graves. His baces, which he wore so long, as they came almost to his ankle, were embroidered only with black worms, which seemed to crawl up and down, as ready to devour him. In his shield, for *Impresa*, he had a beautiful child, but having two heads; whereon the one shewed, that it was already dead; the other alive, but in that case, necessarily looking for death. The word was, *No way to be rid from death, but by death.*

This knight of the tomb, for so the soldiers termed him, sent to *Basilus* to demand leave to send a damsel into

into the town, to call out *Amphialus*, according as before time some others had done. Which being granted, as glad any would undertake the charge, which no body else in that camp was known willing to do, the damsel went in, and having with tears sobbed out a brave challenge to *Amphialus*, from the knight of the tomb, *Amphialus* honourably entertaining the gentlewoman, and desiring to know the knight's name, which the doleful gentlewoman would not discover, accepted the challenge, only desiring the gentlewoman to say thus much to the strange knight from him, that if his mind were like to his title, there were more cause of affinity, than enmity between them. And therefore presently, accordingly as he was wont, as soon as he perceived the knight of the tomb, with his damsel and judge, was come into the island, he also went over in accustomed manner; and yet for the courtesy of his nature, desired to speak with him.

But the knight of the tomb, with silence and drawing his horse back, shewed no will to hear, nor speak: but with lance on thigh, made him know, it was fit for him to go to the other end of the career, whence waiting the start of the unknown knight. he likewise made his spurs claim haste of his horse. But when his staff was in his rest, coming down to meet with the knight, now very near him, he perceived the knight had missed his rest: wherefore the courteous *Amphialus* would not let his lance descend; but with a gallant grace, ran over the head of his therein friended enemy: and having stopped his horse, and with the turning of him, blessed his sight with the window where he thought *Philoclea* might stand, he perceived the knight had lighted from his horse, and thrown away his staff, angry with his misfortune, as of having missed his rest, and drawn his sword, to make that supply his fellow's fault; he also lighted, and drew his sword, esteeming victory with advantage, rather robbed than purchased: and so the other coming eagerly toward him, he with his shield out, and sword aloft, with more bravery than anger drew unto him, and straight made their swords speak for them a pretty while with

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with equal fierceness. But *Amphialus*, to whom the earth brought forth few matches, having both much more skill to chuse the places, and more force to work upon the chosen, had already made many windows in his armour for death to come in at, when in the nobleness of his nature abhorring to make the punishment overgo the offence, he stepped a little back, and withal, Sir knight, said he, you may easily see, that it pleaseth god to favour my cause; employ your valour against them that wish you hurt, for my part I have not deserved hate of you. Thou liest, false traytor, said the other, with an angry, but weak voice; but *Amphialus*, in whom abused kindness became spiteful rage. Ah barbarous wretch, said he, only couragious in discourtesy; thou shalt soon see whether thy tongue hath betrayed thy heart, or no: and with that redoubled his blows, gave him a great wound upon his neck, and closing with him, overthrew him, and with the fall thrust him mortally into the body, and with that went to pull off his helmet, with intention to make him give himself the lye, for having so said, or to cut off his head.

But the head-piece was no sooner off, but that there fell about the shoulders of the overcome knight the treasure of fair golden hair, which with the face, soon known by the badge of excellency, witnessed that it was *Parthenia*, the unfortunately virtuous wife of *Argalus*; her beauty then, even in the despiight of the passed sorrow, or coming death, assuring all beholders, that it was nothing short of perfection. For her exceeding fair eyes, having with continual weeping gotten a little redness about them, her round sweetly swelling lips a little trembling, as though they kissed their neighbour death; in her cheeks the whiteness striving by little and little to get upon the rosyeness of them; her neck, a neck indeed of alabaster, displaying the wound, which with most dainty blood laboured to drown his own beauties; so as here was a river of purest red, there an island of perfectest white, each giving lustre to the other, with the sweet countenance, god knows, full of an unaffected languishing: though these things to a grossly conceiving sense might seem disgraces, yet indeed were they but apparelling beauty in a new fashion,

fashion, which all looked upon through the spectacles of pity, did even increase the lines of her natural fairness; so as *Amphialus* was astonished with grief, compassion and shame, detesting his fortune that made him unfortunate in victory.

Therefore putting off his head-piece and gauntlet, kneeling down unto her, and with tears testifying his sorrow, he offered his, by himself accursed, hands to help her, protesting his life and power to be ready to do her honour. But *Parthenia*, who had inward messengers of the desired deaths approach, looking upon him, and straight turning away her feeble sight, as from a delightful object, drawing out her words, which her breath, loath to depart from so sweet a body, did faintly deliver: Sir, said she, I pray you, if prayers have place in enemies, to let my maids take my body untouched by you: the only honour I now desire by your means, is, that I have no honour of you. *Argalus* made no such bargain with you, that the hands which killed him, should help me. I have of them, and I do not only pardon you, but thank you for it, the service which I desired. There rests nothing now, but that I go live with him, since whose death I have done nothing but die. Then pausing, and a little fainting, and again coming to her self; O sweet life, welcome, said she, now feel I the bands united of the cruel death, which so long hath held me. And O life, O death, answer for me, that my thoughts have not so much as in a dream tasted any comfort, since they were deprived of *Argalus*. I come, my *Argalus*, I come: and, O god, hide my faults in thy mercies, and grant, as I feel thou dost grant, that in thy eternal love, we may love each other eternally. And this, O lord: — but there *Atropas** cut off her sentence: for with that, casting up both eyes and hands to the skies, the noble soul departed (one might well assure himself) to heaven, which left the body in so heavenly a demeanour.

* One of the three sisters which are said to cut the thread of life.

But *Amphialus* cause of his as full of and her ge stanch the before the soul, but n infallible of the w squire of thers that fell to cast all falling mistress, a the celesti of sorrow chastness, accusing deceived revealed fire in th understoo of the w the very leat th to tell su liver it i quickly infected subject to matchin with ad the fair under co daughter her pilg and in But bot cipal no death, himself

But *Amphialus*, with a heart oppress'd with grief, because of her request, withdrew himself: but the judges, as full of pity, had been all this while disarming her, and her gentlewomen with lamentable cries labouring to stanch the remediless wounds: and a while she was dead before they perceived it, death being able to divide the soul, but not the beauty from that body. But when the infallible tokens of death assured them of their loss, one of the women would have killed her self, but that the squire of *Amphialus* perceiving, by force held her. Others that had as strong passion, though weaker resolution, fell to cast dust upon their heads, to tear their garments; all falling upon the earth, and crying upon their sweet mistress, as if their cries could persuade the soul to leave the celestial happiness, to come again into the elements of sorrow: one time calling to remembrance her virtue, chasteness, sweetness, and goodness to them; another time accusing themselves, that they had obeyed her; being deceived by her words, who assured them, that it was revealed unto her, that she should have her heart's desire in the battle against *Amphialus*, which they wrongly understood. Then kissing her cold hands and feet, weary of the world, since she was gone who was their world, the very heavens seem'd with a cloudy countenance to mour at the loss, and fame it self (though by nature glad to tell such rare accidents) yet could not chuse but deliver it in lamentable accents, and in such sort went it quickly all over the camp: and as if the air had been infected with sorrow, no heart was so hard, but was as subject to that contagion; the rareness of the accident, matching together, the rarely matched together, pity with admiration. *Basilus* himself came forth, and brought the fair *Gynecia* with him, who was come into the camp under colour of visiting her husband, and hearing of her daughters: but indeed *Zelmene* was the saint to which her pilgrimage was intended, cursing, envying, blessing, and in her heart kissing the walls which imprisoned her. But both they, with *Philanax*, and the rest of the principal nobility, went out to make honour triumph over death, conveying that excellent body (whereto *Basilus* himself would needs lend his shoulder) to a church a mile

mile from the camp, where the valiant *Argalus* lay interred; recommending to that sepulchre the blessed reliques of a faithful and virtuous love, giving order for the making of two marble images, to represent them, and each way enriching the tomb: upon which *Basilina* herself caused this epitaph to be written,

HIS Being was in her alone.
And he not Being she was none.



*They joy'd One joy, One grief they griev'd,
One love they lov'd, One life they liv'd.
The hand was One, One was the sword
That did his death, her death afford.*

*As all the rest; so now the stone
That toms the Two is justly One.*

ARGALUS and PARTHENIA

Then with eyes full of tears, and mouths full of her praises, returned they to the camp, with more and more hate against *Amphialus*, who, poor gentleman, had therefore greater portion of woe than any of them. For that courteous heart, which would have grieved but to have heard the like adventure, was rent with remembering himself to be the author; so that his wisdom could not so far temper his passion, but that he took his sword, counted the best in the world, (which with much blood he had once conquered of a mighty giant) and brake it into many pieces, which afterwards he had good cause to repent, saying, that neither it was worthy to serve the noble exercise of chivalry, nor any other worthy to feel that sword, which had stricken so excellent a lady: and withal, banishing all chearfulness of his countenance, he returned home: where he got him to his bed, not so much to rest his restless mind, as to avoid all company; the sight whereof was tedious unto him. And then melancholy, only rich in unfortunate remembrances, brought before him all the mishaps with which his life had wreathed: taking this, not only as a confirming of the former,

but

but a presage of following misery, and to his heart, already overcome by sorrowfulness, even trifling misfortunes came, to fill up the roll of a grieved memory, labouring only his wits to pierce farther and farther into his own wretchedness. So as all that night, in despite of darkness, he held his eyes open; and in the morning, when the light began to restore to each body his colour, then with curtains barred he himself from the enjoying of it; neither willing to feel the comfort of the day, nor the ease of the night, until his mother (who never knew what love meant, but only to him ward) came to his bed side, and beginning with loving earnestness to lay a kind chiding upon him, because he would suffer the weakness of sorrow, to conquer the strength of his virtues; he did with a broken piece meal speech, as if the tempest of passion unorderly blew out his words, remember the mishaps of his youth, the evils he had been the cause of, his rebelling with shame, and that shame increased with shameful accidents, the deaths of *Philoxenus* and *Parthenia*, wherein he found himself hated of the ever-ruling powers, but especially (and so especially, as the rest seemed nothing when he came to that) his fatal love to *Philoclea*: to whom he had so governed himself, as one that could neither conquer, nor yield; being of the one side a slave, and of the other a jaylor: and withal almost upbraiding unto his mother the little success of her large hoping promises, he in effect finding *Philoclea* nothing mollified, and now himself, so cast down as he thought himself unworthy of better. But his mother, as she had plentiful cause, making him see, that of his other griefs there was little or no fault in himself, and therefore there ought to be little or no grief in him; when she came to the head of the sore, indeed seeing that she could no longer patch up her former promises, (he taking a desperate deafness to all delaying hopes) she confessed plainly, that she could prevail nothing: but the fault was his own, who had marred the young girl by seeking to have that by prayer, which he should have taken by authority. That it were an absurd cunning to make high ladders to go in a plain way; so was it an untimely and foolish flattery, there to beseech

beseech, where one might command, puffing them up by being besought, with such a self pride of superiority, that it was not, forsooth, to be held out but by denial. O God, said *Amphialus*, how well I thought my fortune would bring forth this end of your labours? assure your self, mother, I will sooner pull out these eyes, than they should look upon the heavenly *Philoclea*, but as upon a heaven whence they have their light, and to which they are subject. If they will pour down any influences of comfort: O happy I: but if by the sacrifice of a faithful heart, they will not be called unto me, let me languish and wither with languishing, and grieve with withering, but never so much as repine with never so much grieving. Mother, O Mother, *lust may well be a tyrant, but true love where it is indeed, it is a servant*. Accursed more than I am, may I be, if ever I did approach her, but that I freezed as much in a fearful reverence, as I burned in a vehement desire. Did ever man's eye look through love upon the majesty of virtue, shining through beauty, but that he became, as it well became him, a captive? and it is the stile of a captive to write, *Our will and pleasure*?

Tush, tush, son, said *Cecropia*, if you say you love, but withal you fear, you fear lest you should offend. Offend? and how know you, that you should offend? because she doth deny. Deny? now by my truth, if your sadness would let me laugh, I could laugh heartily, to see that you are ignorant, that *No is no Negative in a woman's mouth*. My son, believe me, a woman speaking of women; *a lovers modesty among us is much more praised, than liked*: or if we like it, so well we like it, that for marrying of his modesty, he shall never proceed farther. Each virtue hath his time: if you command your soldier to march foremost, and he for courtesy put others before him, would you praise his modesty? love is your general, he bids you dare, and will *Amphialus* be a dastard? let example serve: do you think *Theseus* should ever have gotten *Antiope* with fighting and crossing his arms? he ravished her, and ravished her that was an *Amazon*, and therefore had gotten a habit of stoutness above the nature of a woman: but having ravished her, he got a child of her.

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And I say no more, but that, they say, is not gotten without consent on both sides. *Iole* had her own father killed by *Hercules*, and her self ravished, by force ravished, and yet e're long this ravished and unfathered lady could sportfully put on the lion's skin upon her own fair shoulders, and play with the club with her own delicate hands: so easily had she pardoned the ravisher, that she could not but delight in those weapons of ravishing. But above all mark *Helen* daughter to *Jupiter*, who could never brook her mannerly-wooing *Menelaus*, but disdained his humbleness, and loathed his softness. But so well she could like the force of enforcing *Paris*, that for him she could abide what might be abidden. But what? *Menelaus* takes heart, he recovers her by force, by force carries her home, by force enjoys her; and she who would never like him for serviceableness, ever after loved him for violence. For what can be more agreeable than upon force to lay the fault of desire, and in one instant to join a dear delight, with a just excuse? or rather the true cause is (pardon me, O woman-kind, for revealing to mine own son the truth of this mystery) we think there wants fire, where we find no sparkles, at least of fury. Truly I have known a great lady, long sought by most great, most wise, most beautiful, and most valiant persons; never won, because they did over-superstitiously solicit her: the same lady brought under by another, inferior to all them in all those qualities, only because he could use that imperious masterfulness, which nature gives to men above women. For indeed, son, I confess unto you, in our very creation we are servants: and *who prayeth his servants, shall never be well obeyed*: but as a ready horse straight yields, when he finds one that will make him yield, the same falls to bounds when feels a fearful horseman. Awake thy spirits, good *Amphialus*, and assure thy self, that though she refuseth, she refuseth but to endear the obtaining. If she weep, and chide, and protest before it be gotten, she can but weep, and chide, and protest, when it is gotten. Think, she would not strive, but that she means to try thy force: and my *Amphialus*, know thy self a man, and

shew thy self a man ; and, believe me upon my word, a woman is a woman.

Amphialus was about to answer her, when a gentleman of his made him understand, that there was a messenger come, who had brought a letter unto him from out of the camp : whom he presently calling for, took, opened, and read the letter, importing this.

TO thee *Amphialus* of *Arcadia*, the forsaken knight wisheth health and courage, that by my hand thou mayest receive punishment for thy treason, according to thine own offer, which wickedly occasioned, thou hast proudly begun, and accursedly maintained. I will presently (if thy mind faint thee not for his own guiltiness) meet thee in thy island, in such order, as hath by the former been used : or if thou likest not the time, place, or weapon, I am ready to take thy own reasonable choice in any of them, so as thou do perform the substance. Make me such answer as may shew that thou hast some taste of honour : and so I leave thee, to live till I meet thee.

Amphialus read it, and with a deep sigh (according to the humour of inward affliction) seemed even to condemn himself, as though indeed his reproaches were true. But howsoever the dulness of melancholy would have languishingly yielded thereunto, his courage, unused to such injuries, desired help of anger to make him this answer.

Forsaken knight, though your nameless challenge might carry in it self excuse for a man of my birth and estate, yet herein set your heart at rest, you shall not be forsaken. I will, without stay, answer you in the wanted manner, and come both armed in your foolish threatnings, and yet the more fearless, expecting weak blows, where I find so strong words. You shall not therefore long attend me in the island, before proof teach you, that of my life you have made your self too large a promise. In the mean time, farewell.

This being written, and delivered, the messenger told him that his lord would, if he liked the same, bring two knights with him to be his patrons. Which *Amphialus* accepted, and withal shaking off, with resolution, his mother's

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ther's importunate persuasions, he furnished himself for the fight, but not in his wonted furniture. For now, as if he would turn his inside outward, he would needs appear all in black; his decking both for himself, and horse, being cut out into the fashion of very rags: yet all so daintily joyned together with precious stones, as it was a brave raggedness, and a rich poverty: and so cunningly had the workman followed his humour in his armour, that he had given it a rusty shew, and yet so, as any man might perceive was by art, and not negligence; carrying at one instant a disgraced handsomness, and a new oldness. In his shield he bore for his device, a Night, by an excellent painter, excellently painted, with a sun with a shadow, and upon the shadow a speech signifying, that it only was barred from enjoying that, *whereof it had his life?* or from *whose I am, banished*. In his crest he carried *Philoclea's* knives, the only token of her forced favour.

So passed he over into the island, taking with him the two brothers of *Anaxius*, where he found the forsaken knight attired in his own livery, as black as sorrow itself could see it self in the blackest glass: his ornaments of the same hue, but formed into the figures of ravens, which seemed to gape for carrion: only his reins were snakes, which finely wrapping themselves one within the other, their heads came together to the cheeks and bosses of the bit, where they might seem to bite at the horse, and the horse, as he champed the bit, to bite at them, and that the white foam was ingendered by the poisonous fury of the combat. His *Impresa* was a *Catoblepa*,* which so long lies dead, as the moon, whereto it hath so natural a sympathy, wants her light. The word signified, that *the moon wanted not the light, but the poor beast wanted the moon's light*. He had in his head piece, a whip to witness a self-punishing repentance. Their very horses were coal black too, not having so much as one star to give light to their night of blackness: so as one would have thought they had been the two sons of sorrow, and were come hither to fight for their birth-right in that sorry inheritance.

Which alliance of passions so moved *Amphialas*, already tender minded by the afflictions of love, that with-

* The *Catoblepa* is a beast, bred near the rise of Nile. See *Pin. nat. hist.*

out staff or sword drawn, he trotted fairly to the forsaken knight, willing to have put off this combat, to which his melancholy heart did, more than ever in like occasion, misgive him : and therefore saluting him, good knight, said he, because we are men, and should know reason why we do things ; tell me the cause, that makes you thus eager to fight with me. Because I affirm, answered the forsaken knight, that thou dost most rebellious injury to those ladies, to whom all men owe service. You shall not fight with me, said *Amphialus* upon the quarrel : for I confess the same too : but it proceeds from their own beauty, to enforce love to offer this force. I maintain then, said the forsaken knight, that thou art not worthy so to love. And that I confess too, said *Amphialus*, since the world is not so richly blessed, as to bring forth any thing worthy thereof. But no more unworthy than any other, since in none can be a more worthy love. Yes, more unworthy than my self, said the forsaken knight, for though I deserve contempt, thou deservest both contempt and hatred.

But *Amphialus* by that thinking, though wrongly, each indeed mistaking other, that he was his rival, forgot all mind of reconciliation, and having all his thoughts bound up in choler, never slaying either judge, trumpet, or his own lance, drew out his sword, and saying, thou liest false villain, unto him, his words and blows came so quick together, as the one seemed a lightening of the others thunder. But he found no barren ground of such seed : for it yielded him his own with such increase, that though reason and amazement go rarely together, yet the most reasonable eyes that saw it, found reason to be amazed at the fury of their combat. Never game of death better played ; never fury set it self forth in greater bravery. The courteous *Vulcan*, when he wrought at his more courteous wife's request *Aeneas* an armour, made not his hammer beget a greater sound, than the swords of those noble knights did : they needed no fire to their forge, for they made the fire to shine at the meeting of their swords and armours, each side fetching still new spirit from the castle-window, and careful of keeping their fight that way as a matter of greater consideration in their combat,

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than either the advantage of sun or wind; which sun and wind, if the astonished eyes of the beholders were not by the astonishment deceived, did both stand still to be beholders of this rare match. For neither could their amazed eyes discern motion of the sun, and no breath of wind stirred, as if either for fear it would not come among such blows, or with delight had eyes so busy, as it had forgot to open his mouth. This fight being the more cruel, since both love and hatred conspired to sharpen their humours, that hard it was to say, whether love with one trumpet, or hatred with another, gave the louder alarm, to their courages. Spite, rage, disdain, shame, revenge, came waiting upon hatred: of the other side came with love, longing desire, both invincible hope, and fearless despair, with rival-like jealousy, which, although brought up within doors in the school of *Cupid*, should shew themselves no less forward, than the other dusty band of *Mars*, to make themselves notable in the notableness of this combat. Of either side confidence, unacquainted with loss, but assuring trust to overcome, and good experience how to overcome: now seconding their terrible blows with cunning labouring the horses, to win ground of the enemy; now unlooked-for parting one from the other, to win advantages by an advantageous return. But force against force, skill against skill, so interchangeably encountred, that it was not easy to determine, whether enterprising, or preventing came former: both, sometimes at one instant, doing and suffering wrong, and choler no less rising of the doing, than of the suffering. But as the fire, the more fuel is put to it, the more hungry still it is to devour more: so the more they struck, the more unsatisfied they were with striking. Their very armour by piece-meal fell away from them; and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were less sensible of smart, than the senseless armour: their blood in most places staining their black colour, as if it would give a more lively colour of mourning, than black can do. And so long a space they fought, while neither virtue nor fortune seemed partial of either side: which so tormented the unquiet heart of *Amphialus*, that he resolved to see a quick end: and therefore with the

violence of courage, adding strength to his blow, he struck in such wise upon the side of the other's head, that his remembrance left that battered lodging, so as he was quite from himself, casting his arms abroad, and ready to fall down; his sword likewise went out of his hand; but that being fast by a chain to his arm, he could not lose. And *Amphialus* used the favour of occasion, redoubling his blows: but the horse, weary to be beaten, as well as the master, carried his master away, till he came unto himself. But then who could have seen him, might well have discerned shame in his cheeks, and revenge in his eyes: so as setting his teeth together with rage, he came running upon *Amphialus*, reaching out his arm, which had gathered up his sword, meaning with that blow to have cleaved *Amphialus* in two. But *Amphialus* seeing the blow coming, shunned it with nimble turning his horse aside; wherewith the forsaken knight overstrike himself, so as almost he came down with his own strength: but the more hungry of his purpose, the more he was bared the food of it: disdaining the resistance, both of force and fortune, he returned upon the spur again, and ran with such violence upon *Amphialus*, that his horse with the force of the shock rose up before, almost overturned: which *Amphialus* perceiving, with rein and spur put forth his horse, and withal gave a mighty blow in the descent of his horse, upon the shoulder of the forsaken knight, from whence sliding, it fell upon the neck of his horse, so as horse and man fell to the ground: but he was scarce down before he was upon his feet again, with brave gesture shewing rising of courage, in the falling of fortune. But the courteous *Amphialus* excused himself, for having, against his will, killed his horse. Excuse thy self for viler faults, answered the forsaken knight, and use this poor advantage the best thou canst; for thou shalt quickly find thou hast need of more. Thy folly, said *Amphialus*, shall not make me forget my self: and therefore, trotting a little aside, alighted from his horse, because he would not have fortune come to claim any part of the victory. Which courteous act would have mollified the noble heart of the forsaken knight, if any other had done it, besides the jaylor of his mistress;

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mistress: but that was a sufficient defeazance for the firmest bond of good nature; and therefore he was no sooner alighted, but that he ran unto him, re-entring into as cruel a fight, as eye did ever see, or thought could reasonably imagine; far beyond the reach of weak words to be able to express it. For what they had done on horse-back, was but a morsel to keep their stomachs in appetite, in comparison of that, which now, (being themselves) they did. Nor ever glutton by the change of dainty diet could be brought to fresh feeding, when he might have been satisfied before, with more earnestness, than those, by the change of their manner of fight, fell clean to a new fight, though any else would have thought they had their fill already. *Amphialus* being the taller man, for the most part stood with his right leg before, his shield at the uttermost length of his arm: his sword high, but with the point towards his enemy. But when he struck, which came so thick, as if every blow would strive to be foremost, his arm seemed still a position of death. The forsaken knight shewed with like skill, unlike gesture, keeping himself in continual motion, proportioning the distance between them to any thing that *Amphialus* attempted; his eye guided his foot, and his foot conveyed his hand; and since nature had made him something the lower of the two, he made art follow, and not strive with nature; shunning rather than warding his blows; like a cunning mastiff, who knows the sharpness of the horn, and strength of the bull, fights low to get his proper advantage; answering mightiness with nimbleness, and yet at times employing his wonderful force, wherein he was second to none. In sum, the blows were strong, the thrusts thick, and the avoidings cunning. But the forsaken knight, that thought it a degree of being conquered to be long in conquering, struck him so mighty a blow, that he made *Amphialus* put knee to the ground, without any humbleness. But when he felt himself stricken down, and saw himself stricken down by his rival, then shame seemed one arm, and disdain another; fury in his eyes, and revenge in his heart; skill and force gave place, and they took the place of skill and force, with so unweariable a manner, that the forsaken knight

was driven also to leave the stern of cunning, and gave himself wholly to be guided by the storm of fury: there being in both, because hate would not suffer admiration, extream disdain to find themselves so matched.

What, said *Amphialus* to himself, am I *Amphialus*, before whom so many monsters and giants have fallen dead, when I only fought causeless adventures? and can one knight now withstand me in the presence of *Philoclea*, and fighting for *Philoclea*, or since I lost my liberty, have I lost my courage, have I gotten the heart of a slave as well as the fortune? If an army were against me in the fight of *Philoclea*, could it resist me? O beast, one man resists thee: thy rival resists thee: or am I indeed *Amphialus*? have not passions killed him, and wretched I, I know not how, succeeded into his place? of the other side the forsaken knight with no less spite, fell out with himself; hast thou broken, said he to himself, the commandment of thy only princess, to come now into her presence, and in her presence to prove thy self a coward? doth *Asia* and *Ægypt* set up trophies unto thee, to be matched here by a traitor? O noble *Barsanes*, how shamed will thy soul be, that he that slew thee, should be resisted by this one man? O incomparable *Pyrocles*, more grieved wilt thou be with thy friend's shame, than with thine own imprisonment, when thou shalt know how little I have been able to do for the delivery of thee, and those heavenly princesses. Am I worthy to be friend to the most valorous prince that ever was entitled valorous, and shew my self so weak a wretch? no shamed *Musidorus*, worthy for nothing, but to keep sheep, get thee a sheep-hook again, since thou canst use a sword no better.

Thus at times did they, now with one thought, then with another, sharpen their over-sharp humours; like the lion that beats himself with his own tail, to make himself the more angry. These thoughts indeed not staying, but whetting their angry swords, which now had put on the apparel of cruelty: they bleeding so abundantly, that every body that saw them, fainted for them, and yet they fainted not in themselves: their smart being more sensible to others eyes, than to their own feeling. Wrath and courage barring the common sense from bringing
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any message of their case to the mind : pain, weariness, and weakness, not daring to make known their case, though already in the limits of death, in the presence of so violent fury : which filling the veins with rage, instead of blood, and making the mind minister spirits to the body, a great while held out their fight, like an arrow shot upward by the force of the bow, though by his own nature he would go downward. The forsaken knight had the more wounds, but *Amphialus* had the forer ; which the other, watching time and place, had cunningly given unto him : who ever saw a well-manned galley fight with a tall ship, might make unto himself some kind of comparison of the difference of these two knights ; a better couple than which the world could not brag of. *Amphialus* seemed to excel in strength, the forsaken knight in nimbleness ; and yet did the one's strength excel in nimbleness, and the other's nimbleness excel in strength : but now strength and nimbleness, were both gone, and excess of courage only maintained the fight. Three times had *Amphialus*, with his mighty blows driven the forsaken knight to go staggering backward, but every one of these times he requited pain with smart, and shame with repulse. And now whether he had cause, or that overmuch confidence, an ever-forward scholar of unconquered courage, made him think he had cause, he began to persuade himself he had the advantage of the combat though the advantage he took himself to have, was only that he should be the later to dye : which hope, hate, as unsecret as love, could not conceal, but drawing himself a little back from him, brake out in these manner of words.

Ah *Amphialus*, said the forsaken knight, this third time thou shalt not escape me, but thy death shall satisfy thy injury, and my malice, and pay for the cruelty thou shewedst in killing the noble *Argalus*, and the fair *Parthenia*. In troth, said *Amphialus*, thou art the best knight that ever I fought withal, which would make me willing to grant thee thy life, if thy wit were as good as thy courage ; that, besides other follies, layest that to my charge, which most against my will was committed. But whether my death be in thy power, or no, let this tell thee ; and upon the word waited a blow, which parted

his shield in two pieces; and despising the weak resistance of his already broken armour, made a great breach into his heart side, as if he would make a passage for his love to get out at.

But pain rather seemed to increase life, than to weaken life in those champions. For the forsaken knight coming in with his right leg, and making it guide the force of the blow, struck *Amphialus*, upon the belly so horrible a wound, that his guts came out withal. Which *Amphialus* perceiving (fearing death, only because it should come with overthrow) he seemed to conjure all his strength for one moment's service; and so lifting up his sword with both hands, hit the forsaken knight upon the head, a blow, wherewith his sword brake. But, as if it would do a notable service before it died, it prevailed so, even in the instant of breaking, that the forsaken knight fell to the ground, quite for that instant forgetting both love and hatred: and *Amphialus* (finding himself also in such weakness, as he looked for speedy death) glad of the victory, though little hoping to enjoy it, pulled up his vizor, meaning with his dagger to give him death; but instead of death, he gave him life: for the air so revived his spirits, that coming to himself, and seeing his present danger, with a life conquering death, he took *Amphialus* by the thigh, and together rose himself, and overturned him. But *Amphialus* scrambled up again, both now so weak indeed, as their motions rather seemed the after-drops of a storm, than any matter of great fury.

But *Amphialus* might repent himself of his wilful breaking his sword: for the forsaken knight (having with the extremity of justly conceived hate, and the unpitifulness of his own near threatening death, blotted out all compliments of courtesy) let fly at him so cruelly, that though the blows were weak, yet weakness upon a weakened subject, proved such strength, that *Amphialus* having attempted in vain, once or twice to close with him, receiving wound upon wound, sent his whole burthen to strike the earth with falling, since he could strike his foe no better in standing: giving no other tokens of himself, than as of a man even ready to take his oath to be death's true servant.

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Which when the hardy brothers of *Anaxius* perceived, not reckoning law of arms, nor use of chivalry, they flew in to defend their friend, or revenge their loss of him. But they were forthwith encountered with the two brave companions of the forsaken knight, whereof the one being all in green, both armour and furniture, it seemed a pleasant garden, wherein grew orange trees; which with their golden fruits, cunningly beaten in and embroidered, greatly enriched the eye-pleasing colour of green. In his shield was a sheep feeding in a pleasant field, with this word, *without fear or envy*. And therefore was called the knight of the sheep. The other knight was all in milk white, his attiring else all cut in stars, which made of cloth of silver, and silver spangles, each way seemed to cast many aspects. His device was the very pole it self, about which many stars stirring, but the place it self left void. The word was, *the best place yet reserved*. But these four knights inheriting the hate of their friends, began a most fierce combat: the forsaken knight himself not able to help his side, but was driven to sit him down, with the extream faintness of his more and more fainting body. But those valiant couples seeking honour by dishonouring, and to build safety upon ruin, gave new appetites to the almost glutted eyes of the beholders; and new blood began to put sweat from the full possession of their outsides, no advantage being yet to be seen, only the knight of the sheep seeming most inclined to deliver, and effecting most of all that viewed him, when a company of soldiers sent by *Cecropia*, came out in boats to the island, and all came running to the destruction of the three knights, whereof one was utterly unable to defend himself.

But then did the other two knights shew their wonderful courage and fidelity, for turning back to back, and both bestriding the black forsaken knight (who had fainted so long till he had lost the feeling of faintness) they held play against the rest, though the two brothers un-knightly helped them; till *Philanax*, who watchfully attended such trayterous practices, sent likewise over, both by boat and swimming, so choice a number, as did put most of the other to the sword. Only the two brothers, with
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some of the bravest of them, carrying away the body of *Amphialus*, which they would rather have died, than have left behind them.

So was the forsaken knight, laid upon cloaks, carried home to the camp. But his two friends knowing his earnest desire not to be known, covering him from any body's eyes, conveyed him to their own tent: *Basilus* himself conquering his earnest desire to see him, with fear to displease him, who had fought so notably in his quarrel. But fame set the honour upon his back, which he would not suffer to shine in his face: no man's mouth being barren of praises to the noble knight, that had battered the most esteemed knight in the world; every body praying for his life, and thinking that therein they prayed for themselves. But he himself, when by the diligent care of friends, and well applied cunning of surgeons, he came to renew again the league between his mind and body; then fell he to a fresh war with his own thoughts, wrongfully condemning his manhood, laying cowardice to himself, whom the impudentest backbiter would not have so wronged. For his courage (used to use victory as an inheritance) could brook no resistance at any time: but now that he had promised himself not only the conquest of him, but the scaling of the walls, and delivery of *Pamela*, though he had done beyond all others expectation, yet so short was he of his own, that he hated to look upon the sun, that had seen him do so weakly: and so much abhorred all visitation or honour, whereof he thought himself unworthy, that he besought his two noble friends to carry him away to a castle not far off, where he might cure his wounds, and never be known till he made success excuse this, as he thought, want in him. They lovingly obeyed him, leaving *Basilus* and all the camp very sorry for the parting of these three unknown knights, in whose prowess they had reposed the greatest trust of victory.

But they being gone, *Basilus* and *Philanax* gave good order to the strengthening of the siege, fortifying themselves, so as they feared no more any such sudden onset, as that of *Anaxius*. And they within (by reason of *Anaxius's* hurt, but especially of *Amphialus* his) gave them-

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themselves only to a diligent watch and ward, making no fallies out, but committing the principal trust to *Zoilus* and *Lycurgus*. For *Anaxius* was yet forced to keep his chamber. And as for *Amphialus*, his body had such wounds, and he gave such wounds to his mind, as easily it could not be determined, whether death or he made the greater haste one to the other: for when the diligent care of cunning surgeons had brought life to the possession of his own right, sorrow and shame, like two corrupted servants, came waiting of it, persuading nothing but the giving over of it self to destruction. They laid before his eyes his present case, painting every piece of it in most ugly colours: they shewed him his love wrapped in despair, his fame blotted by overthrow; so that if before he languished, because he could not obtain his desiring, he now lamented, because he durst not desire the obtaining. Recreant *Amphialus*, would he say to himself, how darest thou entitle thy self the lover of *Philoclea*, that hast neither shewed thy self a faithful coward, or a valiant rebel, but both rebellious and cowardly, which no law can quit, nor grace have pity of? alas life, what little pleasure thou dost me, to give me nothing but sense of reproach, and exercise of ruin? I would, sweet *Philoclea*, I had died, before thy eyes had seen my weakness: and then perchance with some sigh thou wouldest have confessed, thou hadst lost a worthy servant. But now, caytife that I am, whatever I have done, serves but to build up my rival's glory. To these speeches he would couple such gestures of vexation, and would fortify the gestures with such effects of fury, as sometimes offering to tear up his wounds, sometimes to refuse the sustenance of meat, and counsel of physicians, that his perplexed mother was driven to make him by force to be tended, with extream courtesy to her self, and annoyance to him: till in the end he was contented to promise her, he would attempt no violence upon himself, upon condition he might be troubled by no body but only his physicians: his melancholy detesting all company, so as the very surgeons nor servants durst speak unto him in doing him service; only he had prayed his mother, as she tendered his life, she would procure him grace, and that without that she would never come at him more.

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His mother, who had confined all her love only unto him, set only such about him, as were absolutely at her commandment, whom she forbade to let him know any thing that passed in the castle, till his wounds were cured, but as she from time to time should instruct them: she, for her self, being resolved, now she had the government of all things in her own hands, to satisfy her son's love by their yielding, or satisfy her own revenge in their punishment. Yet first, because she would be the freer from outward force, she sent a messenger to the camp to denounce unto *Basilius*, that if he did not presently raise his siege, she would cause the heads of the three ladies, prisoners, to be cut off before his eyes. And to make him the more fear a present performance, she caused his two daughters and *Zelmane* to be led unto the walls, where she had made a scaffold, easy to be seen by *Basilius*: and there caused them to be kept, as ready for the slaughter, till answer came from *Basilius*. A sight full of pity it was, to see those three (all excelling in all those excellencies, where-with nature can beautify any body: *Pamela* giving sweetness to majesty; *Philoclea* enriching nobleness with humbleness, *Zelmane* setting in womanly beauty manlike valour) to be thus subjected to the basest injury of unjust fortune. One might see in *Pamela* a willingness to die, rather than to have life at others discretion; though sometimes a princely disdain would sparkle out of her princely eyes, that it should be in others power to force her to dye. In *Philoclea* a pretty fear came up, to endamask her rosy cheeks: but it was such a fear, as rather seemed a kindly child to her innate humbleness, than any other dismayedness: or if she were dismayed, it was more for *Zelmane*, than for her self; or if more for her self, it was because *Zelmane* should lose her. As for *Zelmane*, as she went with her hands bound (for they durst not adventure on her well known valour, especially among a people, which perchance might be moved by such a spectacle to some revolt) she was the true image of overmastered courage, and of spight, that sees no remedy. For her breast swelled withal, the blood burst out at her nose, and she looked paler than accustomed, with her eyes cast upon the ground, with such a grace, as if she were fallen out with

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with the heavens, for suffering such an injury. The lookers on were so moved withal, as they misliked what themselves did, and yet still did what themselves misliked. For some glad to rid themselves of the dangerous annoyances of this siege, some willing to shorten the way to *Amphialus's* succession, whereon they were dependants, some, and the greatest some, doing because others did, and suffering because none durst begin to hinder, did in this sort set their hands to this, in their own conscience, wicked enterprize.

But when this message was brought to *Basilus*, and that this pitiful preparation was a sufficient letter of credit for him to believe it, he called unto him his chief counsellors: among which, those he chiefly trusted were *Philanax* and *Kalander*, lately come to the camp at *Basilus's* commandment, and in himself weary of his solitary life, wanting his son's presence, and never having heard from his beloved guests since they departed from him. Now in this doubt what he should do, he willed *Kalander* to give him his advice: who spoke much to this purpose. You command me, Sir, said he, to speak, rather because you will keep your wonted grave and noble manner, to do nothing of importance without counsel, than that in this cause, which indeed hath but one way, your mind needs to have any counsel: so as my speech shall rather be to confirm what you have already determined, than to argue against any possibility of other determination. For what sophistical scholar can find any question in this, whether you will have your incomparable daughters live or die? whether since you be here to cause their deliverance, you will make your being here the cause of their destruction? for nothing can be more insensible, than to think what one doth, and to forget the end why it is done. Do therefore as I am sure you mean to do, remove the siege, and after seek by practice, or other gentle means, to recover that which by force you cannot: and therefore is indeed, when it pleaseth you, more counsel to be taken. Once, in extremities the winning of time is the purchase of life, and worse by no means than their deaths can befall unto you. A man might use more words, if it were

were to any purpose to gild gold, or that I had any cause to doubt of your mind : but you are wise, and are a father. He said no more, for he durst not attempt to persuade the marrying of his daughter to *Amphialus*, but left that to bring in at another consultation. But *Basilus* made sign to *Philanax*, who standing a while in a maze as inwardly perplexed, at last thus delivered his opinion.

If ever I could wish my faith untried, and my counsel untrusted, it should be at this time, when in truth I must confess I would be content to purchase silence with discredit. But since you command, I obey : only let me say thus much, that I obey not to these excellent ladies father, but to my prince : and a prince it is to whom I give counsel. Therefore as to a prince I say, that the grave, and, I well know, true-minded counsel of my lord *Kalander* had come in good time when you first took arms, before all your subjects got notice of your intention, before so much blood was spent, and before they were driven to seek this shift for their last remedy. But if now, this force you away, why did you take arms, since you might be sure when ever they were in extremity they would have recourse to this threatening ? and for a wise man to take in hand that which his enemy may with a word overthrow, hath in my conceit great incongruity, and as great, not to forethink what his enemy in reason will do. But they threaten they will kill your daughters. What if they promised you, if you removed your siege, they would honourably send home your daughters ? would you be angry at their promises ? truly no more ought you to be terrified by their threatnings. For yet of the two, *promise binds faith more than threatening*. But indeed a prince of judgment ought not to consider what his enemies promise, or threaten, but what the promisers and threatners in reason will do ; and the nearest conjecture thereunto, is what is best for their own behoof to do. They threaten, if you remove not, they will kill your daughters : and if you do remove, what surety have you but that they will kill them ? since if the purpose be to cut off all impediments of *Amphialus's* ambition, the same cause will continue when you are away ; and so much the

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more encouraged, as the revenging power is absent, and they have the more opportunity to draw their factious friends about them ; but if it be for their security only, the same cause will bring forth the same effect : and for their security they will preserve them. But it may be said, no man knows what desperate folks will do : it is true, and as true that no reason nor policy can prevent what desperate folks will do : and therefore they are among those dangers, which wisdom is not to reckon. Only let it suffice to take away their despair, which may be by granting pardon for what is past ; so as the ladies may be freely delivered. And let them that are your subjects trust you that are their prince ; do not you subject your self to trust them, who are so untrusty as to be manifest traytors. For if they find you so base minded, as by their threatning to remove your force, what indignity is it, that they would not bring you unto still by the same threatning ? since then if love stir them, love will keep them from murdering what they love ; and if ambition provoke them, ambitious they will be when you are away, as well as while you are here : take not away your force, which bars not the one, and bridle the other. For as for their shews and words, they are but fear-babes, not worthy once to move a worthy man's conceit, which must still consider what in reason they are like to do. Their despair, I grant, you shall do well to prevent : which as it is the last of all resolutions, so no man falls into it, while so good a way as you may offer, is open unto them. In sum, you are a prince, and a father of people, who ought with the eye of wisdom, the hand of fortitude, and the heart of justice, to set down all private conceits, in comparison of what for the publick is profitable.

He would have proceeded on, when *Gynecia* came running in amazed for her daughter *Pamela*, but mad for *Zelmene* : and falling at *Basilus's* feet, besought him to make no delay, using such gestures of compassion instead of stopped words, that *Basilus*, otherwise enough tender-minded, easily granted to raise the siege, which he saw dangerous to his daughters ; but indeed more careful for *Zelmene*, by whose besieged person, the poor old man was straightly besieged : so as to rid him of the famine of his mind,

mind, he went in speed away, discharging his soldiers: only leaving the authority, as before, in *Philanax* his hands, he himself went with *Gynecia* to a strong castle of his, where he took counsel how first to deliver *Zelmant*, whom he called the poor stranger, as tho' only law of hospitality moved him; and for that purpose sent divers messengers to traffick with *Cecropia*.

But she by this means rid of the present danger of the siege, desiring *Zoilus* and *Lycurgus* to take the care, till their brother recovered, of revictualling and furnishing the city, both with men and what else wanted, against any new occasion should urge them, she her self disdain- ing to hearken to *Basilus*, without he would grant his daughter in marriage to her son, which by no means he would be brought unto, bent all the sharpness of her malicious wit, how to bring a comfortable grant to her son, whereupon she well found no less than his life depended. Therefore for a while she attempted all means of eloquent praying, and flattering persuasions, mingling sometimes gifts, sometimes threatnings, as she had cause to hope, that either open force or undermining would best win the castle of their resolution. And ever as much as she did to *Philoclea*, so much did she to *Pamela*, tho' in manner sometimes differing, as she found fit to level at the one's noble height, and the other's sweet lowliness. For tho' she knew her son's heart had wholly given itself to *Philoclea*, yet seeing the equal gifts in *Pamela*, she hoped a fair grant would recover the sorrow of a fair refusal; cruelly intending the present impoisoning the one, as soon as the other's affection were purchased.

But in vain was all her vain oratory employed. *Pamela*'s determination was built upon so brave a rock that no shot of hers could reach unto it: and *Philoclea*, tho' humbly seated, was so invironed with sweet rivers of clear virtue, as could neither be batter'd nor undermin'd: her witty persuasions had wise answers; her eloquence recompensed with sweetness; her threatnings repelled with disdain in the one, and patience in the other; her gifts either not accepted, or accepted to obey, but not to bind. So as *Cecropia* in nature violent, cruel, because ambitious; hateful, for old rooted grudge to their mother, and

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now spiteful, because she could not prevail with girls, as she counted them: lastly, drawn on by her love to her son, and held up by a tyrannical authority, forthwith followed the byas of her own crooked disposition, and doubling and redoubling her threatnings, fell to confirm some of her threatned effects; first withdrawing all comfort both of servants and service from them. But that those excellent ladies had been used unto, even at home, and then found in themselves how much good the hardness of education doth to the resistance of misery. Then dishonourably using them both in diet and lodging, by a contempt to pull down their thoughts to yielding. But as before, the consideration of a prison had disgraced all ornaments, so now the same consideration made them attend all diseasefulness. Then still as she found those not prevail, would she go forward with giving them terrors, sometimes with noise of horror, sometimes with sudden frightings in the night, when the solitary darkness thereof might easier astonish the disarmed senses. But as all virtue and love resisted, strengthened one by the other, when each found itself over vehemently assaulted; *Cecropia* still sweetning her fierceness with fair promises, if they would promise fair, that feeling evil, and seeing a way far better, their minds might the sooner be mollified. But they that could not taste her behaviour, when it was pleasing indeed, could worse now, when they had lost all taste by her injuries.

She resolving all extremities rather than fail of conquest, pursued on her rugged way; letting no day pass without new and new perplexing the poor ladies minds, and troubling their bodies; and still swelling the more she was stopped, and growing hot with her own doings; at length abominable rage carried her to absolute tyrannies; so that taking with her certain old women, of wicked dispositions, and apt for envy sake to be cruel to youth and beauty, with a countenance impoisoned with malice, flew to the sweet *Philoclea*, as if so many kites should come about a white dove, and matching violent gestures with mischievous threatnings, she having a rod in her hand, like a fury that should carry wood to the burning of *Diana's* temple, fell to scourge that most beautiful

beautiful body: love in vain holding the shield of beauty against her blind cruelty. The sun drew clouds up to hide his face from so pitiful a sight, and the very stone wall did yield drops of sweat for agony of such a mischief: each senseless thing had sense of pity; only they that had sense were senseless. Virtue rarely found her worldly weakness more, than by the oppression of that day: and weeping *Cupid* told his weeping mother, that he was sorry he was not deaf as well as blind, that he might never know so lamentable a work. *Philoclea*, with tearful eyes and sobbing breast, as soon as her weariness rather than compassion gave her respite, kneeled down to *Cecropia*, and making pity in her face honourable, and torment delightful, besought her since she hated her, for what cause she took God to witness she knew not, that she would at once take away her life, and not please herself with the tormenting of a poor gentlewoman. If, said she, the common course of humanity cannot move you, nor the having me in your own walls cannot claim pity, nor womanly mercy, nor near alliance, nor remembrance, how miserable soever now, that I am a prince's daughter, yet let the love, you have often told me, your son bears me, so much procure, that for his sake one death may be thought enough for me. I have not lived so many years, but that one death may be able to conclude them. Neither have my faults, I hope, been so many, but that one death may satisfy them. It is no great suit to an enemy, when but death is desired. I crave but that. As for the granting your request, know for certain you lose your labour, being every day farther off minded from becoming his wife, who useth me like a slave. But that, instead of getting grace, renewed again *Cecropia's* fury; so that, excellent creature, she was newly again tormented by those hellish monsters: *Cecropia* using no other words, but that she was a proud and ungrateful wench, and that she would teach her to know her own good, since of herself she would not conceive it. So that with silence and patience (like a fair gorgeous armour, hammered upon by an ill-favoured smith) she abode her pitiless dealing with her; till rather reserving her for more, than meaning to end, they left

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left her to an uncomfortable leisure, to consider with herself her fortune; both helpless, herself being a prisoner; and hopeless, since *Zelmane* was a prisoner; who therein only was short of the bottom of misery, that she knew not how unworthily her angel, by these devil, were abused: but wanted, God wot, no stings of grief when those words did but strike upon her heart, that *Philoclea* was a captive, and she not able to succour her. For well she knew the confidence *Philoclea* had in her, and well she knew *Philoclea* had cause to have confidence, and all trodden under foot by the wheel of senseless fortune. Yet if there be that imperious power in the soul, as it can deliver knowledge to another, without bodily organs; so vehement were the working of their spirits, as one met with the other, though themselves perceived it not, but only thought it to be the doubling of their own loving fancies. And that was the only worldly thing whereon *Philoclea* rested her mind, that she knew she should dye beloved of *Zelmane*, and would dye rather than to be false to *Zelmane*. And so this most dainty nymph, easing the pain of her mind with thinking of another's pain; and almost forgetting the pain of her body, thro' the pain of her mind, she wasted even longing for the conclusion of her tedious tragedy.

But for a while she was unvisited, *Cecropia* employing her time in using the like cruelty upon *Pamela*, her heart growing not only to desire the fruit of punishing them, but even to delight in the punishing them. But if ever the beams of perfection shined thro' the clouds of affliction, if ever virtue took a body to shew his (self unconceivable) beauty, it was in *Pamela*. For when reason taught her there was no resistance, for to just resistance first her heart was inclined, then with so heavenly a quietness, and so graceful a calmness, did she suffer the divers kinds of torments she used to her, that while they vexed her fair body, it seemed that she rather directed than obeyed the vexation. And when *Cecropia* ended, and asked whether her heart would yield, she a little smiled, but such a smiling as shewed no love, and yet could not but be lovely. And then, beauteous woman, said she, follow on, do what thou wilt and canst upon me:

me: for I know thy power is not unlimited. Thou mayest well wreck this silly body, but thou canst never overthrow. For my part I will not do thee the pleasure to desire death of thee: but assure thy self, both my life and death shall triumph with honour, laying shame upon thy detestable tyranny.

And so, in effect, conquering their doing with her suffering, while *Cecropia* tried as many sorts of pains, as might rather vex them than spoil them (for that she would not do while she was in any hope to win either of them for her son) *Pamela* remained almost as much content with trial in herself, what virtue could do, as grieved with the misery wherein she found herself plunged; only sometimes her thoughts softened in her, when with open wings they flew to *Musidorus*. For then she would think with herself, how grievously *Musidorus* would take this her misery; and she that wept not for herself, wept yet *Musidorus's* tears which he would weep for her. For gentle love did easier yield to lamentation, than the constancy of virtue would else admit. Then would she remember the case wherein she had left her poor shepherd, and she that wished death for herself, feared death for him; and she that condemned in herself the feebleness of sorrow, yet thought it great reason to be sorry for his sorrow: and she that long had prayed for the virtuous joining themselves together, now thinking to dye herself, heartily prayed, that long time their fortunes might be separated. Live long, my *Musidorus*, would she say, and let my name live in thy mouth, in thy heart my memory. Live long, that thou mayest love long the chaste love of thy dead *Pamela*. Then she would wish to herself, that no other woman might ever possess his heart: and yet scarcely the wish was made a wish, when herself would find fault with it, as being too unjust, that so excellent a man should be banished from the comfort of life. Then would she fortify her resolution, with bethinking the worst, taking the counsel of virtue, and comfort of love.

So these diamonds of the world, whom nature had made to be preciouslly set in the eyes of men, to be the chief works of her workmanship, the chief ornaments of

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the world, and princesses of felicity, by rebellious injury were brought to the uttermost distress that an enemy's heart could wish, or a woman's spite invent: *Cecropia* daily in one or other sort punishing them, still with her evil torments giving them fear of worse, making the fear itself the forest torment of all, that in the end, weary of their bodies, they should be content to bestow them at her appointment.

But, as in labour, the more one doth exercise it, the more by the doing one is enabled to do, strength growing upon the work; so as what at first would have seemed impossible, after grows easy; so these princesses, second to none, and far from any second, only to be matched by themselves, with the use of suffering, their minds got the habit of suffering so, as all fears and terrors were to them but summons to a battle, whereof they knew before-hand they should be victorious, and which in the suffering was painful, being suffered was a trophy to itself; whereby *Cecropia* found herself still farther off: for whereat first she might perchance have persuaded them to have visited her son, and have given him some comfort in his sickness, drawing near to the confines of death's kingdom, now they protested, that they would never otherwise speak to him than as to the enemy of most unjust cruelty towards them, that any time or place could ever make them know.

This made the poison swell in her cankered breast, perceiving that, as in water, the more she grasped the less she held; but yet now having run so long the way of rigour, it was too late in reason, and too contrary to her passion, to return to a course of meekness. And therefore, taking counsel of one of her old associates (who so far excelled in wickedness, as that she had not only lost all feeling of conscience, but had gotten a very glory in evil) in the end they determined, that beating, and other such sharp dealing, did not so much pull down a woman's heart as it bred anger, and that nothing was more enemy to yielding than anger; making their tender hearts take on the armour of obstinacy: for thus did their wicked minds, blind to the light of virtue, and only-eyed in the night of wickedness, interpret it; and that

that therefore was no more to be tried. And for fear of death (which no question would do most with them) they had been so often threatened, as they began to be familiarly acquainted with it, and learned to esteem threatening words to be but words. Therefore the last, but the best way now was, that the one seeing indeed the others's death, should perceive, there was no dallying meant: and then there was no doubt, that a woman's soul would do so much, rather than leave so beautiful a body.

This being concluded, *Cecropia* went to *Philoclea* and told her, that now she was to come to the last part of the play, for her part though she found her hard-hearted obstinacy such, that neither the sweetness of loving means, nor the force of hard means could prevail with her, yet before she would pass to a farther degree of extremity, she had sought to win her sister; in hopes that her son might be in time satisfied with the love of so fair a lady; but finding her also rather more than less wilful, she was now minded that one of their deaths should serve for an example to the other, that despising worthy folks, was more hurtful to the despiser, than the despised: that yet because her son especially affected her, and that in her own self she was more inclinable to pity her, than she had deserved, she would begin with her sister, who that afternoon should have her head cut off before her face; if in the mean time one of them did not pull out their ill-wrought stitches of unkindness, she had her look for no other, nor longer time than she told her. There was no assault given to the sweet *Philoclea*'s mind, that entred so far, as this: for where to all pains and dangers of her self, fore-sight, with his lieutenant resolution, had made ready defence, now with the love she bare her sister, she was driven to a slay, before she determined: but long she stayed not, before this reason did shine unto her, that since in her self she preferred death before such a base servitude, love did teach her to wish the same to her sister. Therefore crossing her arms, and looking a sideward, upon the ground, do what you will, said she, with us: for my part heaven shall melt before I be removed. But if you will follow my counsel,

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counsel, for your own sake (for as for prayers for my sake I have felt how little they prevail) let my death first serve for example to win her, who perchance is not so resolv'd against *Amphialus*, and so shall you not only justly punish me, who indeed do hate both you and your son, but, if that may move you, you shall do more virtuously in preserving one most worthy of life, and killing another most desirous of death: lastly, in winning her, instead of peevish unhappy creature, that I am, you shall bless your son with the most excellent woman in all praise-worthy things, that the world holdeth. But *Cecropia*, who had already set down to her self what she would do, both with bitter terms and countenance, told her, that she should not need to woo death over-eagerly: for if her sister going before her did not teach her wit, her self should quickly follow.

For since they were not to be got'en, there was no way for her son's quiet, but to know that they were past getting. And so since no entreating, nor threatening might prevail, she bad her prepare her eyes for a new play, which she should see within a few hours in the hall of that castle.

A place indeed over fit for so unfit a matter: for being so stately made, that the bottom of it being even with the ground, the roof reached as high as any part of the castle, at either end it had convenient lodgings. In the one end was, one story from the ground, *Philoclea's* abode; in the other of even height, *Pamela's*, and *Zelmane's* in a chamber above her: but also vaulted of strong and thick built stone, as one could no way hear the other, each of these chambers had a little window to look into the hall, but because the sisters should not have so much comfort, as to look one to another, there was, of the outsides, curtains drawn, which they could not reach with their hands, so barring the reach of their sight. But when the hour came that the tragedy should begin, and the curtains were withdrawn from before the windows of *Zelmane*, and *Philoclea*: a sufficient challenge to call their eyes to defend themselves in such an encounter. And by and by came in at one end of the hall, with about a dozen armed soldiers, a lady, led by a

Vol. II. G couple,

couple, with her hands bound before her : from above her eyes to her lips muffled with a fair handkerchief, but from her mouth to her shoulders all bare : and so was led on to a scaffold raised a good deal from the floor, and all covered with crimson velvet. But neither *Zelmane*, nor *Philoclea* needed to be told who she was : for the apparel she wore, made them too well assured that it was the admirable *Pamela*. Whereunto the rare whiteness of her naked neck gave sufficient testimony to their astonished senses. But the fair lady being come to the scaffold, and then made to kneel down, and so left by her unkind supporters, as it seemed that she was about to speak somewhat (whereunto *Philoclea*, poor soul, earnestly listened, according to her speech, even minding to frame her mind, her heart never till then almost wavering to save her sister's life) before the unfortunate lady could pronounce three words, the executioner cut off the one's speech, and the other's attention, with making his sword do his cruel office upon that beautiful neck. Yet the pitiless sword had such pity of so precious an object, that at first it did but hit flat-long. But that little availed, since the lady falling down astonished withal, the cruel villain forced the sword with another blow, to divorce the fair marriage of the head and body.

And this was done so in an instant, that the very act did over-run *Philoclea*'s sorrow (sorrow not being able so quickly to thunderbolt her heart through her senses, but first only oppress her with a storm of amazement) but when her eyes saw that they did see, as condemning themselves to have seen it, they became weary of their own power of seeing, and her soul then drinking up woe with great draughts, she fell down to deadly trances : but her waiting jaylors with cruel pity brought loathed life unto her ; which yet many times took his leave, as though he would indeed depart : but when he was stayed by force, he kept with him deadly sorrow, which thus exercised her mourning speech : *Pamela*, my sister, my sister, *Pamela*, woe is me for thee, I would I had died for thee. *Pamela* never more shall I see thee ; never more shall I enjoy thy sweet company, and wise counsel. Alas, thou art gone to a beautiful heaven, and hast left me

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me here, who have nothing good in me, but that I did ever love thee, and ever will lament thee. Let this day be noted of all virtuous folks for most unfortunate; let it never be mentioned, but among curses, and cursed be they that did this mischief, and most cursed be mine eyes that beheld it. Sweet *Pamela*, that head is stricken off, where only wisdom might be spoken withal; that body is destroyed, which was the living book of virtue. Dear *Pamela*, how hast thou left me to all wretchedness and misery? yet while thou livedst, in thee I breathed, of thee I hoped. O *Pamela*, how much did I for thy excellency honour thee, more than my mother; and love thee more than my self! never more shall I lye with thee; never more shall we bathe in the pleasant river together; never more shall I see thee in thy shepherd's apparel. But thou art gone, and where am I? *Pamela* is dead, and live I? O my god! and with that she fell again in a swoon, so as it was a great while before they could bring her to her self again; but being come to her self. Alas, said she, unkind woman, since you have given me so many deaths, torment me not now with life: for god's sake let me go, and excuse your hands of more blood. Let me follow my *Pamela*, whom ever I sought to follow. Alas, *Pamela*, they will not let me come to thee. But if they keep promise I shall tread thine own steps after thee. For to what am I born, miserable soul! but to be most unhappy in my self, and yet more unhappy in others? but O that a thousand more miseries had chanced unto me, so thou hadst not dyed: *Pamela*, my sister *Pamela*. And so like a lamentable *Philomela*, complained she the horrible wrong done to her sister, which if it stirred not in the wickedly closed minds of her tormentors, a pity of her sorrow, yet bred it a weariness of her sorrow: so as only leaving one to prevent any harm she should do her self, the rest went away, consulting again with *Cecropia*, how to make profit of this their late bloody act.

In the end, that woman that used most to keep company with *Zelmane*, told *Cecropia* that she found by many more sensible proofs in *Zelmane*, that there was never

woman so loved another, as she loved *Philoclea*: which was the cause that she, farther than the commandment of *Cecropia*, had caused *Zelmae's* curtains to be also drawn: because having, the same spectacle that *Philoclea* had, she might stand in the greater fear for her, whom she loved so well: and that indeed she had hit the needle in that device: for never saw she creature so astonished as *Zelmae*, exceeding sorrow for *Pamela*, but exceedingly exceeding that exceedingness in fear for *Philoclea*. Therefore her advice was, she should cause *Zelmae* to come and speak with *Philoclea*. For there being such vehemency of friendship between them, it was most likely both to move *Zelmae* to persuade, and *Philoclea* to be persuaded. *Cecropia* liked well of the counsel, and gave order to the same woman to go deal therein with *Zelmae*, and to assure her with oath, that *Cecropia* was determined *Philoclea* should pass the same way that *Pamela* had done, without she did yield to satisfy the extremity of her son's affection: which the woman did, adding thereunto many, as she thought, good reasons to make *Zelmae* think *Amphialus* a fit match for *Philoclea*.

But *Zelmae* (who had from time to time understood the cruel dealing they had used to the sisters, and now had her own eyes wounded with the sight of one's death) was so confused withal (her courage still rebelling against her wit, desiring still with force to do impossible matters) that as her desire was stopped with power, so her conceit was darkened with a mist of desire. For blind love, and invincible valour still would cry out, that it could not be, *Philoclea* should be in so miserable estate, and she not relieve her: and so while she haled her wit to her courage, she drew it from his own limits. But now *Philoclea's* death, a word able to marshal all his thoughts in order, being come to so short a point, either with small delay to be suffered, or by the giving her self to another to be prevented, she was driven to think and to desire some leisure of thinking; which the woman granted for that night unto her. A night that was not half so black, as her mind; nor half so silent, as was fit for her musing thoughts. At last, he that would fain have

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have desperately lost a thousand lives for her sake, could not find in his heart, that she shou'd lose any life for her own sake; and he that despised his own death in respect of honour, yet could well nigh dispence with honour it self in respect of *Philoclea's* death; for once the thought could not enter into his heart, nor the breath issue out of his mouth, which could consent to *Philoclea's* death for any bargain. Then how to prevent the next degree to death, which was her being possessed by another, was the point of his mind's labour: and in that he found no other way, but that *Philoclea* should pretend a yielding unto *Cecropia's* request; and so by speaking with *Amphialus*, and making fair, but delaying, promises, procure liberty for *Zelmae*; who only wished but to come by a sword, not doubting then to destroy them all, and deliver *Philoclea*: so little did both the men, and their forces seem in her eyes, looking down upon them from the high top of affection's tower.

With that mind therefore, but first well bound, she was brought to *Philoclea*, having already plotted out in her conceit, how she should deal with her: and so came she with heart and eyes, which did each sacrifice other to love upon the altar of sorrow: and there had she the pleasing displeasing sight of *Philoclea*: *Philoclea*, whom already the extream sense of sorrow had brought to a dulness therein, her face not without tokens that beauty had been by many miseries cruelly battered, and yet shewed it most the perfection of that beauty, which could remain unoverthrown by such enemies. But when *Zelmae* was set down by her, and the woman gone away (because she might be the better persuaded when no body was by, that had heard her say she would not be persuaded) then began first the eyes to speak, and the hearts to cry out: sorrow a while would needs speak his own language, without using their tongues to be his interpreters. At last *Zelmae* brake silence, but spake with the only eloquence of amazement: for all her long methodized oration was inherited only by such kind of speeches. Dear lady, in extream necessities we must not. But alas unfortunate wretch that I am, that I live to see this day. And I take heaven and earth to witness, that no-

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thing, and with that her breast swelled so with spite and grief, that her breath had not leisure to turn it self into words. But the sweet *Philoclea* that had already died in *Pamela*, and of the other side had the heaviness of her heart something quickened in the most beloved sight of *Zelmane*, guessed somewhat at *Zelmane's* mind, and theretore spake unto her in this sort: My *Pyrocles*, said she, I know this exceeding comfort of your presence, is not brought unto me for any good will that is owed unto me: but, as I suppose, to make you persuade me to save my life with the ransom of mine honour: although no body should be so unfit a pleader in that cause as your self, yet perchance you would have me live. Your honour? God forbid, said *Zelmane*, that ever, for any cause, I should yield to any touch of it. But a while to pretend some affection, till time, or my liberty might work something for your service, this if my astonished senses would give me leave, I would fain have persuaded you.

To what purpose, my *Pyrocles*, said *Philoclea*? of a miserable time what gain is there? hath *Pamela's* example wrought no more in me? is a captive life so much worth? can it ever go out of these lips, that I love any other but *Pyrocles*? shall my tongue be so false a traitor to my heart, as to say I love any other but *Pyrocles*? and why should I do all this to live? O *Pamela*, sister *Pamela*, why should I live? only for thy sake *Pyrocles*, I would live: but to thee I know too well I shall not live; and if not to thee hath thy love so base allay, my *Pyrocles*, as to wish me to live? for dissimulation, my *Pyrocles*, my simplicity is such, that I have hardly been able to keep a straight way, what shall I do in a crooked? But in this case there is no mean of dissimulation, not for the cunningest: present answer is required, and present performance upon the answer. Art thou so terrible, O death? no my *Pyrocles*; and for that I do thank thee, and in my soul thank thee: for I confess the love of thee is herein my chiefest virtue. Trouble me not therefore dear *Pyrocles*, nor double not my death by tormenting my resolution: since I cannot live with thee, I will die for thee.

thee. Or remembrance let me be thee, who remember was so over made just kindness) ing how merit: a ken of ho guardians and then persuade in sum, continuing nity with nother till at the fore de desirous sorrow a fence, o succour, earth to sentence might Cecr ty, so lent Ph rish he rus, w till on over-w sleep: care ta looked and th since upon nothin

thee. Only remember me, dear *Pyrocles*, and love the remembrance of me : and if I may crave so much of thee, let me be thy last love ; for though I be not worthy of thee, who indeed art the worthiest creature living, yet remember that my love was a worthy love. But *Pyrocles* was so overcome with sorrow (which wisdom and virtue made just in so excellent a lady's case, full of so excellent kindness) that words were ashamed to come forth, knowing how weak they were to express his mind, and her merit : and therefore so stayed in a deadly silence, forsaken of hope, and forsaking comfort ; till the appointed guardians came in, to see the fruits of *Zelmane's* labour : and then *Zelmane* warned by their presence, fell again to persuade, though scarcely her self could tell what ; but in sum, desirous of delays. But *Philoclea*, sweetly continuing constant, and in the end, punishing her importunity with silence, *Zelmane* was fain to end. Yet craving another time's conference, she obtained it, and divers others ; till at the last *Cecropia* found it to no purpose, and therefore determined to follow her own way. *Zelmane* yet still desirous to win, by any means, respite, even wasted with sorrow and uncertain, whether in worse case in her presence, or absence, being able to do nothing for *Philoclea's* succour, but by submitting the greatest courage of the earth to fall at the feet of *Cecropia*, and crave stay of their sentence till the uttermost was seen, what her persuasions might be.

Cecropia seemed much to be moved by her importunity, so as divers days were won of painful life to the excellent *Philoclea* ; while *Zelmane* suffered some hope to cherish her mind, especially trusting upon the help of *Musidorus*, who, she knew, would not be idle in this matter ; till one morning a noise awaked *Zelmane*, from whose over-watchful mind, the tired body had stolen a little sleep : and straight with the first opening of her eyes, care taking his wonted place, she ran to the window which looked into the hall (for that way the noise guided her) and there might she see (the curtain being left open ever since the last execution) seven or eight persons in a cluster upon the scaffold : who by and by retiring themselves, nothing was to be seen thereupon, but a balon of gold pi-

tifully enamelled with blood, and in the midst of it, the head of the most beautiful *Philoclea*. The horribleness of the mischief was such, as *Pyrocles* could not at first believe his own senses, but bent his woful eyes to discern it better; where too well he might see it was *Philoclea's* self, having no veil, but beauty over her face, which still appeared to be alive, so did those eyes shine, even as they were wont, and they were wont more than any other: and sometimes as they moved, it might well make the beholder think, that death therein had borrowed her beauty, and not they any way disgraced by death, so sweet and piercing a grace they carried with them.

It was not a pity, it was not an amazement, it was not a sorrow which then laid hold on *Pyrocles*, but a wild fury of desperate agony: so that he cryed out, O tyrant heaven, traitor earth, blind providence, no justice, how is this done? how is this suffered? hath this world a government? if it have, let it pour out all his mischiefs upon me, and see whether it have power to make me more wretched than I am. Did she excel for this? have I prayed for this? abominable hand that did it; detestable devil that commanded it; cursed light that beheld it; and if the light be cursed, what are then mine eyes that have seen it? and have I seen *Philoclea* dead; and do I live? and do I live not to help her, but to talk of her? and stand I still talking? and with that, carried by the madness of anguish, not having a readier way to kill himself, he ran as hard as ever he could with his head against the wall, with intention to brain himself: but the haste to do it made the doing the slower. For as he came to give the blow, his foot tript, so as it came not with the full force: yet forcible enough to strike him down, and withal to deprive him of his sense, so that he lay a while comforted by the hurt, in that he felt not his discomfort.

And when he came again to himself, he heard, or he thought he heard a voice, which cryed, Revenge, Revenge, unto him; whether indeed it were his good angel which used that voice to stay him from unnatural murdering of himself, or that his wandering spirits lighted upon that conceit, and by their weakness, subject to apprehen-

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sions, supposed they heard it. But that indeed helped with virtue and her valiant servant anger, stopped him from present destroying of himself; yielding in reason and manhood, first to destroy man, woman, and child, that were any way of kin to them that were accessary to this cruelty; than to raze the castle, and to build a sumptuous monument for her sister, and a most sumptuous one for her self, and then himself to die upon her tomb. This determining in himself to do, and to seek all means how, for that purpose, to get out of prison, he was content a while to bear the thirst of death: and yet went he again to the window, to kiss the beloved head with his eyes; but there saw he nothing but the scaffold, all covered over with scarlet, and nothing but solitary silence to mourn this mischief. But then, sorrow having dispersed it self from his heart, into his noble parts, it proclaimed his authority, in cries and tears, nor with a more gentle dolefulness could pour out his inward evil.

Alas, said he, is that head taken away too, so soon from my eyes? What, mine eyes, perhaps they envy the excellency of your sorrow? indeed, there is nothing now left to become the eyes of all mankind, but tears; and woe be to me, if any exceed me in wofulness. I do conjure you all my senses, to accept no object but of sorrow, be ashamed, nay abhor to think of comfort. Unhappy eyes, you have seen too much, that ever the light should be welcome to you: unhappy ears, you shall never hear the musick of musick in her voice: unhappy heart that hast lived to feel these pangs. Thou hast done thy worst, world, and cursed be thou, and cursed art thou, since to thine own self thou hast done the worst thou couldst do. Exiled beauty, let only now thy beauty be blubbered faces. Widdowed musick, let now thy tunes be roarings, and lamentations. Orphan virtue, get thee wings, and fly after her into heaven: here is no dwelling place for thee. Why lived I, alas? alas, why loved I? to dye wretched, and to be the example of heavens hate? and hate and spare not, for your worst blow is stricken. Sweet *Philoclea*, thou art gone, and hast carried with thee my love; and hast left thy love in me, and I wretched-man do live; I live, to die continually, till thy revenge do give me leave to die:

die, and then die I will, my *Philoclea*, my heart willingly makes this promise to it self. Surely he did not look on thee when he gave the cruel blow, for no eye could have abiden to see such beauty overthrown by such mischief. Alas, why should they divide such a head from such a body? no other body is worthy of that head; no other head is worthy of that body: O yet if I had taken my last leave, if I might have taken a holy kiss from that dying mouth! where art thou hope, which promisest never to leave a man while he liveth? tell me, what canst thou hope for? nay tell me, what is there that I would willingly hope after? wishing power, which is accounted infinite, what now is left to wish for; she is gone, and gone with her all my hope, all my wishing. Love be ashamed to be called love. Cruel hate, unspeakable hate is victorious over thee. Who is there now left that can justify thy tyranny, and give reason to thy passion? O cruel divorce of the sweetest marriage that ever was in nature: *Philoclea* is dead, and dead with her is all goodness, all sweetness, all excellency. *Philoclea* is dead, and yet life is not ashamed to continue upon the earth. *Philoclea* is dead: O deadly word, which containeth in it self the uttermost of all misfortunes. But happy word when thou shalt be said of me, and long it shall not be, before it be said.

Then stopping his words with sighs, drowning his sighs in tears, and drying again his tears in rage, he would sit a while in a wandering muse, which represented nothing but vexations unto him; then throwing himself sometimes upon the floor, and sometimes upon the bed: then up again, till walking was wearisome, and rest loathsome: and so neither suffering food, nor sleep to help his afflicted nature, all that day and night he did nothing but weep *Philoclea*, sigh *Philoclea*, and cry out *Philoclea*; till as it happened (at that time upon his bed) toward the dawning of the day he heard one stir in his chamber, by the motion of garments; and with an angry voice asked, Who was there? a poor gentlewoman, answered the party, that wish long life unto you. And I soon death to you, said he, for the horrible curse you have given me. Certainly, said she, an unkind answer, and far unworthy the excellency of your mind, but not unsuitable to the rest of

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of your behaviour. For most part of this night I have heard you (being let into your chamber, you never perceiving it, so was your mind estranged from your senses) and have heard nothing of *Zelmane*, in *Zelmane*, nothing but weak wailing, fitter for some nurse of a village, than so famous a creature as you are. O God, cried out *Pyrocles*, that thou wert a man that usest these words unto me. I tell thee I am sorry, I tell thee I will be sorry, in the despite of thee, and all them that would have me joyful. And yet replied she, perchance *Philoclea* is not dead, whom you so much bemoan. I would we were both dead on that condition, said *Pyrocles*. See the folly of your passion, said she, as though you should be nearer to her, you being dead, and she alive, than she being dead, and you alive? and if she be dead, was she not born to die? what then do you cry out for? not for her, who must have died one time or other; but for some few years: so as it is time and this world, that seem so lovely things, and not *Philoclea* unto you. O noble sisters, cried *Pyrocles*, now you be gone, who were the only exalters of all womankind, what is left in that sex, but babbling and business? and truly, said she, I will yet a little longer trouble you. Nay, I pray you do, said *Pyrocles*, for I wish for nothing in my short life but mischiefs and cumber: and I am content you shall be one of them. In truth, said she, you would think your self a greatly privileged person, if since the strongest building, and lastingest monarchies are subject to end, only your *Philoclea*, because she is yours, should be exempted. But indeed you bemoan your self who have lost a friend; you cannot her, who hath in one act both preserved her honour, and left the miseries of this world. O woman's philosophy, childish folly, said *Pyrocles*, as though I do bemoan my self: I have not reason so to do, having lost more than any monarchy, nay then my life can be worth unto me. Alas, said she, comfort your self; nature did not forget her skill, when she made them: and you shall find many their superiours, and perchance such, as when your eyes shall look abroad, your self will like better.

But that speech put all good manners out of the conceit of *Pyrocles*; inso much, that leaping out of his bed, he

he ran to have stricken her ; but coming near her (the morning then winning the field of darkness) he saw, or he thought he saw, indeed the very face of *Philoclea* ; the same sweetness, the same grace, the same beauty : with which carried into a divine astonishment, he fell down at her feet. Most blessed angel, said he, well hast thou done to take that shape, since thou wouldst submit thy self to mortal sense ; for a more angelical form could not have been created for thee. Alas, even by that excellent beauty, so beloved of me, let it be lawful, for me to ask of thee, what is the cause that she, that heavenly creature, whose form you have taken, should by the heavens be destined to so unripe an end ? why should injustice so prevail ? why was she seen to the world so soon to be ravished from us ? why was she not suffered to live, to teach the world perfection ? Do not deceive thy self, answered she, I am no angel ; I am *Philoclea*, the same *Philoclea*, so truly loving you, so truly beloved of you. If it be so, said he, that you are indeed the soul of *Philoclea*, you have done well to keep your own figure ; for no heaven could have given you a better. Then alas why have you taken the pains to leave your blissful seat to come to this place most wretched, to me, who am wretchedness it self, and not rather obtain for me, that I might come where you are, there eternally to behold, and eternally to love your beauties ? You know, I know, that I desire nothing but death, which I only stay to be justly revenged of your unjust murderers. Dear *Pyrocles*, said she, I am thy *Philoclea*, and as yet living : not murdered as you supposed, and therefore be comforted. And with that gave him her hand. But the sweet touch of that hand seemed to his estrayed powers so heavenly a thing, that it rather for a while confirmed him in his former belief : till she with vehement protestations (and desire that it might be so, helping to persuade that it was so) brought him to yield ; yet doubtfully to yield to this height of all comfort that *Philoclea* lived : which witnessing with tears of joy ; Alas, said he, how shall I believe mine eyes any more ? or do you yet but appear thus unto me, to slay me from some desperate end ? for alas, I saw the excellent *Pamela* beheaded, I saw your head,

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the head indeed, and chief part indeed of all nature's works, standing in a dish of gold, too mean a shrine, God wot, for such a relique. How can this be, my only dear, and you live? Or if this be not so, how can I believe mine own senses? And if I cannot believe them, why should I believe these blessed tidings they bring me?

The truth is, said she, my *Pyrocles*, that neither I, as you find, nor yet my dear sister is dead: although the mischievously subtle *Cecropia* used slights to make either of us think so of other. For, having in vain attempted the farthest of her wicked eloquence to make either of us yield to her son: and seeing that neither it, accompanied with great flatteries and rich presents, could get any ground of us, nor yet the violent way she fell into, of cruelly tormenting our bodies, could prevail with us, at last she made either of us think the other dead, and so hoped to have wrested our minds to the forgetting of virtue: and first she gave to mine eyes the miserable spectacle of my sister's, as I thought, death; but indeed it was not my sister, it was only *Artesia*, she who so cunningly brought us to this misery. Truly I am sorry for the poor gentlewoman, though justly she be punished for her double falshood: but *Artesia* muffled so, as you could not easily discern her, and in my sister's apparel, which they had taken from her under colour of giving her other, did they execute: and when I, for thy sake especially, dear *Pyrocles*, could by no force nor fear be won, they assayed the like with my sister, by bringing me down under the scaffold, and, making me thrust my head up through a hole they had made therein, they did put about my poor neck a dish of gold, wherout they had beaten the bottom, so as having set blood in it, you saw how I played the part of death, God knows even willing to have done it in earnest, and so they had set me, that I reached but on tiptoes to the ground, so as I scarcely could breathe, much less speak: and truly if they had kept me there any whit longer, they had strangled me, instead of beheading me: but when they took me away, and seeking to see their issue of this practice, they found my noble sister, for the dear love she vouchsafeth to bear

bear me, so grieved withal, that she willed them to do their uttermost cruelty unto her: for she vowed never to receive sustenance of them that had been the cause of my murther: and finding both of us even given over, not likely to live many hours longer, and my sister *Pamela* rather worse than myself, the strength of her heart worse bearing those indignities, the good woman *Cecropia*, with the same pity as folks keep fowls, when they are not fat enough for their eating, made us know her deceit, and let us come one to another; with what joy you can well imagine, who I know feel the like, saving that we only thought our selves reserved to misery, and therefore fitter for condoling than congratulating. For my part I am fully persuaded, it is but with a little respite, to have a more feeling sense of the torment she prepares for us. True it is, that one of my guardians would have me to believe, that this proceeds from my gentle cousin *Amphialus*; who having heard some inkling that we were evil intreated, had called his mother to his bed-side, from whence he never rose since his last combat, and besought and charged her, upon all the love she bore him, to use us with all kindness: vowing with all the imprecations he could imagine, that if ever he understood, for his sake, that I received farther hurt than the want of liberty, he would not live an hour longer. And the good woman swore to me, that he would kill his mother, if he knew how I had been dealt with, but that *Cecropia* keeps him from understanding things how they pass, only having heard a whispering, and myself named, he had (of abundance, forsooth, of honourable love) given this charge for us; whereupon this enlargement of mine was grown: for my part, I know too well their cunning, who leave no money unoffered that may buy mine honour, to believe any word they say, but, my dear *Pyrocles*, even look for the worst, and prepare thy self for the same. Yet I must confess, I was content to rob from death, and borrow of my misery the sweet comfort of seeing my sweet sister, and most sweet comfort of thee my *Pyrocles*. And so having leave, I came stealing into your chamber: where, O Lord, what
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a joy it was unto me, to hear you solemnize the funerals of the poor *Philoclea*. That I myself might live to hear my death bewailed? And by whom? By my dear *Pyrocles*. That I saw death was not strong enough to divide thy love from me? O my *Pyrocles*, I am too well paid for my pains. I have suffered; joyful is my woe for so noble a cause; and welcome be all my miseries, since to thee I am so welcome. Alas how I pitied to hear thy pity of me; and yet a great while I could not find in my heart to interrupt thee, but often had even pleasure to weep with thee: and so kindly came forth thy lamentations, that they forced me to lament too, as if indeed I had been a looker on, to see poor *Philoclea* die. Till at last I spoke with you, to try whether I could remove thee from sorrow, till I had almost procured myself a beating. And with that she prettily smiled; which mingled with her tears; one could not tell whether it was a mourning pleasure, or a delightful sorrow: but like when a few *April* drops are scattered by a gentle *Zephyrus* among fine coloured flowers. But *Pyrocles*, who had felt, with so small distance of time, in himself the overthrow both of hope and despair, knew not to what key he should frame his mind, either of joy or sorrow. But finding perfect reason in neither, suffered himself to be carried by the tide of his imagination, and his imaginations to be raised even by the sway which hearing or seeing might give unto them: he saw her alive, he was glad to see her alive; he saw her weep, he was sorry to see her weep; he heard her comfortable speeches, nothing more gladsome; he heard her prognosticating her own destruction, nothing more doleful. But when he had a little taken breath from the panting motion of such contraries in passions, he fell to consider with her of her present estate, but comforting her, that certainly the worst of this storm was past, since already they had done the worst, which man's wit could imagine; and that if they had determined to have killed her, now they would have done it, and also earnestly counselling her, and enabling his counsels with vehement prayers, that she would so far second the hopes of *Amphiatas*, as that she might but procure him liberty; promising

missing then as much to her, as the liberality of loving courage durst promise to himself.

But who could lively describe the manner of these speeches, should paint out the lightsome colours of affection, shaded with the deepest shadows of sorrow, finding them between hope and fear, a kind of sweetness in tears; till *Philoclea* content to receive a kiss, and but a kiss of *Pyrocles*, sealed up his moving lips, and closed them up in comfort: and herself, for the passage was left between them open, went to her sister; with whom she had staid but a while, fortifying one another while *Philoclea* tempered *Pamela*'s just disdain, and *Pamela* ennobled *Philoclea*'s sweet humbleness, when *Amphialus* came unto them: who never since he had heard *Philoclea* named, could be quiet in himself, although none of them about him (fearing more his mother's violence than his power) would discover what had passed: and many messengers he sent to know her estate, which brought answer back, according as it pleased *Cecropia* to indite them, till his heart full of unfortunate affection, more and more misgiving him, having impatiently born the delay of the night's unfitness, this morning he got up, and tho' full of wounds, which not without danger could suffer such exercise, he apparalled himself, and with the countenance that shewed strength in nothing but in grief, he came where the sisters were, and weakly kneeling down, he besought them to pardon him: if they had not been used in that castle according to their worthiness, and his duty, beginning to excuse small matters, poor gentleman, not knowing in what sort they had been handled.

But *Pamela*'s high heart, having conceived mortal hatred for the injury offered to her and her sister, could scarcely abide his sight, much less hear out his excuses, but interrupted him with these words: Traytor, said she, to thine own blood, and false to the profession of so much love as thou hast vowed, do not defile our ears with thy excuses, but pursue on thy cruelty, that thou and thy godly mother have used towards us: for my part, assure thyself, and so do I answer for my sister, whose mind I know, I do not more desire mine own safety than thy
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destruction. Amazed with this speech, he turned his eye full of humble sorrowfulness, to *Philoclea*: and is this, most excellent lady, your doom of me also: she, sweet lady, sat weeping; for as her most noble kinsman she had ever favoured him, and loved his love, though she could not be in love with his person; and now partly unkindness of his wrong, partly pity of his case, made her sweet mind yield some tears before she could answer; and her answer was no other, but that she had the same cause as her sister had. He replied no further, but delivering from his heart two or three untaught sighs, rose, and with most low reverence went out of their chamber, and straight, by threatening torture, learned of one of the women in what terrible manner those princesses had been used. But when he heard it, crying out, O God! and then not able to say any more, for his speech went back to rebound woe upon his heart, he needed no judge to go upon him; for no man could ever think any other worthy of greater punishment, than he thought himself. Full therefore of the horriblest despair, which a most guilty conscience could breed, with wild looks, promising some terrible issue, understanding his mother was upon the top of the leads, he caught one of his servant's swords from him, and none of them daring to stay him, he went up, carried by fury instead of strength, where she was at that time, musing how to go thro' with this matter. and resolving to make much of her nieces in shew, and secretly to im poison them; thinking since they were not to be won, her son's love would no otherwise be mitigated.

But when she saw him come in with a sword drawn, and a look more terrible than the sword, she strait was stricken with the guiltiness of her own conscience: yet the well-known humbleness of her son somewhat animated her, till he coming near her, and crying to her, Thou damnable creature, only fit to bring forth such a monster of unhappiness as I am; she fearing he would have stricken her, tho' indeed he meant it not, but only intended to kill himself in her presence, went back so far, till e'er she were aware, she overthrew herself from over the leads, to receive her death's kiss at the ground:

ground: and yet was she not so happy as presently to die, but that she had time with hellish agony to see her son's mischief, whom she loved so well, before her end, when she confessed, with most desperate but not repenting mind, the purpose she had to impositon the princess, and would then have had them murdered. But every body seeing, and glad to see her end, had left obedience to her tyranny.

And, if it could be, her ruin increased woe in the noble heart of *Amphialus*, who when he saw her fall, had his own rage stayed a little with the suddenness of her destruction: and was I not miserable enough before, said he, but that before my end I must be the death of my mother? Who, how wicked soever, yet I would she had received her punishment by some other: O *Amphialus*, wretched *Amphialus*, thou hast lived to be the death of thy most dear companion and friend *Philoxenus*, and of his father, thy most careful foster-father. Thou hast lived to kill a lady with thine own hands, and so excellent and virtuous a lady as the fair *Parthenia* was; thou hast lived to see thy faithful *Ismenus* slain in succouring thee, and thou not able to defend him; thou hast lived to shew thy self such a coward, as that one unknown knight could overcome thee in thy lady's presence: thou hast lived to bear arms against thy rightful prince, thine own uncle: thou hast lived to be accounted, and justly accounted a traitor, by the most excellent persons that this world holdeth: thou hast lived to be the death of her that gave thee life. But ah wretched *Amphialus*, thou hast lived for thy sake, and by thy authority, to have *Philoclea* tormented. O heavens, in *Amphialus*'s castle, where *Amphialus* commanded, tormented, tormented. Torment of my soul, *Philoclea* tormented, and thou hast had such comfort in thy life, as to live all this while. Perchance this hand, used only to mischievous acts, thinks it were too good a deed to kill me; or else filthy hand, only worthy to kill women, thou art afraid to strike a man. Fear not cowardly hand, for thou shalt kill but a cowardly traitor: and do it gladly, for thou shalt kill him whom *Philoclea* hateth. With that furiously he tore open his doublet, and setting the

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pommel of the sword to the ground, and the point to his breast, he fell upon it. But the sword more merciful than he to himself, with the slipping of the pommel the point swerved, and razed him but upon the side: yet with the fall his other wounds opened so, as he bled in such extremity, that *Charon's* boat might very well be carried in that flood: which yet he sought to hasten by this means. As he opened his doublet, and fell, there fell out *Philoclea's* knives which *Cecropia* at the first had taken from her, and delivered to her son; and he had ever worn them next his heart, as the only relique he had of his faint: now seeing them by him, his sword being so, as weakness could not well draw it out from his doublet, he took the knives, and pulling one of them out, and many times kissing it, and then, first with the passions of kindness and unkindness melting in tears. O dear knives, you are come in good time to revenge the wrong I have done you all this while, in keeping you from her blessed side; and wearing you without your mistress's leave. Alas, be witness with me, yet before I die, and well you may, for you have lain next my heart, that but my consent, your excellent mistress should have had as much honour as this poor place could have brought forth for so high an excellency; and now I am condemned to die by her mouth. Alas, other, far other hope would my desire often have given me; but other event it hath pleased her to lay upon me. Ah *Philoclea*, with that his tears gushed out as tho' they would strive to overflow his blood, I would yet thou knowest how I love thee. Unworthy I am, unhappy I am, false I am; but to thee alas, I am not false. But what a traytor am I, any way to excuse him, whom she condemneth? since there is nothing left me, wherein I may do her service, but in punishing him, who hath so offended her. Dear knife, then do your noble mistress's commandment. With that, he stabbed himself into divers places of his breast and throat, until those wounds, with the old, freshly bleeding, brought him to the senseless gate of death. By which time, his servants, having, with fear of his fury, abstained a while from coming unto him, one of them,

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preferring dutiful affection before fearful duty, came in, and there found him swimming in his own blood, giving a pitiful spectacle, where the conquest was the conqueror's overthrow, and self ruin the only triumph of a battle, fought between him and himself. The time full of danger, the person full of worthiness, the manner full of horror, did greatly astonish all the beholders: so as by and by all the town was full of it, and then of all ages came running up to see the beloved body; every body thinking their safety bled in his wounds, and their honour died in his destruction.

But when it came, and quickly it came to the ears of his proud friend *Anaxius*, who by that time was grown well of his wound, but never had come abroad, disdainful to abase himself to the company of any other but of *Amphialus*, he was exceedingly vexed either with kindness, or, if a proud heart be not capable thereof, with disdain, that he, who had the honour to be called the friend of *Anaxius*, should come to such an unexpected ruin. Therefore then coming abroad, with a face red in anger, and engrained in pride, with lids raised, and eyes levelled from from top to toe of them that met him, treading as though he thought to make the earth shake under him, with his hand upon his sword; short speeches, and disdainful answers, giving straight order to his two brothers, to go take the oath of obedience, in his name, of all the soldiers and citizens in the town: and withal, to swear them to revenge the death of *Amphialus* upon *Basilus*; he himself went to see him, calling for all the surgeons and physicians there, spending some time in viewing the body, and threatening them all to be hanged, if they did not heal him. But they, taking view of his wounds, and falling down at *Anaxius's* feet, assured him that they were mortal, and no possible means to keep him above two days alive: and he stood partly in doubt, to kill, or save them, between his own fury, and their humbleness. But vowing with his own hands to kill the two sisters, as causers of his friend's death: when his brothers came to him, and told him they had done his commandment, in having received the oath of allegiance, with no great difficulties, the most part terrified by their valour, and force of their
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servants; and many that had been forward actors in the rebellion, willing to do any thing, rather than come under the subjection of *Basilus* again; and such few as durst gainsay, being cut off by present slaughter.

But withal, as the chief matter of their coming to him, they told *Anaxius*, that the fair queen *Helen* was come, with an honourable retinue, to the town: humbly desiring leave to see *Amphialus*, whom she had sought in many places of the world; and lastly, being returned in to her own country, she heard together of the late siege, and of his combat with the strange knight, who had dangerously hurt him. Whereupon, full of loving care (which she was content even to publish to the world, how ungratefully soever he dealt with her) she had gotten leave of *Basilus*, to come by his frontiers, to carry away *Amphialus* with her, to the excellentest surgeon then known, whom she had in her country, but so old, as not able to travel: but had given her sovereign anointments, to preserve his body withal, till he might be brought unto him: and that *Basilus* had granted leave; either natural kindness prevailing over all the offences done, or rather glad to make any passage which might lead him out of his country, and from his daughters. This discourse *Lycurgus* understanding of *Helen*, delivered to his brother, with her vehement desire to see the body, and take her last farewell of him. *Anaxius*, though he were fallen out with all womankind, in respect of the hate he bore the sisters, whom he accounted murderers of *Amphialus*, yet at his brother's request, granted her leave. And she, poor lady, with grievous expectation, and languishing desire, carried her faint legs to the place where he lay, either not breathing, or in all appearance breathing nothing but death.

In which piteous plight when she saw him, though sorrow had set before her mind the pittifullest conceits thereof that it could paint, yet the present sight went beyond all the former apprehensions: so that beginning to kneel by the body, her sight ran from her service, rather than abide such a sight; and she fell in a swoon upon him, as if she could not chuse but die of his wounds. But when her breath, a weary to be closed up in woe, broke
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the prison of her fair lips, and brought memory, with his servant senses, to his natural office, she made yet the breath convey those doleful words with it. Alas, said she, *Amphialus*, what strange disasters be these, that having sought thee so long, I should be now sorry to find thee? that these eyes should look upon *Amphialus*, and be grieved withal? that I should have thee in my power without glory, and embrace thee without comfort? how often have I blest the means that might bring me near thee? now woe worth the cause that brings me so near thee. Often, alas, often hast thou disdain'd my tears: but now, my dear *Amphialus*, receive them: these eyes can serve for nothing else, but to weep for thee: since thou wouldst never vouchsafe them thy comfort, yet disdain not them thy sorrow. I would they had been more dear unto thee; for then hadst thou lived. Woe is me that thy noble heart could love who hated thee, and hate who loved thee. Alas why should not my faith to thee cover my other defects, who only sought to make my crown thy foot-stool, my self thy servant, that was all my ambition; and alas thou disdainest it, to serve them, by whom thy incomparable self wert disdain'd. Yet, O *Philoclea*, wheresoever you are, pardon me if I speak in the bitterness of my soul, excellent may you be in all other things, and excellent sure you are since he loved you, your want of pity, where the fault only was infiniteness of desert, cannot be excused. I would, O god, I would that you had granted his deserved suit of marrying you, and that I had been your serving-maid, to have made my estate the foil of your felicity, so he had lived. How many weary steps have I trodden after thee, while my only complaint was, that thou wert unkind? alas, I would now thou wert to be unkind. Alas, why wouldst thou not command my service, in persuading *Philoclea* to love thee? who could, or if every one could, who would have recounted thy perfection so well as I? who with such kindly passions could have stirred pity for thee as I? who should have delivered not only the words, but the tears I had of thee: and so shouldst thou have exercised thy disdain in me, and yet used my service for thee.

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With that the body moving somewhat, and giving a groan, full of death's musick, she fell upon his face, and kissed him, and withal cried out; O miserable I, that have only favour by misery; and then would she have returned to a fresh career of complaints, when an aged and wise gentleman came to her, and besought her, to remember what was fit for her greatness, wisdom, and honour: and withal, that it was fitter to shew her love, in carrying the body to her excellent surgeon, first applying such excellent medicines as she had received of him for that purpose, rather than only shew her self a woman-lover in fruitless lamentations. She was straight warned with the obedience of an overthrown mind, and therefore leaving some surgeons of her own to dress the body, went her self to *Anaxius*, and humbling her self to him, as low as his own pride could wish, besought him, that since the surgeons there had utterly given him over, that he would let her carry him away in her litter with her, since the worst he could have should be to die, and to die in her arms that loved him above all things; and where he should have such monuments erected over him, as were fit for her love, and his worthiness: beseeching him withal, since she was in a country of enemies, where she trusted more to *Anaxius's* valour, then *Basilus's* promise, that he would convey them safely out of those territories. Her reasons something moved him, but nothing thoroughly persuaded him, but the last request of his help: which he straight promised: warranting all security, as long as that sword had his master alive. She as happy therein as unhappiness could be, having received as small comfort of her own surgeons as of the others, caused yet the body to be easily conveyed into the litter: all the people then beginning to roar and cry, as though never till then they had lost their lord. And if the terror of *Anaxius* had not kept them under, they would have mutinied, rather than suffered his body to be carried away.

But *Anaxius* himself riding before the litter, with the choice men of that place, they were afraid even to cry, though they were ready to cry for fear; but because that they might do, every body forced, even with harming themselves, to do honour to him: some throwing them-

themselves upon the ground; some tearing their clothes, and casting dust upon their heads, and some even wounding themselves, and sprinkling their own blood in the air.

The general consort of whole mourning, performed so the natural tones of sorrow; that even to them, if any such were, that felt not the loss, yet others grief taught them grief; having before both their compassionate sense so passionate a spectacle of a young man, of great beauty, beautified with great honour, honoured by great valour, made of inestimable value by the noble using of it, to lie there languishing under the arrest of death, and a death where the manner could be no comfort to the discomfortableness of the matter. But when the body was carried through the gate, and the people, saving such as were appointed, not suffered to go farther, then was such an universal cry, as if they had all had but one life, and all received but one blow.

Which so moved *Anaxius* to consider the loss of his friend, that, his mind apter to revenge, than tenderness, he presently giving order to his brothers to keep the prisoners safe, and unvisited till his return from conveying *Helen*, he sent a messenger to the sisters, to tell them this courteous message: that at his return, with his own hands, he would cut off their heads, and send them for tokens to their father.

This message was brought unto the sisters, as they sat at that time together with *Zelmana*, conferring how to carry themselves, having heard of the death of *Amphibolus*. And as no expectation of death is so painful, as where the resolution is hindered by the intermixing of hopes, so did this new alarm, though not remove, yet move somewhat the constancy of their minds, which were so unconstantly dealt with. But within a while, the excellent *Pamela* had brought her mind again to his old acquaintance: and then as careful for her sister, whom she most dearly loved, Sister, said she, you see how many acts our tragedy hath: fortune is not yet a weary of vexing us: but what? a ship is not counted strong by biding one storm: it is but the same trumpet of death, which now perhaps gives the last sound: and let us make that profit of our former miseries, than in them we learned

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to die willingly. Truly, said *Philoclea*, dear sister, I was so beaten with the evils of life, that though I had not virtue enough to despise the sweetness of it, yet my weakness bred that strength, to be weary of the pains of it: only I must confess, that little hope, which by these late accidents was awaked in me, was at the first angry withal. But even in the darkness of that horror, I see a light of comfort appear; and how can I tread amiss, that see *Pamela's* steps? I would only, O that my wish might take place, that my school-mistress might live, to see me say my lesson truly. Were that a life, my *Philoclea*, said *Pamela*? No, no, said she, let it come, and put on his worst face: for at the worst it is but a bug-bear. Joy it is to me to see you so well resolved, and since the world will not have us, let it lose us. Only, with that she stayed a little and sighed, only my *Philoclea*, then she bowed down, and whispered in her ear, only *Musidorus*, my shepherd, comes between me and death, and makes me think I should not die, because I know he would not I should die. With that *Philoclea* sighed also, saying no more, but looking upon *Zelmane*; who was walking up and down the chamber, having heard this message from *Anaxius*, and having in time past heard of his nature, thought him like enough to perform it, which winded her again into the former maze of perplexity. Yet debating with her self of the manner how to prevent it, she continued her musing humour, little saying, or indeed, little finding in her heart to say, in a case of such extremity, where peremptorily death was threatned: and so stayed they; having yet that comfort, that they might tarry together. *Pamela* nobly, *Philoclea* sweetly, and *Zelmane* sadly and desperately; none of them entertaining sleep, which they thought should shortly begin never to awake.

But *Anaxius* came home, having safely conducted *Helen*; and safely he might well do it; for though many of *Basilius's* knights would have attempted something upon *Anaxius*, by that means to deliver the ladies, yet *Philanax* having received his master's commandment, and knowing his word was given, would not consent unto it. And the black knight, who by then was able to

carry abroad his wounds, did not know thereof; but was bringing force, by force to deliver his lady. So as *Anaxius*, interpreting it rather fear than faith, and making even chance an argument of his virtue, returned: and as soon as he was returned, with a felon heart calling his brothers up with him, he went into the chamber, where they were all three together; with full intention to kill the sisters with his own hands, and send their heads for tokens to their father: though his brothers, who were otherwise inclined, dissuaded him; but his reverence stayed their persuasions. But when he was come into the chamber, with the very words of cholerick threatening climbing up his throat, his eyes first lighted upon *Pamela*; who hearing he was coming, and looking for death, thought she would keep her own majesty in welcoming it; but the beams thereof so struck his eyes, with such a counterbuff upon his pride, that if his anger could not so quickly love, nor his pride so easily honour, yet both were forced to find a worthiness.

Which while it bred a pause in him, *Zelmans*, who had already in her mind both what and how to say, stepped out unto him, and with a resolute steadiness, void either of anger, kindness, disdain or humbleness, spoke in this sort. *Anaxius*, said she, if fame hath not been overpartial to thee, thou art a man of exceeding valour. Therefore I do call thee even before that virtue, and will make it the judge between us. And now I do affirm, that to the eternal blot of all the fair acts that thou hast done, thou dost weakly, in seeking without danger to revenge his death, whose life with danger thou mightest perhaps have preserved: thou dost cowardly in going about by the death of these excellent ladies, to prevent the just punishment that hereafter they by the powers, which they better than their father, or any other could make, might lay upon thee, and dost most basely, in once presenting thy self as an executioner; a vile office upon men, and in a just cause: beyond the degree of any vile word, in so unjust a cause, and upon ladies, and such ladies. And therefore, as a hangman, I say, thou art unworthy to be counted a knight, or to be admitted into the company of knights. Neither for what I say, will I al-

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I ledge other reasons of wisdom, or justice, to prove my speech, because I know thou dost disdain to be tied to their rules, but even in thine own virtue, whereof thou so much gloriest, I will make my trial: and therefore defy thee, by the death of one of us two, to prove or disprove these reproaches. Chuse thee what arms thou likest: I only demand that these ladies, whom I defend, may in liberty see the combat.

When *Zelmant* began her speech, the excellency of her beauty and grace made him a little content to hear. Besides that, a new lesson he had read in *Pamela*, had already taught him some regard. But when she entred into a bravery of speech, he thought at first, a mad and railing humour possessed her; till finding the speeches hold well together, and at length come to flat challenge of combat, he stood leaning back with his body and head, sometimes with bent brows looking upon the one side of her, sometimes of the other, beyond marvel marvelling, that he, who had never heard such speeches from any knight, should be thus rebuffed by a woman, and that marvel made him hear out her speech: which ended, he turned his head to his brother *Zoilus*, and said nothing, but only lifting up his eyes, smiled. But *Zelmant* finding his mind, *Anaxius*, said she, perchance thou disdainest to answer me, because, as a woman, thou thinkest me not fit to be fought withal. But I tell thee that I have been trained up in martial matters, with so good success, that I have many times overcome braver knights than thyself: and am well known to be equal in feats of arms, to the famous *Pyrocles*, who slew thy valiant uncle, the giant *Evardes*. The remembrance of his uncle's death something nettled him, so as he answered thus.

Indeed, said he, any woman may be as valiant as that coward, and traitorly boy, who slew my uncle traiterously, and after ran from me in the plain field. Five thousand such could not have overcome *Evardes*, but by falsehood. But I fought him all over *Asia*, following him still from one of his coney-holes to another, till coming into this country, I heard of my friend's being besieged, and so came to blow away the wretches that troubled him. But wheresoever the miserable boy fly, hea-

ven, nor hell, shall keep his heart from being torn by these hands. Thou liest in thy throat, said *Zelmane*, that boy, where-ever he went, did so noble acts, as thy heart, as proud as it is, dares not think of, much less perform. But to please thee the better with my presence, I tell thee, no creature can be nearer of kin to him than my self: and so well we love, that he would not be sorrier for his own death than for mine: I being begotten by his father, of an *Amazon* lady. And therefore, thou canst not devise to revenge thy self more upon him, than by killing me: which if thou darest do, manfully do it, otherwise, if thou harm these incomparable ladies, or my self without daring to fight with me, I protest before these knights, and before heaven and earth, that will reveal thy shame, that thou art the beggarliest dastardly villain that dishonoureth the earth with his steps: and if thou lettest me over-live them, so will I blaze thee. But all this could not move *Anaxius*, but that he only said, evil should it become the terror of the world to fight, much worse to scold with thee.

But said he, for the death of these same, pointing to the princesses, of my grace I give them life. And without going to *Pamela*, and offering to take her by the chin, and as for you, minion, said he, yield but gently to my will, and you shall not only live, but live so happily: he would have said farther, when *Pamela*, displeased both with words, matter and manner, putting him away with her fair hand; proud beast, said she, yet thou playest worse thy comedy, than thy tragedy. For my part, assure thy self, since my destiny is such, that each moment my life and death stand in equal ballance, I had rather have thee, and think thee far fitter to be my hangman, than my husband. Pride and anger would fain have cruelly revenged so bitter an answer, but already *Cupid* had begun to make it his sport, to pull his plumes: so that unused to a way of courtesy, and put out of his bias of pride, he hastily went away, grumbling to himself; between threatening and wishing; leaving his brothers with them: the elder of whom *Lycurgus*, liked *Philoctea*, and *Zoilus* would needs love *Zelmane*, or at least entertain themselves with making them believe so. *Lycurgus*

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more bragged, and near his brothers humour, began, with setting forth their blood, their deeds, how many they had despised of most excellent women; how much they were bound to them, that would seek that of them. In sum, in all his speeches, more like the bestower than the desirer of felicity. Whom it was an excellent pastime, to those that would delight in the play of virtue, to see with what a witty ignorance she would not understand: and how, acknowledging his perfections, she would make that one of his perfections; not to be injurious to ladies. But when he knew not how to reply, then would he fall to touching and toying, still viewing his graces in no glass but self-liking. To which *Philoclea's* shamefacedness and humbleness, were as strong resisters as choier and disdain: for though she yielded not, he thought she was to be overcome: and that thought a while stayed him from farther violence. But *Zelmae* had eye to his behaviour, and set it in her memory upon the score of revenge, while she her self was no less attempted by *Zoilus*; who less full of brags was forwardest in offering, indeed, dishonourable violence.

But when after their fruitless labours they had gone away, called by their brother, who began to be perplexed between new conceived desires, and disdain to be disdained, *Zelmae*, who with most assured quietness of judgment looked into their present estate, earnestly persuaded the two sisters, that to avoid the mischiefs of proud outrage, they would only so far suit their behaviour to their estates, as they might win time, which, as it could not bring them to worse case than they were, so it might bring forth unexpected relief. And why, said *Pamela*, shall we any longer flatter adversity? why should we delight to make our selves any longer balls to injurious fortune, since our own parents are content to be tyrants over us, since our own kin are content traiterously to abuse us? certainly in mishap it may be some comfort to us that we are lighted in these fellows hands, who yet will keep us from having cause of being miserable by our friend's means. Nothing grieves me more, than that you, noble lady *Zelmae*, to whom the world might have made us able to do honour, should receive only hurt by the contagion

contagion of our misery. As for me and my sister, undoubtedly it becomes our birth to think of dying nobly, while we have done or suffered nothing, which might make our soul ashamed at the parture from these bodies. Hope is the fawning traitor of the mind, while under colour of friendship it robs it of his chief force of resolution. Virtuous and fair lady, said *Zelmire*, what you say is true, and that truth may well make up a part in the harmony of your noble thoughts. But yet the time, which ought always to be one, is not tuned for it, while that may bring forth any good, do not bar your self thereof: for then will be the time to die nobly, when you cannot live nobly. Then so earnestly she persuaded with them both, to refer themselves to their father's consent, in obtaining whereof they knew some while would be spent, and by that means to temper the minds of their proud woers; that in the end *Pamela* yielded to her, because she spake reason; and *Philoclea* yielded to her reason, because she spake it.

And so when they were again solicited in that little pleasing petition, *Pamela* forced herself to make answer to *Anaxius*, that if her father gave his consent she would make herself believe, that such was the heavenly determination, since she had no means to avoid it. *Anaxius*, who was the most frank promiser to himself of success, nothing doubted of *Basilus's* consent, but rather assured himself, he would be his orator in that matter; and therefore he chose out an officious servant, whom he esteemed very wise, because he never found him but just of his opinion, and willed him to be his ambassador to *Basilus*, and to make him know, that if he meant to have his daughter both safe and happy, and desired himself to have such a son in-law, as would not only protect him in his quiet course, but, if he listed to accept it, would give him the monarchy of the world, that then he should receive *Anaxius*, who never before knew what it was to pray any thing. That if he did not, he would make him know that the power of *Anaxius* was in every thing beyond his will, and yet his will not to be resisted by any other power. His servant, with smiling and cast-up look, desired God to make his memory able to contain the treasure of that wise speech: and

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and therefore besought him to repeat it again, that by the oftener hearing it his mind might be the better acquainted with the divineness thereof; and that being graciously granted he then doubted not by carrying with him in his conceit the grace wherewith *Anaxius* spake it, to persuade rocky minds to their own harm; so little doubted he to win *Basilus* to that, which he thought would make him think the heavens open'd when he heard but the proffer thereof. *Anaxius* gravely allowed the probability of his conjecture; and therefore sent him away, promising him he should have the bringing up of his second son by *Pamela*.

The messenger with speed performed his lord's commandment to *Basilus*; who by nature quiet, and by superstition made doubtful, was loth to take any matter of arms in hand, wherein already he had found so slow success; tho' *Philanax* vehemently urged him thereunto, making him see that his retiring back did encourage injuries. But *Basilus*, betwixt the fear of *Anaxius's* might, the passion of his love, and jealousy of his estate, was so perplexed, that not able to determine, he took the common course of men, to fly only then to devotion, when they want resolution: therefore detaining the messenger with delays, he deferred the directing of his course to the counsel of *Apollo*, which because himself at that time could not go well to require, he entrusted the matter to his best trusted *Philanax*; who, as one in whom obedience was a sufficient reason unto him, went with diligence to *Delphos*, where being entered into the secret place of the temple, and having performed the sacrifices usual, the spirit that possessed the prophesying woman, with a sacred fury attended not his demand, but as if it would argue him of incredulity, told him, not in dark wonted speeches, but plainly to be understood, what he came for, and that he should return to *Basilus*, and will him to deny his daughters to *Anaxius* and his brothers; for that they were reserved for such as were better beloved of the Gods, That he should not doubt, for they should return unto him safely and speedily; and that he should keep on his solitary course till both *Philanax* and *Basilus* fully agreed in the understanding of the former

prophecy: withal commanding *Philanax* from thence forward to give tribute, but not oblation to human wisdom.

Philanax then finding that reason cannot shew itself more reasonable, than to leave reasoning in things above reason, returns to his lord, and like one that preferred truth before the maintaining of an opinion, hid nothing from him, nor from thenceforth durst any more dissuade him from that which he found by the celestial providence directed; but he himself looking to repair the government, as much as in so broken an estate by civil dissention he might, and fortifying with notable art both the lodges, so as they were almost made unapproachable, he left *Basilus* to bemoan the absence of his daughters, and to bewail the imprisonment of *Zelma*: yet wholly given holily to obey the oracle, he gave a resolute negative unto the messenger of *Anaxius*, who all this while had waited for it; yet in good terms desiring him to shew himself in respect of his birth and profession, so princely a knight, as without forcing him to seek the way of force, to deliver in noble sort these ladies unto him, and so should the injury have been by *Amphialus*, and the benefit in him.

The messenger went back with this answer, yet having ever used to sugar any thing which his master was to receive, he told him, that when *Basilus* first understood his desires, it did over reach so far all his most hopeful expectations, that he thought it were too great a boldness to hearken to such a man, in whom the heavens had such interest, without asking the Gods counsel; and therefore had sent his principal counsellor to *Delphos*, who altho' he kept the matter never so secret, yet his diligence inspired by *Anaxius's* privilege over all worldly things, had found out the secret, which was, that he should not presume to marry his daughter to one who already was enrolled among the demi-gods, and yet much less he should dare the attempting to take them out of his hands.

Anaxius, who till then had made fortune his creator, and force his God, now began to find another wisdom to be above, that judged so rightly of him: and where in
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this time of his servant's waiting for *Basilus's* resolution, he and his brothers had courted their ladies, as whom they vouchsafed to have for their wives; he resolved now to dally no longer in delays, but to make violence his orator, since he had found persuasions had gotten nothing but answers. Which intention he opened to his brothers, who having all this while wanted nothing to take that away but his authority, gave spurs to his runnings; and, worthy men, neither feeling virtue in themselves, nor tendering it in others, they went headlong to make that evil consort of love and force, when *Anaxius* had word, that from the tower there were descried some companies of armed men, marching towards the town, wherefore he gave present order to his servants and soldiers to go to the gates and walls, leaving none within but himself and his brothers: his thoughts then so full of their intended prey, that *Mars* his loudest trumpet could scarcely have awaked him.

But while he was directing what he would have done, his youngest brother *Zoilus*, glad that he had the commission, went in the name of *Anaxius* to tell the sisters, that since he had answer from their father, that he and his brother *Lycurgus* should have them in what sort it pleased them, that they would now grant them no longer time, but presently to determine, whether they thought it more honourable comfort to be compelled or persuaded. *Pamela* made him answer, that in a matter whereon the whole state of her life depended, and wherein she had ever answered she would not lead, but follow her parents pleasure, she thought it reason she should either by letter, or particular messenger, understand something from themselves, and not have their belief bound to the report of their partial servant: and therefore as to their words, she and her sister had ever a simple and true resolution, so against their unjust force, God, they hoped, would either arm their lives, or take away their lives. Well, ladies, said he, I will leave my brothers, who by and by will come unto you to be their own ambassadors: for my part I must now do myself service; and with that turning up his mustachoes, and marching as if he would begin a paven, * he went toward *Zelmane*. But *Zelmane*

i. e. A dance.

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having heard all this while of the messenger's being with *Basilus*, had much to do to keep those excellent ladies from seeking by the passport of death, to escape those base dangers, whereunto they found themselves subject, still hoping that *Musidorus* would find some means to deliver them; and therefore had often, both by her own example and comfortable reasons, persuaded them to over-pass many insolent indignities of their proud suiters, who thought it was a sufficient favour not to do the uttermost injury, now come again to the straight she most feared for them, either of death or dishonour, if heroi- cal courage would have let her, she had been beyond herself amazed: but that yet held up her wit, to attend the uttermost occasion, which even then brought his hairy forehead unto her: for *Zoilus* smacking his lips, as for the prologue of a kiss, and something advancing himself, Darling, said he, let thy heart be full of joy, and let thy fair eyes be of counsel with it, for this day thou shalt have *Zoilus*, whom many have longed for; but none shall have him but *Zelma*. And oh! how much glory I have to think what a race will be between us? The world, by the heavens, the world will be too little for them. And with that he would have put his arm about her neck; but she withdrawing herself from him, My lord, said she, much good may your thoughts do you: but that I may not dissemble with you, my nativity being cast by one that never failed in any of his prognostications, I have been assured, that I should never be apt to bear children; but since you will honour me with so high a favour, I must only desire that I may perform a vow which I made among my countrywomen, the famous *Amazons*, that I would never marry none, but such one as was able to withstand me in arms: therefore, before I make mine own desire serviceable to yours, you must vouchsafe to lend me armour and weapons, that at least with a blow or two of the sword I may not find myself perjured to myself. But *Zoilus*, laughing with a hearty loudness, went by force to embrace her; making no other answer, but since she had a mind to try his knighthood, she should quickly know what

a man

a man of arms he was ; and so without reverence to the ladies, began to struggle with her.

But in *Zelmae* then disdain became wisdom, and anger gave occasion. For abiding no longer abode in the matter, she that had not put off, tho' she had disguised *Pyrocles*, being far fuller of stronger nimbleness, tript up his feet, so that he fell down at hers. And withal, meaning to pursue what she had begun, pulled out his sword which he wore about him : but before she could strike him withal, he got up, and ran to a fair chamber, where he had left his two brethren, preparing themselves to come down to their mistresses. But she followed at his heels, and even as he came to throw himself into their arms for succour, she hit him with his own sword such a blow upon the waste that she almost cut him asunder : once she Sundered his soul from his body, sending it to *Proserpina*, an angry goddess against ravishers. But *Anaxius*, seeing before his eyes the miserable end of his brother, fuller of despite than wrath, and yet fuller of wrath than sorrow, looking with a woful eye upon his brother *Lycurgus* ; brother, said he, chastise this vile creature, while I go down and take order lest farther mischief arise : and so went down to the ladies, whom he visited, doubting there had been some farther practice than yet he conceived. But finding them only strong in patience, he went and locked a great iron gate, by which only any body might mount to that part of the castle ; rather to conceal the shame of his brother, slain by a woman, than for doubt of any other annoyance : and then went up to receive some comfort of the execution, he was sure his brother had done of *Zelmae*. But *Zelmae* no sooner saw these brothers, of whom reason assured her she was to expect revenge, but that she leapt to a target, as one that well knew the first mark of valour to be defence. And then accepting the opportunity of *Anaxius* going away, she waited not the pleasure of *Lycurgus*, but without any words, which she ever thought vain, when resolution took the place of persuasion, gave her own heart the contentment to be the assuler. *Lycurgus*, who was in the disposition of his nature hazardous, and by the lucky passing thro' many dangers, grown confident

confident in himself, went toward her, rather as to a spoil than to fight; so far from fear, that his assuredness disdained to hope. But when her sword made demonstrations above all flattery of arguments, and that he found she pressed so upon him, as shewed that her courage sprang not from blind despair, but was guarded both with cunning and strength; self-love then first in him divided itself from vain glory, and made him find that the world of worthiness had not his whole globe comprised in his breast, but that it was necessary to have strong resistance against so strong assailing. And so between them, for a few blows, *Mars* himself might have been delighted to look on. But *Zelmane*, who knew that in her case slowness of victory was little better than ruin, with the bellows of hate blew the fire of courage; and he striking a main blow at her head, she warded it with the shield, but so warded, that the shield was cut in two pieces while it protected her: and withal she ran in to him, and thrusting at his breast, which he put by with his target, as he was lifting up his sword to strike again, she let fall the piece of her shield, and with her left hand catching his sword on the inside of the pommel, with nimble and strong slight she had gotten his sword out of his hand, before his sense could convey to his imagination what was to be doubted. And having now two swords against one shield, meaning not foolishly to be ungrateful to good fortune, while he was no more amazed with his being unweaponed, than with the suddenness thereof, she gave him such a wound upon his head, in despite of the shield's over-weak resistance, that withal he fell to the ground astonished with the pain, and aghast with fear. But seeing *Zelmane* ready to conclude her victory in his death, bowing up his head to her with a countenance that had forgotten all pride, Enough, excellent lady, said he, the honour is yours; whereof you shall want the best witness if you kill me. As you have taken from men the glory of manhood, return so now again to your own sex for mercy. I will redeem my life of you with no small services; for I will undertake to make my brother obey all your commandments.

mandments. Grant life, I beseech you, for your own honour, and for the person's sake that you love best. *Zelmane* repress a while her great heart, either disdaining to be cruel or pitiful, and therefore not cruel; and now the image of the human condition began to be an orator unto her of compassion, when she saw, as if he lifted up his arms with a suppliant's grace, about one of them, unhappily tied a garter with a jewel, which, given to *Pyrales* by his aunt of *Theffalia*, and greatly esteemed by him, he had presented to *Philoclea*, and with inward rage promising extreme hatred, had seen *Lycurgus* with a proud force, and not without some hurt to her, pull away from *Philoclea*, because at intreaty she would not give it him. But the sight of that was like a cypher, signifying all the injuries which *Philoclea* had of him suffered, and that remembrance feeding upon wrath, trod down all conceits of mercy. And therefore saying no more, but, No villain, die: it is *Philoclea* that sends thee this token for thy love. With that she made her sword drink the blood of his heart, though he wrestling his body, and with a countenance prepared to excuse, would fain have delayed the receiving of death's ambassadors. But neither that stayed *Zelmane's* hand, nor yet *Anaxius's* cry unto her; who having made fast the iron gate, even then came to the top of the stairs, when contrary to all his imaginations, he saw his brother lie at *Zelmane's* mercy. Therefore crying, promising, and threatening to her to hold her hand: the last groan of his brother was the only answer he could get to his unrespect-ed eloquence. But then pity would fain have drawn tears, which fury in their spring dried; and anger would fain have spoken, but that disdain sealed up his lips; but in his heart he blasphemed heaven, that it could have such a power over him, no less ashamed of the victory he should have of her, than of his brother's overthrow: and no more spited that it was yet unrevenged, than that the revenge should be no greater than a woman's destruction. Therefore with no speech, but such a groaning cry as often is the language of sorrowful anger, he came running at *Zelmane*; use of fighting then serving instead of patient consideration what to do. Guided where-

wherewith, though he did not with knowledge, yet he did according to knowledge, pressing upon *Zelmans* in such a well defended manner, that in all the combats that ever she had fought, she had never more need of quick senses, and ready virtue. For being one of the greatest men of stature then living; as he did fully answer that stature in greatness of might; so did he exceed both in greatness of courage, which with a countenance formed by the nature both of his mind and body, to an almost horrible fierceness, was able to have carried fear to any mind, that was not privy to it self of a true and constant worthiness. But *Pyrocles*, whose soul might well be separated from his body, but never alienated from the remembrance of what was comely, if at the first he did a little apprehend the dangerousness of his adversary, whom once before he had something tried, and now perfectly saw, as the very picture of forcible fury; yet was that apprehension quickly stayed in him, rather strengthening than weakning his virtue by that wrestling, like wine, growing the stronger by being moved. So that they both prepared in hearts, and able in hands, did honour solitariness there with such a combat, as might have demanded, as a right of fortune, whole armies of beholders. But no beholders needed there, where manhood blew the trumpet, and satisfaction did whet as much as glory. There was strength against nimbleness: rage against resolution; fury against virtue; confidence against courage; pride against nobleness: love in both breeding mutual hatred, and desire of revenging the injuries of his brother's slaughter, to *Anaxius*, being like *Philoclea's* captivity to *Pyrocles*. Who had seen the one, would have thought nothing could have resisted: who had marked the other, would have marvelled that the other had so long resisted. But like two contrary tides, either of which are able to carry worlds of ships, and men upon them, with such swiftness, as nothing seems able to withstand them: yet meeting one another, with mingling their watry forces, and struggling together; it is long to say, whether stream gets the victory; so between these, if *Pallas* had been there, she could scarcely have told, whether she had nursed better in the seats of arms. The *Irish* grey-hound

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hound against the *English* mastiff; the sword-fish against the whale; the rhinoceros against the elephant, might be models, and but models of this combat. *Anaxius* was better armed defensively: for (besides a strong cask bravely covered, wherewith he covered his head) he had a huge shield, such perchance, as *Achilles* shewed to the pale walls of *Troy*, wherewithal that great body was covered. But *Pyrocles* utterly unarmed for defence, to offend had the advantage, for, in either hand he had a sword, and with both hands nimbly performed that office. And according as they were diversly furnished, so they did differ in the manner of fighting: for *Anaxius* most by warding, and *Pyrocles* ofteneft by avoiding, resisted the adversary's assault. Both hasty to end, yet both often staying for advantage. Time, distance and motion, custom made them so perfect in, that as if they had been fellow counsellors, and not enemies, each knew the other's mind, and knew how to prevent it. So as their strength failed them sooner than their skill, and yet their breath failed them sooner than their strength. And breathless indeed they grew, before either could complain of any loss of blood.

So that consenting by the mediation of necessity, to a breathing time of truce, being withdrawn a little one from the other, *Anaxius* stood leaning upon his sword with his grim eye so settled upon *Zelmane*, as is wont to be the look of an earnest thought. Which *Zelmane* marking, and according to the *Pyroclean* nature, fuller of gay bravery in the midst, than in the beginning of danger: what is it, said she, *Anaxius*, that thou so deeply musest on? doth thy brother's example make thee think of thy fault past, or of thy coming punishment? I think, said he, what spiteful god it should be, who envying my glory, hath brought me to such a wayward case, that neither thy death can be a revenge, nor thy overthrow a victory. Thou dost well indeed, said *Zelmane*, to impute thy case to the heavenly providence, which will have thy pride find it self, even in that whereof thou art most proud, punished by the weak sex which thou most contemnest.

But then having sufficiently rested themselves, they renewed again their combat far more terrible than before: like nimble vaulters, who at the first and second leap

leap do but stir, and, as it were, awake the fiery and airy parts, which after in the other leaps they do with more excellency exercise. For in this pausing, each had brought to his thoughts the manner of the other's fighting, and the advantage, which by that, and by the quality of their weapons they might work themselves, and so again repeated the lesson they had said before, more perfectly by the using of it; *Anaxius* oftener used blows, his huge force, as it were, more delighting therein, and the large protection of his shield animating him unto it. *Pyrocles*, of a more fine and deliberate strength, watching his time, when to give fit thrusts, as, with the quick obeying of his body, to his eye's quick commandment, he shunned any harm *Anaxius* could do to him: so would he soon have made an end of *Anaxius*, if he had not found him a man of wonderful, and almost matchless excellency in matters of arms. *Pyrocles* used divers feignings to bring *Anaxius* on into some inconvenience. But *Anaxius* keeping a sound manner of fighting, never offered but seeing fair cause, and then followed it with well governed violence. Thus spent they a great time, striving to do, and with striving to do, wearying themselves more than with the very doing: *Anaxius* finding *Zelmane* so near unto him, that with little motion he might reach her, knitting all his strength together, at that time mainly foiled at her face. But *Zelmane* strongly putting it by with her right hand sword, coming in with her left foot and hand, would have given a sharp visitation to his right side, but that he was fain to leap away. Whereat ashamed, as having never done so much before in his life. * The fire of rage then burning contempt out of his breast, did burst forth in flames through his eyes, and in smoke from his mouth; so that he was returning with a terrible madness (all the strength of his whole body transferred to the one hand for a singular service) which the resolute *Zelmane* did earnestly observe with a providently all despising courage, whilst the ears of *A-*

* A chasm being occasioned in this place, by the loss of some of the Author's invaluable papers; it was excellently supplied, as follows, by Sir W. A.

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Anaxius were suddenly arrested by a sound, whereof they were only capable, which, in consort with his own humour, could only of him with authority have challenged a due attendance: straight a martial noise (raised by the violence of invaders; and distractedness of others, dreadfully tumultuous) giving him intelligence what a bloody scene was acting without in the court of the castle, where he was expected as a special actor; though his eye, as harbingers of his blow, had already marked the room, where his bended arm threatned to lodge it; yet his feet did so suddenly ravish away the rest of his body, that even his own thoughts, much more *Zelmane's*, were prevented by the suddenness of his flight, a flight indeed, not from the fighting with one, but to the fighting with many, where he did not look for an object worthy of the wrath of *Anaxius*. So that vanishing away, as carried in a cloud of whirlwind, *Zelmane* either could not, or else would not reach him: as disdaining the base advantage of those dishonourable wounds, which though greatest shame to the flying receiver, can give no glory to the unresisted giver.

The impetuous storm that transported the spirit of *Anaxius*, had quickly blown him down the stairs, and up the door, his sword ushering his way, till his eyes were encountered with the beams of the lightning weapons of a small number, which rather seemed surprized within the castle, than to have surprized the castle. Yet they had speedily purchased a great room for so small a company, challenging as their own all the bounds that their swords could compass: and in effect their enemies proved their fewness many, reckoning the black knight and his second (as cyphers are esteemed when valued by others, over which they are raised) not for the number which indeed they were, but for the number which they were worth. Those three were quickly known by their wonted arms; but more by their wonted valour. The court had been a fitter list for two, than a field for so many, where the narrowness of the place, not giving place to sleight, there was no way but by plain force; so that the greatest cowards were as forward as the most courageous, fear making them bold, who saw no refuge but by fighting;

ing ; which made the conflict exceeding cruel, either of the parties having more spurs than one to draw blood.

The *Amphialians*, besides their rage for being abused by an unexpected Stratagem, and their desire to defend the place, being bound both by private interest and publick vows ; they had added farther, to make up the accomplishment of a just wrath, the means of revenge, as they thought, on their master's murderer ; looking no otherwise on the black knight, than as on him who had buried all their hopes in the ruins of *Amphialus*, whereof to their farther grief, they had been idle witnesses. All this made them desperately endeavour, that the eyes of *Anaxius* might be entertained with their victory, before his ears could be burthened with their error ; chiefly at his coming, those of his own train kindled their courage at the torches of his eyes, prodigious comets of a deluge of blood. As for the pursued pursuers, like those who landing to make war in an island, burn the ships which brought them thither, by the impossibility of their return, to shew the desperate necessity of their victory ; they were assured they could neither advance nor retire, but over the bellies of their enemies ; yet were they not so desperate of their retreat, as confident of their victory. The black knight, though all the giants that fought against the gods had been there, he thought they could not hinder him from going where his heart was already, nor from prevailing where the prize was the delivery of his lady, and friend, the double treasures of his soul, whereof any was valued above his life, yea, both were ballanced with his honour ; so that he did shew not only the height of valour, but a ravishing of his soul, and a transportation of magnanimity, far from the level of ordinary aims, and even scarce within the prospect of more lofty thoughts. Yet neither love nor courage could blind his judgment, in seeing his advantage : marching with his company ever the next wall, to prevent being compassed : though sometimes making brave sallies. Which *Anaxius* at his first approach espying, upbraided his own troop, as unworthy of his attendance, and all as traytors in receiving, or dastards in not expelling that, in his eyes,

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eyes, contemned crew, oftentimes urging them by their retiring to make way for him, and he alone would either beat them over the walls, or in the walls: For the truth is, they seemed all too small a sacrifice to appease his high indignation. It was superfluous labour for *Aleto* to inflame his soul with poisonous inspirations; for his soul might have furnished all the infernal furies with fury, and yet have continued the most furious of all it self. Rage and disdain, burning his bosom, made him utter a roaring voice, as if his breath had been able to have blown away the world, which for the sound that his sword made, could not distinctly be understood.

The first whom he encountered, lifting up his hand to strike, and withal opening his mouth, as if intending some speech, his proposition was prevented by an active answer, cutting him from the lips to the ears, so by opening his mouth, restraining his speech. The knight of the sheep succeeding in his place, a vindictive heir, was exchanging blows with *Anaxius* with no disadvantage, when suddenly a dart, none knew to whose hand the honour of it was due, did wound him in the thigh, which he doubtful to whom he stood debtor, did pay back to many, an extraordinary interest, with the death of some one striving to defray every drop of his blood.

The black knight, black indeed to all his adversaries, when viewing the wonderful valour of *Anaxius*, with whom then rival in fame he entertained a terrible emulation, what bred terror in others, bred in him contentment; that his conquest, whereof he never doubted, might be endear'd by the difficulty, and his victory be honoured by so honourable an enemy, with whom, above all others, he laboured to meet, by the ruin of many making a room where they might fight.

But in the mean time the torrent of the violence of *Anaxius* was interrupted by a sudden tumult; seeming to proceed from an ambushment broken forth from the houses behind them. And no wonder though all thought so: the two swords of *Zelmane* being riotous in their charges, were so covetous to extend their confines. She following, or rather, as a falcon in an earnest chase, flying down the stairs after him, did not overtake *Anax-*
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ius but with her eyes, till he was walled about with the armed multitude, and then, like a lions late enlarged, that had been long famished in prison, she ranged over all for her prey: but yet like a cunning hound, that out of a whole herd of deer, doth only single him out, with whom she had entered first in hostility (a little drop of his blood having betrayed all the rest) she disdained to fight with any other, but would be resisted by none till she might unbend all her forces on *Anaxius*, whose sight as soon as her eyes had greedily swallowed, she burst forth: base dastard, who hast abused the world with shadows of worth, yet art void of all valour, having doubly forfeited the usurped title of honour, in offering injurious violence to a woman, and yet flying the just violence of a woman, to hide thy self (being protected by the shield of some trusted attender) where the sufficiency of others may conceal thy cowardise: but all this shall not defraud my wrath, nor prevent thy punishment.

Anaxius, more troubled with those words, than if all the swords of the enemies had lighted upon him (who for the highest of all his wishes, would have but wished her a man, yea an army of men) looked over his shoulder with an eye burning with disdain, as if one of his looks might have served to consume a woman, and at the same instant, uttering his rage another way, with a blow worthy of his arm, he did cleave one before him through the helmet to the shoulders, making him so, by being two headed, headless. But seeing *Zelma* press near him, tho' he hoped for no honour from her, yet to prevent dishonour from her (shame kindling rage, and rage quenching reason) he commanded *Armagine* his nephew, a youth of great valour, to take those foolish fellows prisoners, who durst adventure within that castle without his leave, and to shut all the gates, that none of them might escape; and therewith whirling about, and casting a side-ward look on *Zelma*, made an imperious sign with a threatening allurements (a dis-inviting inviting of her) to follow, which she performed with a countenance witnessing as great contentment, as ever *Venus* did to meet with *Mars*; *Mars* and *Venus* at the same time
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The crouds of people in their way, were quickly dispersed by the tempestuous breath of *Anaxius*, so that they had no hinderance: he being feared of all, and she hated of none. Neither was their solitary retiring, in respect of their different seeming sex, suspiciously censured by any: the disdainfulness of their countenance bearing witness, that they were led by hate to honour, and not by love to the contrary.

The place appointed by fortune to be famous by the famousness of this combat, was a back court, which they found out at that time emptied of inhabitants; the stronger being gone to pursue others, and the weaker run to hide themselves: mediocrity being no more a virtue, where all was at height, to make excellency eminent in extremity.

They two came here alone, for they would have no seconds, or rather were so far first as they could have no seconds, and every one of them being confident in his own worth could not mistrust another's. As if words had been too weak messengers of their wrath, and swords only worthy to utter their minds, they began with that wherewith they hoped to end; none of them now could flatter himself so far against the proof of his own experienced knowledge, as to contemn his fellow.

Anaxius at the first, rioting in rage, and burning with a voluptuous appetite of blood, did abandon his hands to their accustomed prodigality, which contrary to the nature of that vice, was hurtful to the receiver, and profitable for the spender. But *Zelmane*, well weighing with whom she had to deal, was more wary in her charges, and circumspectly managing the treasure of her strength, would not idly bestow it, but was liberal when occasion offered. It was hard to say, whether the one was more frank, or the other more thankful: the guerdon never deferred, oft preventing the gift, above the desire of the receiver, yet short of the giver's mind. Their thought, eye, hand, and foot seemed chained to one motion, as all being tuned by violence, to make up a harmony in horror. Never was courage better supported by skill and

and strength nor skill and strength better accompanied by courage; the blows of every one of them seemed not only to strive with the others, but even amongst themselves, for singularity; the latter still (by being more observable) seeking to bury the remembrance of the former.

It seemed that those two were not retired from the battle, but that the battle was transferred where they were. The eye might well have taken them to be two, but the ear would never have been persuaded that so mighty sounds could be sent but from the weapons of a number; the environing windows with a sad solitariness seemed to bewail their want of eyes, which defrauded them the entertainment of that delectable terror, transporting sports.

Anaxius more angry with himself than with his enemy, that he should be so long in vanquishing, where, when victorious, he would be but ashamed of the victory, all his active powers being highly bended, both by choler and courage, he thus discharged his tongue: What spiteful god, jealous of my greatness, or envying my glory, hath sent this devil in a woman's shape (as a cloud for *Juno* to *Ixion*) to mock me? but all this is one: though thou be a devil in a woman, or all the devils in one devil, I swear by this blow, I will beat thee hence to the hells, to the eternal terror of all the dark region; and with that lighted on *Zelmane* with such a huge force, that all she could procure by the mediation of one of her swords, was, that what was intended wholly at her head, by the wrying of her body, did but wound her a little on the shoulder. This was so far from dismaying her, that it did confirm, increase it could not, her resolution already at a height: Yet, tho' not more courage, she pretended more fury, compassing him about to espy advantages, and oft giving him feigned alarms, as bragging to make a breach in his breast, advanced her right-hand sword, which *Anaxius* beat down, and withal encroached to usurp a room in her right side: but *Zelmane* suddenly inclining to the left, gave him a flat blow with that hand's sword, which returned back clad with the spoils of that part of the body which it had forced.

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Both thus being already allied by blood, yet did strive for a more strict affinity: wounds, in regard of their frequency, being no more respected than blows were before. Though they met in divers colours, now both were clad in one livery, as most suitable to their present estate: being servants to one master, and rivals in preferment. Neither could showers of blood quench the winds of their wrath, which did blow it forth in great abundance, till faintness would have fain persuaded both that they were mortal, and though neither of them by another, yet both overcomable by death. Then despair came to re-inforce the fight, joyning with courage, not as a companion, but as a servant: for courage never grew desperate, but despair grew courageous; both being resolved, if not conquering, none of them should survive the other's conquest, nor owe trophy but to death.

The greatest grief of the one was to die by a woman; and of the other, to die as a woman: both in respect of her apparel, and, as she thought, action; being matched by one man, who had o'er-matched multitudes of men. At last the great storm of blows being past, she rested one of her swords on the earth, either forced by faintness, or intending art, offering a thrust with the other, which *Anaxius* perceiving, did speedily repel: and with that (gathering his distressed strength together, as ready to remove, but first bent to give a gallant farewell) ran forward with such a violent violence on *Zelmae*, (nought being able to resist his unresistable force) that she presently interposing her reposed sword, though it ran him through the heart, or rather he his heart upon it, it could not hinder him from running her through the body, and both to the earth, a brave flash of a dying light! a mighty thunder of a quenched lightning! Thus did he overthrow his overthrower: not falling till none was able to stand before him; whilst though he were vanquished, none could vaunt of the victory. His breast fell above the hand with the sword, as if he would needs die embracing it, even after death adoring that idol of his life, and his dead weight striving with *Zelmae's* weak life, whilst the struggling to rise did break the sword, a part remaining

remaining under him, and the rest within her : thus hard it was to force *Anaxius*, though he was dead, and impossible while he lived.

Zelmane, after her rising, did draw the other sword out of him, as bent to return not interested in any thing. She was stepping forward with a sword in every hand, and a part of one in her breast : a trophy of victory, yet a badge of ruin ; never better weaponed, never more unfit for fighting ; when lo all the followers of *Anaxius*, discomfited by his absence, but more by the black knight's presence, *Armigines* having his death honoured by his hand, the rest were quickly discomfited, and, despairing to save the castle, fought to save themselves.

The black knight committed the following of their flight to others, as a dangerless action, and therefore not worthy of him ; then fearing that elsewhere for another which he could no more find there for himself, he went by the direction of his eyes, and the information of his ears, to seek out the two retired champions, when suddenly he encountered his other self, marching like *Pallas* from the giant's overthrow.

As soon as the eyes of *Pyrocles*, no, his soul was ravished with the sight of *Musidorus*, it having infused a fresh vigour in his feeble members, and that physick applied to his mind, triumphing over the infirmity of his body ; he threw away his swords, only conquerable by kindness, and pulled out that which was in his body, that nothing might hinder him from embracing the image of his soul, which reflected his own thoughts. Their souls by a divine sympathy did first join, preventing the elemental masses of the bodies : but ah ! whilst they were clasped in each others arms (like two grafts grafted in one stock) the high tide of overflowing affection restraining their tongues with astonishment, as unable to express an unexpressible passion.

Pyrocles weakened with the loss of blood, the effects of hate, and in that weakness furcharged with kindness, the fruits of love, not able to abide the interchoaking of such extremities, the paleness of his face witnessed the parting of his spirits, so that not able to stand, *Musidorus* was forced to fall with him, or else would not stand

stand after him. And at the suddenness of his unexpected adventure, or vehemently respectable misadventure ; like one (who unawares slipping from a great height) is choaked betwixt the height and the lowness, e'er he can consider, either whence he fell, or where he falls. Being thrown from the top of contentment, to be drowned in the depths of misery, he had his reasonable part so hastily overwhelmed with confusion, that he remained dead alive, as the other was living in death, At last, re-assembling his confounded senses from the rocks of ruin, grief had gathered so much strength through weakness, as to attempt an impossibility in manifesting it self.

O what a monster of misery am I ! even when most fortunate, most unfortunate, who never had a lightning of comfort, but that it was suddenly followed with a thunder of confusion. Twice was my felicity by land (that it might be washed for ever away) made a prey to the inexorable waves, whilst the relenting destinies pitying the rigour of their own decrees, to prevent their threatned effects, would have drowned me in (respecting the ocean of sorrow prepared to swallow me) that little drop of the sea. And, O thrice happy I, if I had perished whilst I was altogether unhappy ; then, when a dejected shepherd offensive to the perfection of the world, I could hardly, being oppressed by contempt, make my self worthy to be disdained, disdain to be despised, being a degree of grace. O would to God that I had died obscurely, whilst my life might still have lived famous with others, and my death have died with my self ; whilst my not being known might have kept my dishonour unknown, even then when matched, matched by one, and in the presence of many fighting for one, who was more dear to me than all the world. Ah me ! most miserable, in not being more miserable. Such a pestilentious influence poisoned the time of my nativity, that I have had a spark of happiness, to clear me the way to destruction. I was carried high to be fit for a precipice, and that from that height I might behold how low the dungeons were wherein I was to fall. Even now I was so far from fear, as I was higher than hope, being in imagination master of all my wishes ; yet at an instant, as if all that could be inflicted on my self,

were not sufficient to afflict me, being armed with resolution, both to brave the terrors of death, and to condemn the flatteries of life, I am tormented in another, whose sufferings could only make me tenderly sensible. And with that, sorrow, as it were sorry to be interrupted by utterance, did damn it self up to swell higher, feeding on the contemplation of it self within : where, when absolute tyrant of the breast, it might rather burst him, than burst out.

Then he was lying down senselessly on his senseless friend, as in all estates striving to be still like him, when lo he felt his breast beat, and thereafter saw his unclouded eyes weakly strive to shine again ; thus first re-saluting the light, Oh where am I ? *Musidorus* replied : with him who is hasting to die with you. No, said he, I have hasted to live with you, Death or life, said *Musidorus* ; either of them must join us, but neither of them is able to part us. With that *Pyrocles*, weakly rising, entrusted his feet with their own burthen, but *Musidorus*, jealous of the carriage of so precious a treasure, would needs aid them with his arm, his strength strengthening *Pyrocles*, and the weakness of *Pyrocles* weakening him.

Thus, whilst guided by one, who was acquainted with the castle, they were seeking out a room, where *Pyrocles* reposing might cause take a trial of the estate of his body, and repair the bloody breaches of the late battery ; it being, though evil fortified, yet well defended : as they were walking along a gallery, they heard, from a chamber neighbouring the side of it, a dolorous sound, but so heavily delivered with a disorderly convoy, that choked with sobs, else drowned with tears, the pains of the bearer had so spoiled the birth, that it could not be known ; yet a secret sympathy, by an unexpressible working, did more wound the mind of *Pyrocles*, than it was wounded by all the wounds of his body, he pitying his complaint, though not knowing from whom, nor for what : O how the soul, apt for all impressions transcending reason, can comprehend unapprehensible things ; this was the lamentation of the lamentable *Philoclea*.

The ladies after the departure of *Zelmans*, by the inundation in their ears of horrible sounds, were violently invited

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invited to come fearfully to a window, over-looking the court, where they beheld the bloody effects of that, whereof they were the innocent causes. At first the lillies of their cheeks, over growing the roses, paleness had almost displaced beauty, were it not beauty was so powerful as to make paleness beautiful; yet their often travelled memory instructed their judgment, that misery being at a height, could not but of force either work the end of it self, or a beginning of comfort, and they could expect no worse estate than that in which they were,

Pamela would fain have flattered her self to think that it was *Musidorus* come to deliver her, but she had rather have still remained captive, than to have drawn him to such a danger for her delivery; and having once apprehended that he was there, never a blow was given but that she was wounded with it, being ever sorry for the overthrown, never glad for the overthrower; either pity prevailing with the tenderness of her sex, or because she knew no danger could come by overcoming.

As for *Philoclea*, she who through the gentleness of her own nature would have snarled for any other who had been in danger, when she remembered the hazard of her treasure *Zelmane*, who, as she knew, did not use to be an idle spectator of so earnest a game; a multitude of thoughts, without art artificial, did paint fear in her face, and engrave grief in her bosom. Whilst they continued thus, *Pamela*, in vain striving to match majesty with affection, stood with a distracted stateliness, and with a stately astonishment, where grief and fear in *Philoclea* made easily a comfort in sorrow, with watry eyes, like the sun shining in a shower, weakly clearing a cloudy countenance; when suddenly they heard one cry, since the castle was won to set the ladies at liberty; but they who were well acquainted both with the frowns and smiles of fortune, as they had ever triumphed over the one, would not suffer themselves to be led captives by the other; neither could this accomplish their contentment, till they had the lords of that pleasant bondage, which they did value more than unvaluable liberty; the constrained captivity of the body, having nothing diminished the voluntary thralldom of the mind.

But ah! this smooth calm came only to make them the more sensible of the succeeding tempest, which the breath of one from below, roaring forth the death of *Zelmane*, did thunder up upon them. *Pamela* (like a rock amidst the sea, beaten both with the winds and with the waves, yet it self immoveable) did receive this rigorous charge with a constant, though sad countenance, and with fixed eyes witnessing the moving of her mind, yet neither uttering word, nor tear, as disdain to employ their weakness in so great a grief. Such might have been the gesture of *Nisbe* hearing the news of her children's death, ere she was metamorphosed into a stone; like one, majesty triumphing over misery, who would rather burst strongly within, than be disburdened by bursting out in an abject manner.

But, ah me, the confounded *Philotea*, who, being the weaker, had received the sharpest assault, an affectionate fury forcing from her an absolute passion, which a dutiful kindness through compassion only provoked in her sister, she, smothered with so monstrous a weight, did sink down under it to the earth.

This made *Pamela* forget her other grief without any comfort, transferring her affection from her friend to her more than friendly sister; for whom she saw at that time her care might be more serviceable, wherewith she brought her to her self, and she her self to sorrow. At first, the tongue and the eyes being too feeble instruments for so violent a passion, she used her hands, beating that breast which the most barbarous creature else in the world could not have done; offering those torn hairs as oblations to him after death, which had been the delights of his life; and deforming that face, the register of nature's wonders, confirmed by the admiration of men. Which when *Pamela*, of a patient became a physician, sought to hinder, she thus said: Alas, sister, you do not know what a treasure I have lost, even a treasure more worth than all the world was worthy to enjoy. Ah, pardon me thou, whom even death is not able to kill in my soul: pardon me, who have

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ever concealed thy secret, now to discover mine own, for while my life lasts, short may it be, and long it shall not be, I will shew to all the world that, which, whilst thou livedst, I would have been ashamed to have shewn to thy self, even thy perfection and mine affection. Neither do I regard how the conceits of others censure my carriage in this : for there is no eye now, wherein I desire to appear precious, nor no opinion, whereof I crave to make a purchase ; death may end my life, but not my love, which, as it is infinite, must be immortal. I would gladly use means to dispatch this miserable life ; but it were a shame for me, if, after so great a disaster, sorrow only were not sufficient to kill me. And with that beauty in the heaven of her face, two suns eclipsed, being wrapped up in paleness, she fell down groveling on the ground.

Pyrocles, imagining what report might be made, and not doubting what effect it would work, bent to furnish physick for her mind, e'er he sought any for his own body, came in at the door, whom *Pamela*, her arms and her tongue rivals in kindness, embracing, said : Never more welcome, though ever welcome, *Zelmae* ; thou, who ever art victorious, hast thou likewise brought thy self away a trophy from death ? Sweet ladies, replied she, who would faint to fight for such divine creatures, as you are ? and who could have force to fight against you ?

Philoclea, who at first, either dull through excessive dolor, did not conceive her sister's words ; or else suspecting, as she thought, her impossible desire to please her, all being doubtful to trust what they do extremely affect, did misconceive her meaning. She was raising her eyes to examine her ears : but the most trusty of her senses preventing both, by a palpable proof, gave her an absolute assurance ; so that e'er she could think *Zelmae* was at all to be embraced, finding her self embraced by *Zelmae*, she was lifted up to a heaven of joy, as before she had been sunk down in a hell of grief ; never absolutely her own ; but either ravished or ruined. Spying the blood on *Zelmae's* garment, not knowing whether her own, or her enemies, she grew pale ; and

then, looking on her sister, she blushed, suspecting that she suspected the cause of her paleness, conferring it with her former plaints, to be more than a friendly kindness: but *Zelma*, fearing what might be the effects of her fear, said, that she expected a congratulation of her victory, and not condoling of past danger, which was acquitted with the speechless answer of an affectionate look, and a passionate pressing of her hand.

Then *Pamela*, inquiring the perilous course of her short progress, she told how fortified with their fortune, trusting more to it, than to her own valour, which, like their beauty, could not but prevail, she, had first overthrown the two brethren of *Anaxius*; and thereafter, fighting with himself, it was her chance, God strengthening her weakness to punish his injustice, to kill him; she could not say overcome him, no, she was not ashamed to affirm, that though he was killed, she thought him not overcome, seeing both he died with opinion, and in action of victory; death preventing the knowledge of his last success. A rare happiness, his life and fortune having both but one bound.

Both highly praising her valour, and admiring her modesty, and glad of their own delivery, whereof they thought her the author, thoughts striving to express themselves the more powerfully without words, they were acknowledging, the same with a grateful countenance, and kindly affecting looks, when *Zelma*, not complementally hunting that which she fled, but like one who with a glass reflects the force of the sun somewhere else, earnestly protested that she would be loath to usurp that which was due to another, especially in the owner's presence. And, turning towards the black knight, who all the time stood aside as her attender, though armed, trembling for fear of one unarmed, who unarmed, would not have been so afraid of an army in arms, she freely affirmed, There is the deliverer of us all, from whom we receive our liberty, to whom we owe our selves, since it is that which makes us our selves.

Then the black knight, invited by the willing countenance of the princess, abasing his helmet, advanced more fearfully than to a battle, to kiss her hand: when *Zelma*,

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courteously retired *Philoclea* a little distance from thence, as glad to confer with her, as to give her friend occasion to confer with *Pamela*, who presently, whilst the roses of his lips made a flower of affection with the lillies of her hands, knowing her own *Dorus*, at the suddenness of the assault, the moving of her mind was betrayed by the changes of her countenance, the blood of her face ebbing and flowing according to the tide of affection; yet borrowing a mask from hate, wherewith to hide love, she thus charged him: who already had yielded: How durst you thus presume to present your self in my presence, being discharged it, when you deserved the uttermost that reason could devise, or fury execute? Hath my dejected estate emboldened you to exalt your self against me? Then he, gathering courage from the extremity of despair, thus cleared his intention: True it is, lady of my life, and shall be of my death, I was worthy then to have been banished from the world. But what of a world of worlds? I was banished from your sight, and, which, is worst of all, deservedly. Neither come I now of contempt, but only to testify my obedience, which otherwise at this time might have been construed to a cowardise. Such a love as mine, wedded to virtue, can never be so adulterated by any accident, no, nor yet ravished by passion, as to bring forth a bastard disobedience, whereof, my very conscience not being able to accuse my thoughts, I come to clear my self. But now, having performed all that was within the compass of my power, a part of my blood witnessing my affection, which I wish were confirmed by the rest: you may see, directress of my destiny, that no force can force me to any thing, much less from your sight, save only your own will, which is unto me a law, yea, an oracle. And now when you see I do it not for fear of others, but only out of a reverence to you; if not for your satisfaction, yet for my punishment, so to persecute him whom you hate, I will go waste the remnant of my wretched days in some remote wilderness, as not worthy to be seen of any, since odious in your sight: having, I hope, by many proofs prevailed thus much with your opinion, that after my death you will think

there was some worth in me; though not worthy of your love. When he, full of humble affection, was retiring himself with a courtesy as low as his thoughts; she, thinking enough done to try him, yet without seeming to trust him, whilst, though guilty of grief, her countenance could accuse her of no care, as out of a fresh remembrance, said, That she would not have *Dametas* to lose a servant, nor *Mopsa* a suitor, by her means; and if he would needs return towards the lodges, that he should first expect some employment homewards from her. Then he, as one, who fallen in the bottom of some deep water, coming to float above, in sight of land, receiveth some comfort, though still in danger, began to re-assemble his dispersed spirits again, looking more cheerfully. But e'er his thoughts, every one of them overflowing another, could settle themselves in words, she, preventing the violence of so sudden a change, did call to her sister, by accusing their indiscretion, in holding those two so long by talking with them, from looking to themselves. Which *Philoclea* allowed, trembling with an earnest fear, to know in what estate *Zelmane* stood.

They two, injured by this courtesy, with an unwilling obedience accepted of it; more respecting the pleasure of others, than their own necessity. *Pamela*, as only affecting *Zelmane* offered her either all, or a part of their chamber: and she, her tongue rebelling against her heart, refused what she desired, pretending a loathsomeness to trouble them. Then the sisters offered to accompany them; but, after they had a while coloured true kindness with ordinary complements, *Zelmane* prevailed against her self, to go accompanied as she came: yet both looking as if they would have left their eyes behind them, as well as their hearts; as soon as they were by themselves in a chamber, *Zelmane* disapparelling her self, the black knight, though better skilled in giving, than in curing of wounds, yet lately experienced by passing the like danger, he would needs prove a surgeon: and after he had purchased the things necessary, having considered his wounds, he found none, save the last that went through the body, dangerous; and yet not deadly: thereafter melting

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ting their minds in discourses, either of them had his own contentment doubled by hearing of the others.

Then the black knight, taking leave for a while, locking the door behind him, went down to the court, to try if any spark of the late fire remained as yet to quench. For after the opposite party, as if their arms were not sufficient to arm them, unless their arms were armed with walls, ran to fortify themselves within houses, which had no strength save that which men were to afford them: he, who thought his own good fortune no better than a misfortune, till he was assured that his friend had the like, without whom no happiness of his could be accomplished, recommending the remnant of the adversary's ruins to his two companions, had gone to learn if he were alike happy in all places: and they, fear freezing the courage, and dissolving the hearts of their scattered enemies, found quickly more throwing themselves weaponless at their feet, than they could have leisure severally to raise; so that they were more weary, though more contented, with pardoning, than they had been with punishing.

Some more crafty, or more fearful, cried out at the windows, that they would render upon security of pardon. But they, scorning to capitulate with fugitives, who would not have done it with them when fighters: and disdaining all that, by the most large construction, could be wrested to the sense of constraint, they would not equal them with those who were already humble, till they submitted in a more submissive manner, depending only on their free disposition. Which they, either trusting to the virtue of others, or mistrusting their own, having done the knight of the sheep was constrained, his wound bleeding in great abundance, which being made by an im poisoned dart, had inflamed all his body, to retire. The other, having received the keys of the gate, committed the chief captives to keepers, till the black knight's coming, who presently thereafter exacting what conditions he pleased, did enlarge them all. Then sentinels were set on the wall, and a company appointed to watch all night: when suddenly one came from their friend, to desire them to come and take their last farewell

of him : a request wonderfully grieving them, yet quickly granted ; yea, perform'd, e'er answered.

Being met, and all others retired, he with these words deeply wounded their souls. Dear friends, whom I may justly call so, though none of us as yet doth know another ; You see, I have acted my part, and the curtain must quickly be drawn. Death, the only period of all respects, doth dispense with a free speech. At a tilting in *Iberia*, where I was born, dedicated to the memory of the queen *Andromaine's* marriage, a novice in arms, amongst others, I ran in a pastoral shew against the *Corinthian* knights, whom the success had preferred in the opinion of the beholders : till the worthily admirable prince, *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, drawn forth by the young prince *Palladius*, brought back the reputation to our party, and there did such things as might have honoured *Mars*, if he had been in any of their places ; and made either of them worthy of his. Thereafter being drawn away from that country by an accident, the report whereof craves a longer time, and a stronger breath than the heavens are like to afford me, their glory tyrannizing over my rest, did kindle such flames in my bosom, that, burning with a generous ardor, I did resolve leaving my own country, as too strict a bound for my thoughts, to try my fortune, where I might either live famous, or die unknown ; vowing withal to travel, till those princes were either the subject or witnesses of my valour. What passed in my way I pass over : perchance others may remember. At last, invited by fame, I came to this fatal country, it the band of my heart was, and now must be of my body : where first carried with curiosity, the fever of youth, I went to the *Arcadian* pastorals for my recreation ; but found the ruin of my rest. There, blinded with beholding, and tormented with delight, my earnest eyes surfeited on the excellencies of the pattern of perfection, the quintessence of worth, even the most divinely divine *Philoclea*. Ah too adventurous eyes ! Neither could this content them, but they would needs offer up her picture on the altar of my heart ; where, by my thoughts

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their choice might be allowed, yea, and idolatrously advanced. For they, scorning the simple rudeness of the eyes, as easily defrauded of their too forwardly affected object, would securely entreature it in a more precious place, by a piercing apprehension sinking it in the soul for ever. For a time, suffered as a stranger, and a shepherd, known, as you know, by the name of *Philisides*, amongst the rest, I had the means to pour forth my complaints before her, but never to her, and, though overthrown, not rendred, I had concluded never to have thrown the dice betwixt hope and despair, so betraying my estate to the tyranny of another's will. No, I was resolved she should never know her power in me, till I had known her mind of me: so that, if she would not raise me, she should not have means to insult over me. Thus if I had not procured pity, I should not have exposed my self to disdain.

In the haughtiness of my heart, thinking nothing impossible, I durst promise my self, that, my deeds having purchased reputation, with words worthy of respect, I might venture the process of my affection. In the mean time I joined joyful with you in this late war now ended: though professing a general desire of glory, yet for a particular end; and happy end, since I end for her. But since whilst I lived, I had not the means, as I wished, to content her. I crave not, by the knowledge of this, after death to discontent her. It shall satisfy me, that I die before my hopes; and she cannot grieve for the loss of that which she never knew to be hers.

With this, the other sliding apart to bear and bury his sorrow privately, the black knight weeping, embraced him in his arms, and told him what he was, saying, he was glad that his vow was performed; he being a benefited witness, not the endangered subject of his valour. Then contentment, budding forth in his countenance, flourished in a smile, and having kissed his friends, desiring to live in their memory, wished them as contented lives, as his was a death. He died as joyful as he left them sorrowful, who had known him a mirror of courage, and courtesy, of learning and arms;

so that it seemed, that *Mars* had begotten him upon one of the muses.

Musidorus, exceedingly sorrowful for this irreparable loss, was yet more sorrowful when he remembered himself to be in danger of a greater: and recommending the direction of all below to the knight of the pole, he went himself up to visit his patient; whom he found, though lying, yet resting: and though not sleeping, yet dreaming. As soon as he heard *Musidorus*, starting as one awakened out of a slumber, he looked on his face, grieved to see the impression of grief in it, he not knowing the cause, with an inquisitive amazement. But the other preventing that threatned tempest, did blow away the clouds that were gathered in his countenance; telling him, That he had no interest in the anguish, which then did afflict him. What, said *Pyrocles*, being passionately moved, can *Musidorus* have any thing wherein I have no interest? I, said he, and for the present a greater wonder; my grief may breed you joy, I having lost a friend, and you a rival. Then he began to discourse unto him what was passed. And beside that, which was justly deserved, pity adorning praise and praise augmenting pity, a generous passion so conquered the unconquerable *Pyrocles*, that he lamented him dead, whom he had not known; no, nor would never have loved alive, and undoubtedly would have wished him no better success than he had. Yea the very thing which before might have most discontented him, did then most content him; having his judgment confirmed by the like, in one of such worth.

After that, laid down in one bed together, friendship making them free, and solitariness bold, whilst their minds began to be delivered of all, wherewith they had a long time travelled, a maid came to the door, sent by the two sisters, to visit *Zelma*; who hearing two, where she expected but one, and the one by the manner of his speech likely to be a man, did presently return, and reported to the ladies, who were lying together, that whereof her ears had given her sufficient assurance. At which news *Pamela*, burning within, sparkled forth these words to her sister: What wonder
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tho' strangers ever wandering, wander from all things. chiefly those of our sex, who being born to be bounded within houses, when they cannot be bounded within kingdoms, how can they be bounded by modesty? Yet, tho' I hate the deed, the respect of the doer, but more of us whose company she hath haunted, lest her reproach, by the commentary of fame, be too largely extended, binds me to conceal her shame, that we blush not at it. But we must either free ourselves from her, or she herself from this slander.

Oh, but answered the ever (and now more than ever) mild *Philoclea*; We must not, sister, rashly condemn them, whom we have oftentimes considerately approved, lest the change be in our judgment, and not in them. No doubt, because of the indisposition of her body, it was necessary that she should have some one to accompany her; perchance a woman mistaken, and if a man, who knows for what end? She, who being found would acquaint herself with none, in this estate could not be acquainted with any.

It is an easy matter, replied *Pamela*, *for one who can deceive to dissemble*; neither is this a new acquaintance. You might have seen her use that knight, who did come in with her, rather kindly than courteously; a preceding friendship overpassing present respects: for *where a great familiarity is, no ceremonial duty can be observed*. Then *Philoclea*, having found her, could hardly restrain the violence of a just laughter. As for that which you affirm last, said she, I cannot deny it: no, I dare assure you, and assure yourself I will assure nothing without assurance, that knight is the man of the world whom *Zelmane* most dearly loves, and yet I know, that neither would he offer nor she suffer her honour to be wronged, as you imagine. This last wound was too deep for *Pamela* to speak after it: so that she, abandoning her heart to throw itself over the rock of unkindness, in danger to be drowned with her own tears, was thus prevented by *Philoclea*: Dear sister, and if any word can express more dearneſs more dear than that, your using me not only as a sister, but as a friend in the highest degree of trust, would make me ashamed to
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you, or that you should be beholden to any other than to me for my secret. So might my strangeness justify your unkindness, tho' you should discover and condemn that, which I know you will conceal, perchance approve, and farther being by my imparting of it to you, made of the party, e'er the report of others make you a judge; be bold my tongue: though my cheeks blush, yet they cover you. Be not ashamed, nay even glory to tell that *Zelmane* is the prince *Pyrocles*; he, whom you have heard so oft, yet ever to his honour named; and, to define him unto you more particularly, the friend of *Musidorus*, over whom with him you are jealous; they lying now in one bed, with no less love than I told you. Why he goes disguised with others, and why I am plain with you I need not tell; you may imagine. One God hath metamorphosed both, the one in a shepherd, the other in a woman; and we only can restore them to themselves, and themselves to the world, that they may grace it with the glory of their actions, as they were wont to do.

Then *Philoclea*, exchanging estates with her sister, words arrested by thoughts, she became sad, and the other joyful; who thinking herself well revenged of the passed scorn, and having a sufficient pledge of her sister's secrecy, began to complain of their father's strict using of them, by surmisings of his own minding to mar their fortunes, so that where he should rejoice at such an occasion, if coming to the knowledge thereof, he would not fail to disappoint it, perchance with the ruin of the princes; which would not only prove a particular loss for them, but, which she lamented more, a general loss for all the world; depriving it of those patterns of virtue, who in all their actions did but paint out the height of perfection, and encourage others to follow their footsteps in the way of worth. Therefore it behoved them to regard themselves, and seriously to consider a matter of so great importance. Then, both beginning to muse, night did cast the nets of sleep over their eyes, yet could not hinder their earnest thoughts from prosecuting the course of their own fancies: for what they were thinking when waking, they still dreamed when sleeping.

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But e'er the morning star began to retire, as giving place to a greater light, whose coming, it, as a fore-runner, had only warn'd the world to attend, both awak'd complaining of the night's length, and having with passionate discourses worn away darkness, as weary of them, they arose and hastily appall'd themselves, tho' not in a curious, yet in a comely manner. Then, with a pretended charity, they would needs go visit the diseas'd patient, being themselves impatient. A little before their coming, *Musidorus* being gone to give order for the burial of *Philifides*, and, at the earnest desire of *Pyrocles*, of *Anaxius*, whose valour now had the full praise, from which his own presumption had derogated much whilst he lived: as they approached to his chamber door, they heard *Pyrocles* preparing his voice for the convoy of a sadly conceived, and weakly delivered song, which they resolv'd not to interrupt, attending the letter which followed,

*More dangerous darts than death, love throws I spy,
Who by experience now know both their wounds :
Death pierc'd me ail, yet could not make me die :
Love with a thought me in effect confounds.
The power of death, art sometimes may restrain,
Where love, I find, can never physick find :
Death only plagues the body but with pain,
Where love with pleasure doth torment the mind.
Death still to all alike none free doth leave ;
Where partial love spoasts but at some doth send :
Death with more mercy kills than love doth save :
Death's end breeds rest, love never rests to end.
Death doth enlarge, where love imprisons still ;
Death forc'd by fates ; love willingly doth kill.*

As soon as this song was ended, *Pamela* opened the door, saluting him still (so to disguise her knowledge) by the name of *Zelmane* ; and asked in what estate she was with herself, who returned this answer ; How can I smart having such angels to give me comfort ? Or how can I feel pain in their presence, whose faces are heavens of pleasure ? Since, said *Pamela*, being only unfortunate
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by falling in our company, the hazard of your life hath procured our liberty, so that accidentally, tho' far from our intention, we have been the causes of all your trouble, how can we think of your pain, but as of our own? Or have any delight whilst you rest grieved? Wonders of worth, said *Zelmane*, I shall ever, whilst I live, reckon for my highest happiness my being honoured by your company; and as for my travels in this, they are by the success abundantly rewarded, since I could aspire to no higher good than I have compassed, having purchased you any contentment.

Whilst that passionate *Zelmane*, with an animated fervency, did incorporate her hand with *Philoclea's*, whose speaking looks, however some time out of modesty obliquely moving, had a continual revolution about his face; the black knight's coming in drew *Pamela's* spirits from her thoughts to her eyes. A gentleman followed him, directed from *Basilus*; who after his duty done to the ladies, having shewn 'em that their father and mother were in good health, invited by their enquiring attendants, told how the first, whom prodigal fame had breathed forth with news, hastened by himself, as who carried an acceptable message in hope of benefit or thanks, certified the king how the castle was won, and his daughters delivered by the black knight, who before had put a period to the victories of *Amphialus*. At this *Pamela* looking on *Musidorus*, blushed; and he, tho' by no gesture betraying his joy, rejoiced, not because he heard himself praised, but because she heard him praised, and that *Anaxius* in a single combat was killed by *Zelmane*, she not long overliving the victory.

The king hearing this, who of his gracious nature would rather save one friend than destroy all his enemies, as if the delivery of his daughters had been a matter of small moment, and a gain too light to counterpoise so great a loss, did abandon his soul to the tyranny of sorrow, even more than majesty in a prince, or virtue in affliction, in the ballances of reason, would have allowed of such weight. At this *Zelmane's* smile was accompanied with *Philoclea's*. But when he spake of *Gynecia's* grief overgrowing the other, they grew pale; being afraid of the

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the fountain from whence her tears did flow, lest it should drown them.

But whilst *Gynecia* (the messenger insisted) as run mad with anguish, inclosed in a chamber would suffer none to come unto her; all wondered that her children being safe, a stranger's death, or her husband's grief, could weaken the known strength of her mind so much. The next messenger came, being the latter, and thereby the better informed, who sugared the first news with the assurance of *Zelmana's* safety. Then the queen coming forth as after a great tempest, the sky of her countenance cleared, looking brighter than before. The king would have come himself here in person, but he was persuaded to send *Philanax* with a number of chosen men, to receive the castle and ladies; esfoons being curious to know who cured *Zelmana*; when it was told him, that the knight who won the castle would trust none with that save himself, he was sorry that one of his worth should be put to such trouble; and would needs have an ordinary surgeon sought out to undertake the charge. In the mean time the queen came and brought out of a box a sovereign balm, which she hath sent by me to be applied to your wounds, fair *Zelmana*, not doubting but they will quickly become sound if her direction be observed, which is only, that you rest and keep yourself quiet from company now, and by the way till she herself may use other remedies. And for this effect she intreats you, miracles of nature, her daughters, to forbear her company during this time: that your example, whose authority abused might embolden the indiscretion of inferiors, may be a law for others: and she assured me, that she would by a secret spy learn how she were obeyed in this. Such a care hath she of this sweet lady's health.

By the end of this commission well did *Zelmana* and *Philoclea* know, at whom in particular those general injunctions did only aim. This enjoined abstinence did give *Zelmana* a surfeit in sorrow, who had rather have continued still infirm, than to have recovered by so cruel a physick. And yet her misery was multiplied when she remembered the cause, whereof this, in respect of that which

which she did expect, was a slender issue, and but a little fury, sent to afflict her out of that hell of *Gynecia's* breast, into whose company she was shortly to enter. Now the black knight, purposing to depart before *Philanax* arrived, brought his companion, the knight of the pole, as a partner of his victory, to kiss the ladies hands extenuating his own part, and preferring his: *Those who have true worth in themselves, can never envy it in another.* Thereafter advising him privately to have their little company in a readiness, he went with an uncounterfeited reverence, humbling himself before the idol of his soul, to know her will: telling her what he had done, being only done for her, he would attend thanks from no other; neither would he be known till he might be known for hers: and she, her countenance rather lightning courtesy than affection, desired him to return to his old master, and he should be restored to the estate which by his fault he had before justly forfeited; wishing that he would carry himself more moderately hereafter, if he would not incur her indignation, and raze all regard of him out of her memory.

Then *Musidorus*, as contented as one who had been brought from hell to heaven, with many vehement attestations to win trust with her, and imprecations against himself, in case of perjury, wished, if ever his mind were so unhappy as to be surpris'd by any purpose, tending in the least degree to grieve her, that he might never live till it took effect, but die e'er it were discovered. And like a wary gamester, who having once advantage is loth to adventure again, willing to seal up his ears with the acceptable sounds which they had received, he took leave, leaving his heart with her, and taking hers with him. Then went he towards *Pyrocles*, the joy of his heart shining thro' his face, and acquainted him with his unwilling absenting himself, referring all farther conference till their meeting at the arbour. And having in a complimentary manner craved, but not desired employment from *Phileas*, in any service after the funerals were performed, he marched with his troop away, the most part thinking that he went to meet *Philanax*: whilst *Pamela* from

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from a window followed with her eyes, till clouds of dust did bury their object in the air.

Soon after their departure from the castle, about this time, *Philanax* arrived, who, immediately after he had received the castle in the king's name, fought for the knight, whose gift, though not given by him, he esteemed it to be. For he, being generously judicious, thought it more fit that princes should defray obligations by rewards, every man being inferior to him to whom he stands indebted, than to be behind with any by being beholden; and hearing that he was gone by publick enquiry for him, and praises of him, he witnessed to the world how highly his valour was valued. After he had saluted the princesses, he visited *Zelmae*, and told her how careful his master was to have those wounds cured, which in his service had been procured, that thereafter he might otherwise express his gratefulness. But *Zelmae* affirmed, that though that blood which was shed, had been followed by all the rest of her body; with the king's former courtesies towards her, the deserving by the recompence was both preceded and exceeded. Then *Philanax*, loth to strive with deeds in words, desired her, if her health might serve, to provide for her removing with the rest to morrow; otherwise, that should be done for her, which she herself would direct.

Immediately after his departure *Zelmae* arose; and having appalled her self, began to walk, not so much to try how she might comport with the intended journey, as that she might pretend any means which might afford her the satisfaction of *Philoclea's* presence; where, violently carried by her thoughts, she came soon, but not so soon as she wished, and was wished: where *Pamela* apart entertaining her thoughts, she thus entred with *Philoclea*. Dear love, Oh in what an ocean of troubles doth our estate continually float, yet hath never so much as attained the sight of any secure port. I see that this freedom will but bring us to a greater bondage: we are led from captivity, only to become captives. For where before those senseless walls were thought sufficient to guard us, we shall be watched now, by one more jealous than *Juno*, with more eyes than ever *Argus* had. I would willingly convey

vey, you where I might enjoy you, and you a kingdom: but this, my infirmity first hindered, and the coming of *Philanax* hath altogether prevented. In the mean time, till for performing of that, a longed for occasion come, I must arm my self against your father's folly, and your mother's fury. The one's might easily be deluded, but the other's cannot be resisted, but by a shew of yielding, which I must cunningly counterfeit: and therefore trust no external shew; for whoever have my countenance, you have my heart. *Philoclea's* words were, that she cared not where she went, so it were with him, nor what she did, so it were warranted by his direction, as bent rather to burn her breast, than to let it lodge any thought which durst but doubt of the sufficiency of his intentions, since whatever circle they made, having always for their centre the excellency of his own worth. So parting, as if they had been to go to live in sundry kingdoms; though going to live in one company, night invited them to repose.

The next morning being saluted by the trumpet's sounds, and all ready to remove, they were quickly transported over the lake; and as quickly, when landed, mounted by the provident care of *Philanax*, to finish their journey. But e'er they came two or three miles off the lodges, *Basilus* met them, who imbraced his daughters; not that he would go first to them, but that he would be last with *Zelmane*, whom he had kissed with his eyes, e'er his lips were drawn from his daughters. And as soon as he had shewn as much affection, encountering her, as his state before so many would permit: he said, that notwithstanding her countenance was the treasure in the world, whereof he was most covetous, yet it grieved him that another should be so happy as to have procured her liberty, rather than himself; and that it was his purpose, as a private adventurer, to have manifested his affection, fighting as a knight, not as a king, for her delivery.

Zelmane replying, That it had been against all reason, that so great a prince, on whom the lives of so many did depend, should have been hazarded for the life of one, whose fall could extend no farther than to her own ruin: Your ruin, said he, I wish that mine were first; for it could not but follow after. And do not think that the

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black knight, or any other durst do more for you than I: yet such is the miserable estate of us kings, that we cannot prove men; but are compelled to move in our own sphere. The journey's end cutting off their discourse, *Gynecia* was waiting on their lightning; and having first, duty tyrannizing over affection, carelessly kissed *Pamela*, disdainfully *Philoclea*, and vehemently *Zelmae*, thereafter enquiring of her wounds, thanks (though bestowing nothing defraying much) were courteously returned for the balm which was sent; she protesting that if no other thing could help, she would pull out her own heart, when *Basilus* interrupted them, coming to have lightened his heart, by burthening his body with his mistress's lightning.

Damittas came starting and leaping like a giddy kid to meet with *Pamela*; and as soon as she was lighted, for the first salutation, told her how much she was beholden to him, having shewn his manhood and good-will as much as the best fellow in those bounds could have done, swearing that he had ventured more for her, than he would do for all the world again, and for his own life too; I, quoth he, and when my man *Dorus* durst not be seen, who was thought a brave fellow, yet he feigned a business far from the noise of war, to seek sheep; but the truth is, to hide himself, whilst my deeds made all our army laugh for joy: so that during all that time of trouble, which I tremble yet to think upon, I never heard of him, till even now he sent me word by a shepherd, whom he met on the way, that he had found the ewes, which had strayed, with great difficulty; and was driving them at leisure, for fear they should miscarry. But when he comes, I promise I will make his cowardise be known for leaving me, when I would fain have left my self for fear. O but, said *Pamela*, you must not be offended, tho' every man be not so stout as you are; he may be an evil soldier, but yet a good shepherd: and I hope you keep him that he may keep sheep, not that he may kill men. Now in good faith, said he, I see you are not changed; for you were ever wise, and so you do continue still. I may well chide the fellow, but I will not beat him.

Then

Then all entering the lodge with *Basilus*, though the supper was ready, *Gynecia* would dress *Zelmane's* wounds first, and *Basilus* would see them dressed; so by his despised importunateness restraining the torrent of *Gynecia's* passions, which would but burst forth more furiously thereafter. This freeing *Zelmane's* ears at that time, was but a relief to her, as they find who expel poison by counterpoison, she being as weary of him, as afraid of the other.

Then sitting down to the supper, more curious of a surfeit to their eyes, than for sustenance to the rest of the body: the eyes of *Basilus* were ever feeding on the face of *Zelmane* with a fearful earnestness, save sometimes when they were constrained to retire by the violence of his wife's looks; thinking that they with a jealous anger had upbraided his error, which she, otherwise busied, had never so much as observed. The one of her eyes was settled like a fixed star on *Zelmane*; the other like a wandering comet threatening confusion where it shined, strayed betwixt *Zelmane*, and her daughter *Philoclea*; watching and chastising with her look her stolen looks. *Zelmane's* languishing lights made the table envied, whilst her dejected looks did only bless it; as scorning to look on any, since she might not look where she liked. *Philoclea* chained by thoughts to *Zelmane*, did imitate her being pensive, because she was pensive: yet like a cunning painter, who having fully fed his eyes with the affected object, turns back within himself, that his imagination may engrave it the more exactly within his memory, she would sometimes with a thievishly-adventurous look spy *Zelmane's* gesture, that she might the better counterfeit it in her countenance. As for *Pamela*, she kept her accustomed majesty, being absent where she was, and present where she was not. Then, the supper being ended, after some ambiguous speeches; which might, for fear of being mistaken, be taken in two senses, or else were altogether estranged from the speaker's mind; speaking as in a dream, not what they thought, but what they would be thought to think: every one retired to the lodge where they had used afore to lie; *Basilus* having first invited them the next morning to see a pastoral represented by the

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ordinary shepherds, to congratulate their prosperous return. * After that *Basilus*, according to the oracle's promise, had received home his daughters, and settled himself again in his solitary court and accustomed company, there passed not many days e'er the now fully recomforted *Dorus*, having waited a time of *Zelmene's* walking alone towards her little arbor took leave of his master *Demetrius's* husbandry to follow her. Near whereunto overtaking her, and sitting down together among the sweet flows, whereof that place was very plentiful, under the pleasant shade of a broad leaved sycamore, they recounted one to another their strange pilgrimage of passions, omitting nothing which open hearted friendship is wont to lay forth, where there is cause to communicate both joys and sorrows, for indeed there is no sweeter taste of friendship, than the coupling of souls in this mutuality, either of condoling or comforting; where the oppressed mind finds it self not altogether miserable, since it is sure of one which is feelingly sorry for his misery: and the joyful spends not his joy, either alone, or there where it may be envied; but may freely send it to such a well-grounded object, from whence he shall be sure to receive a sweet reflection of the same joy, and, as in a clear mirror of sincere good-will, see a lively picture of his own gladness. But after much discourse on either part, *Dorus*, his heart scarce serving him to come to the point, whereunto his then coming had been wholly directed, as loth in the kindest sort to discover to his friend his own unkindness, at length, one word emboldening another made known to *Zelmene*, how *Pamela* upon his vehement oath to offer no force unto her, till he had invested her in the duchy of *Thegalia*,

* From hence the history is again continued out of the author's Papers. If this little essay have not that perfection which is required for supplying the want of that place for which it was intended, yet shall it serve for a shadow to give a lustre to the rest. I have only herein conformed my self to that which preceded my beginning, and was known to be that admirable author's own, but to differ in some things from that which follows, especially in the death of *Philopides*, making choice of a course, whereby I might best manifest, what affection I bear to the memory of him, whom I took to be alluded unto by that name, and whom I only by this imperfect parcel (designing more) had a mind to honour. W. A.

had condescended to his stealing her away to the next port; That besides the strange humours she saw her father more and more falling into, and unreasonable restraint of her liberty, whereof she knew no cause but light grounded jealousies, added to the hate of that manner of life, and confidence she had in his virtue, the chiefest reason had won her to this, was the late danger she stood in of losing him, the like whereof, not unlike to fall if this course were continued, she chose rather to die than again to undergo: That now they waited for nothing else, but some fit time for their escape, by the absence of their three loathsome companions, in whom folly ingendered suspicion. And therefore now, said Dorus, my dear cousin, to whom nature began my friendship, education confirmed it, and virtue hath made it eternal; here have I discovered the very foundation whereupon my life is built: be you the judge betwixt me and my fortune. The violence of love is not unknown to you; and I know my case shall never want pity in your consideration. How all the joys of my heart do leave me, in thinking I must for a time be absent from you, the eternal truth is witness unto me, I know I should not so sensibly feel the pangs of my last departure. But this enchantment of my restless desire hath such authority in my self above my self, that I am become a slave unto it, I have no more freedom in mine own determinations. My thoughts are now all bent how to carry away my burdensome bliss. Yet, most beloved cousin, rather than you should think I do herein violate that holy band of true friendship, wherein I unworthy am knit unto you, command me stay. Perchance the force of your commandment may work such impression into my heart, that no reason of mine own can imprint into it. For the gods forbid, the foul word of abandoning *Pyrocles*, might ever be objected to the faithful *Musidorus*. But if you can spare my presence, whose presence no way serves you, and by the division of those two lodges is not oft with you: nay, if you can think my absence may, as it shall, stand you in stead, by bringing such an army hither, as shall make *Basilius*, willing or unwilling, to know his own hap, in granting you *Philoclea*; then I will cheerfully

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fully go about this my most desired enterprize, and shall think the better half of it already atchieved, being begun in the fortunate hour of my friends contentment. These words, as they were not knit together with such a constant course of flowing eloquence, as *Dorus* was wont to use: so was his voice interrupted with sighs, and his countenance with interchanging colour dismayed. So much his own heart did find him faulty to unbend any way the continual use of their dear friendship. But *Zelmane*, who had all this while gladly hearkened to the other tidings of their friends happy success, when this last determination of *Dorus* struck her attentive ears, she stayed a great while oppressed with a dead amazement. There came straight before her mind, made tender with woes, the images of her own fortune, her tedious longings, her causes to despair, the cumbersome folly of *Basilus*, the enraged jealousy of *Gynecia*, her self a prince without retinue; a man annoyed with the troubles of womankind, loathsomely loved, and dangerously loving. And now for the perfecting of all, her friend to be taken away by himself, to make the loss the greater by the unkindness. But within a while she resolutely passed over all inward objections; and preferring her friend's profit to her own desire, with a quiet, but heavy look, she thus answered him; If I bear thee this love, virtuous *Musidorus*, for mine own sake, and that our friendship grew, because I, for my part, might rejoyce to enjoy such a friend, I should now so thoroughly feel my own loss, that I should call the heavens and earth to witness, how cruelly you rob me of my greatest comfort, measuring the breach of friendship by mine own passion. But because indeed I love thee for thy self, and in my judgment judge of thy worthiness to be loved, I am content to build my pleasure upon thy comfort, and then will I deem my hap in friendship great, when I shall see thee, whom I love, happy. Let me be only sure thou lovest me still, the only price of true affection: go therefore on, worthy *Musidorus*, with the guide of virtue, and service of fortune; Let thy love be loved, thy desires prosperous, thy escape safe, and thy journey easy. Let every thing yield his help to thy desert, for my part absence shall not take thee

thee from mine eyes, nor affliction shall bar me from gladding in thy good, nor a possessed heart shall keep thee from the place it hath for ever allotted unto thee. *Dorus* would fain have replied again, to have made a liberal confession that *Zelmane* had of her side the advantage of well performing friendship : but partly his own grief of parting from one he loved so dearly, partly the kind care in what state she should leave *Zelmane*, bred such a conflict in his mind, that many times he wished, he had either never attempted, or never revealed his secret enterprize. But *Zelmane*, who had now looked to the utmost of it, and established her mind upon an assured determination ; My only friend, said she, since to so good towardness, your courteous destinies have conducted you, let not a ceremonial consideration of our mutual love, be a bar unto it. I joy in your presence, but I joy more in your good : *that friendship brings forth the fruits of enmity, which prefers his own tenderness before his friends damage.* For my part, my greatest grief herein shall be, I can be no farther serviceable unto you. O *Zelmane*, said *Dorus*, with his eyes even covered with water, I did not think so soon to have displayed my determination unto you, but to have made my way first in your loving judgment. But alas as your sweet disposition drew me so far ; so doth it now strengthen me in it. To you therefore be the due commendation given ; who can conquer me in love, and love in wisdom. As for me, then shall goodness turn to evil, and ungratefulness be the token of a true heart, when *Pyrocles* shall not possess a principal seat in my soul, when the name of *Pyrocles* shall not be held of me in devout reverence.

They would never have come to the cruel instant of parting, nor to the ill-faring word of farewell, had not *Zelmane* seen afar off the old *Basilus*, who having performed a sacrifice to *Apollo*, for his daughters, but principally for his mistress's happy return, had since been every where to seek her. And now being come within compass of discerning her, he began to frame the loveliest countenance he could, stroking up his legs, setting his beard in due order, and standing bolt upright. Alas, said *Zelmane*, behold an evil fore-token of your sorrowful depar-

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departure. Yonder see I one of my furies, which doth daily vex me, farewell, farewell my *Musidorus*, the gods make fortune to wait on thy virtues, and make me wade through this lake of wretchedness. *Dorus* burst out into a flood of tears, wringing her fast by the hand. No, no, said he, I go blindfold whither the course of my ill hap carries me : for now, too late, my heart gives me this our separating can never be prosperous. But, if I live, attend me here shortly with an army. Thus both appalled with the grievous renting of their first combination, having first resolved with themselves, that whatsoever fell upon them, they should never upon no occasion utter their names, for the conserving the honour of their royal parentage, but keep the names of *Diaphantus* and *Palladius*, as before had been agreed between them, they took divers ways : *Dorus* to the lodge-ward, where his heavy eyes might be something refreshed ; *Zelmane* towards *Basilus* : saying to her self, with a scornful smiling, Yet hath not my friendly fortune deprived me of a pleasant companion. But he, having with much search come to her presence, doubt and desire bred a great quarrel in his mind. For his former experience had taught him to doubt ; and true feeling of love made doubts dangerous, but the working of his desire had e'er long won the field. And therefore, with the most submissive manner his behaviour could yield, O goddess, said he, towards whom I have the greatest feeling of religion, be not displeased at some shew of devotion I have made to *Apollo* ; since he, if he knew any thing, knows that my heart bears far more awful reverence to your self, than to his, or any other the like deity. You will ever be deceived in me, answered *Zelmane* : I will make my self no competitor with *Apollo*, neither can blasphemies to him be duties to me. With that *Basilus* took out of his bosom certain verses he had written, and kneeling down, presented them to her. They contained this :

*Phœbus, farewell, a sweeter saint I serve,
The high conceits, thy heav'nly wisdom's breed,
My thoughts forget : my thoughts which never swerve*



*From her in whom is sown their freedom's seed,
And in whose eyes my daily doom I read.*

*Phœbus, farewell, a sweeter saint I serve,
Thou art far off, thy kingdom is above ;
She heav'n on earth with beauties doth preserve,
Thy beams I like, but her clear rays I love :
Thy force I fear, her force I still do prove.*

*Phœbus yield up thy title in my mind ;
She doth possess, thy image is defac'd,
But if thy rage some brave revenge will find,
On her, who hath in me thy temple raz'd,
Employ thy might, that she my fires may taste,
And how much more her worth surmounteth thee,
Make her as much more base by loving me.*

This is my hymn to you, said he, not left me by my ancestors, but begun in my self. The temple wherein it is daily sung, is my soul : and the sacrifice I offer to you withal, is all whatsoever I am. *Zelmans*, who ever thought she found in his speeches the ill taste of a medicine, and the operation of a poison, would have suffered a disdainful look to have been the only witness of her good acceptance but that *Basilus* began afresh to lay before her many, pitiful prayers, and in the end to conclude that he was fully of opinion, it was only the unfortunateness of that place that hindred the prosperous course of his desires. And therefore since the hateful influence, which made him embrace this solitary life, was now past over him, as he doubted not the judgment of *Philanax* would agree with his, and his late mishaps had taught him how perilous it was to commit a prince's state to a place so weakly guarded : he was now inclined to return to his palace in *Mantineæ*, and there he hoped he should be better able to shew how much he desired to make all he had hers : with many other such honey words, which my pen grows almost weary to set down. This indeed nearly pierced *Zelmans* : for the good beginning she had obtained of *Philoclea*, made her desire to

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continue the same trade, till the more perfecting of her desires; and to come to any publick place she did deadly fear, lest her mask by many eyes might the sooner be discovered, and so her hopes stopped, and the state of her joys endangered. Therefore a while she rested, musing at the daily changing labyrinth of her own fortune, but in her self determined it was her only best to keep him there, and with favours to make him love the place where the favours were received, as disgraces had made him apt to change the soil.

Therefore, casting a kind of corner look upon him, It is truly said, said she, that *age cooleth the blood*. How soon, good man, you are terrified before you receive any hurt? Do you not know that daintiness is kindly unto us? And that *hard obtaining, is the excuse of woman's granting*? Yet speak I not as though you were like to obtain, or I to grant. But because I would not have you imagine, I am to be won by courtly vanities, or esteem a man the more, because he hath handsome men to wait on him, when he is afraid to live without them. You might have seen *Basilus* humbly swell, and, with a lowly look, stand upon his tiptoes; such diversity her words delivered unto him. O *Hercules*, answered he, *Basilus* afraid? Or his blood cold that boils in such a furnace? Care I who is with me, while I enjoy your presence? or is any place good or bad to me, but as it pleaseth you to bless or curse it? O let me be but armed in your good grace, and I defy whatsoever there is or can be against me. No, no, your love is forcible, and my age is not without vigour. *Zelmane* thought it not good for his stomach to receive a surfeit of too much favour, and therefore thinking he had enough for the time, to keep him from any sudden removing, with a certain gracious bowing down of her head towards him, she turned away, saying, she wou'd leave him at this time to see how temperately he could use so bountiful a measure of her kindness. *Basilus*, that thought every drop a flood that bred any refreshment, durst not farther press her, but with ancient modesty left her to the sweet repast of her own fancies. *Zelmane*, as soon as he was departed, went toward *Pamela's* lodge, in hope to have seen her

friend *Dorus*, to have pleased her self with another painful farewell, and farther to have taken some advice with him touching her own estate, whereof before sorrow had not suffered her to think. But being come even near the lodge, she saw the mouth of a cave, made as it should seem by nature in despite of art : so fitly did the rich growing marble serve to beautify the vault of the first entry. Under foot the ground seemed mineral, yielding such a glistering shew of gold in it, as they say the river *Tagus* carries in his sandy bed. The cave framed out into many goodly spacious rooms, such as self-liking men have with long and learned delicacy found out the most easeful : there ran through it a little sweet river, which had left the face of the earth to drown her self for a small way in this dark, but pleasant mansion. The very first shew of the place enticed the melancholy mind of *Zelma*, to yield her self over there to the flood of her own thoughts. And therefore, sitting down in the first entry of the cave's mouth, with a song she had lately made, she gave a doleful way to her bitter affects, and sung to this effect :

*Since that the stormy rage of passions dark
(Of passions dark, made dark by beauty's light)
With rebel force, hath clos'd in dungeon dark
My mind, e'er now led forth by reason's light.*

*Since all the things which give mine eyes their light,
Do foster still the fruits of fancies dark :
So that the windows of my inward light
Do serve to make my inward powers dark.*

*Since, as I say, both mind and senses dark
Are hurt, not help'd, with piercing of the light :
While that the light may shew the horrors dark,
But cannot make resolved darkness light :
I like this place, where at the least the dark
May keep my thoughts from thought of wonted light.*

Instead

Instead of an instrument, her song was accompanied with the wringing of her hands, the closing of her weary eyes, and even sometimes cut off with the swelling of her sighs, which did not suffer the voice to have his free and native passage. But, as she was a while musing upon her song, raising up her spirits, which were something fallen into the weakness of lamentation, considering solitary complaints do no good to him whose help stands without himself, she might afar off, first hear a whispering sound, which seemed to come from the inmost part of the cave, and being kept together with the close hollowness of the place, had, as in a trunk, the more liberal access to her ears, and by and by she might perceive the same voice deliver it self into musical tunes, and with a base *Lyra* give forth this song :

*Hark, plaintful ghosts, infernal furies, bark
Unto my woes the hateful heavens do send,
The heavens conspir'd to make my vital spark
A wretched wreck, a glass of ruin's end.*

*Seeing, alas, so mighty powers bend
Their ireful shot against so weak a mark,
Come carve, become my grave, come death, and lend
Receipt to me, within thy bosom dark.*

*For what is life to daily dying mind,
Where, drawing breath, I suck the air of woe:
Where too much sight makes all the body blind,
And highest thoughts downward most headlong throw?
Thus then my form, and thus my state I find,
Death wrap'd in flesh, to living grave assign'd.*

And pausing but a little, with mournful melody it continued this octave :

*Like those sick folks in whom strange humors flow,
Can taste no sweets, the sower only please,
So to my mind, while passions daily grow,
Whose fiery chains, upon his freedom seize;*

*Joys strangers seem, I cannot bide their show,
Nor brook aught else but well acquainted woe.
Bitter griefs taste best, pain is my ease,
Sick to the death, still loving my disease.*

O Venus, said Zelmant, who is this so well acquainted with me, that can make so lively a portraiture of my miseries? It is surely the spirit appointed to have care of me, which doth now, in this dark place, bear part with the complaint of his unhappy charge. For if it be so, that the heavens have at all times a measure of their wrathful harms, surely so many have come to my bliss-le's lot, that the rest of the world hath too small a portion, to make with cause so wailful a lamentation. But, said she, whatsoever thou be, I will seek thee out, for thy musick well assures me we are at least-hand fellow-prentices to one ungracious master. So rose she and went, guiding her self by the still plaining voice, till she saw upon a stone a little wax-light set, and under it a piece of paper, with these verses very lately, as it should seem, written in it :

*How is my sun, whose beams are shining bright,
Become the cause of my dark ugly night?
Or how do I, captiv'd in this dark plight,
Bewail the case, and in the cause delight?*

*My mangled mind huge horrors still do fright,
With sense possess'd, and claim'd by reason's right:
Betwixt which two in me I have this fight:
Where who so wins, I put my self to flight.*

*Come cloudy fears, close up my dazzled sight,
Sorrows suck up the marrow of my might,
Due sighs blow out all sparks of joyful light,
Tire on despair upon my tired spright.*

*An end, an end, my dull'd pen cannot write,
Nor maz'd head think, nor faltering tongue recite.*

And

And hard underneath the sonnet were these words written :

This cave is dark, but it had never light.

This wax doth waste it self, yet painless dies.

These words are full of woes, yet feel they none.

I darkned am, who once had clearest sight.

I waste my heart, which still new torments tries.

I plain with cause, my woes are all mine own.

No Cave, no wasting wax, no words of grief,

Can hold, shew tell my pains without relief.

She did not long stay to read the words, for not far off from the stone, she might discern in a dark corner, a lady lying with her face so prostrate upon the ground, as she could neither know nor be known. But, as the general nature of man is desirous of knowledge, and sorrow especially glad to find fellows, she went as softly as she could convey her feet, near unto her, where she heard these words come with vehement sobbings from her. O darkness, said she, which dost lightlessly, methink, make me see the picture of my inward darkness : since I have chosen thee to be the secret witness of my sorrows, let me receive a false receipt in thee ; and esteem them not tedious. but, if it be possible, let the uttering them be some discharge to my over-loaden breast. Alas, sorrow, now thou hast the full sack of my conquered spirits, rest thy self a while, and set not still new fire to thy own spoils : O accursed reason, how many eyes thou hast to see thy evils, and how dim, nay blind thou art in perceiving them ? Furlorn creature that I am ! I would I might be freely wicked, since wickedness doth prevail : but the footsteps of my over trodden virtue lie still as bitter accusations against me. I am divided in my self, how can I stand ? I am overthrown in my self, who shall raise me ? Vice is but a nurse of new agonies, and the virtue I am divorced from, makes the hateful comparison the more manifest. No, no, virtue,

either I never had but a shadow of thee, or thou thyself are but a shadow. For how is my soul abandoned? How are all my powers laid waste? My desire is pained, because it cannot hope, and if hope came, his best should be but mischief. O strange mixture of human minds; only so much good left, as to make us languish in our own evils. Ye infernal furies, for it is too late for me, to awake my dead virtue, or to place my comfort in the angry gods, ye infernal furies, I say, aid one that dedicates herself unto you; let my rage be satisfied, since the effect of it is fit for your service. Neither be afraid to make me too happy, since nothing can come to appease the smart of my guilty conscience, I desire but to assuage the sweltring of my hellish longing dejected *Gynecia*. *Zelmane* no sooner heard the name of *Gynecia*, but that, with a cold sweat all over her, as if she had been ready to tread upon a deadly stinging adder, she would have withdrawn her self, but her own passion made her yield more unquiet motions, than she had done in coming. So that she was perceived, and *Gynecia* suddenly risen up, for indeed it was *Gynecia*, gotten into the cave, the same cave, wherein *Dametas* has safely kept *Pamela* in the late uproar, to pass her pangs, with change of places. And as her mind ran still upon *Zelmane*, her piercing lover's eye had soon found it was she. And seeing in her countenance to fly away, she fell down at her feet, and catching fast hold of her; Alas, said she, whither, or from whom dost thou fly away? The savagest beasts are won with service, and there is no flint but may be mollified: how is *Gynecia* so unworthy in thine eyes? or whom cannot abundance of love make worthy? O think not that cruelty, or ungratefulness, can flow from a good mind! O weigh, alas weigh with thy self the new effects of this mighty passion, that I, unfit for my estate, uncomely for my sex, must become a suppliant at thy feet! By the happy woman that bare thee, by all the joys of thy heart, and success of thy desire, I beseech thee turn thy self to some consideration of me, and rather shew pity in now helping me, than in too late repenting my death

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death, which hourly threatens me. *Zelmane* imputing it to one of her continual mishaps, thus to have met with this lady, with a full weary countenance; without doubt, Madam, said she, where the desire is such as may be obtained, and the party well deserving as yourself, it must be a great excuse that may well colour a denial: but when the first motion carries with it a direct impossibility, then must the only answer be, comfort without help, and sorrow to both parties; to you not obtaining, to me not able to grant. O, said *Gynecia*, how good leisure you have to frame these scornful answers? Is *Gynecia* thus to be despised: am I so vile a worm in your sight? no, no, trust to it hard-hearted tiger, I will not be the only actor of this tragedy: since I must fall, I will press down some others with my ruins; since I must burn, my spiteful neighbours shall feel my fire. Dost thou not perceive that my diligent eyes have pierced through the cloudy mask of thy disguise? have I not told thee, O fool (if I were not much more fool) that I knew thou wouldst abuse us with thy outward shew? wilt thou still attend the rage of love in a Woman's heart? the girl, thy well chosen mistress, perchance shall defend thee, when *Basilus* shall know how thou hast sotted his mind with falsehood, and falsely sought the dishonour of his house. Believe it, believe it, unkind creature, I will end my miseries with a notable example of revenge, and that accursed cradle of mine shall feel the smart of my wound, thou of thy tyranny, and lastly, (I confess) my self of mine own work *Zelmane* that had long before doubted herself to be discovered by her, and now plainly finding it, was, as the proverb saith, like them that hold the wolf by the ears, bitten while they hold, and slain if they loose. If she held her off in these wonted terms, she saw rage would make her love work the effects of hate; to grant unto her, her heart was so bound upon *Philoclea*, it had been worse than a thousand deaths. Yet found she it was necessary for her to come to a resolution, for *Gynecia's* fore could bide no leisure, and once discovered, besides the danger of *Philoclea*, her desires should be for ever utterly stopped. She remem-
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bred withal the words of *Basilus*, how apt he was to leave this life, and return to his court, a great bar to her hopes. Lastly, she considered *Dorus*'s enterprize might bring some strange alteration of this their well-liked fellowship. So that encompassed with these instant difficulties, she bent her spirits to think of a remedy, which might at once both save her from them, and serve her to the accomplishment of her only pursuit. Lastly, she determined thus, that there was no way but to yield to the violence of their desires, since striving did the more chase them. And that following their own current, at length of it self it would bring her to the other side of her burning desires.

Now in the mean while, the divided *Dorus*, long divided between love and friendship, and now for his love divided from his friend, though indeed without prejudice of friendship's loyalty, which doth never bar the mind from his free satisfaction: yet still a cruel judge over himself, thought he was some ways faulty, and applied his mind how to amend it with a speedy and behoveful return. But then was his first study, how to get away, whereto already he had *Pamela*'s consent confirmed and concluded under the name of *Mopsa* in her own presence: *Dorus* taking this way, that whatsoever he would have of *Pamela* he would ask her, whether in such a case it were not best for *Mopsa* so to behave her self, in that sort making *Mopsa*'s envy, an instrument of that she did envy. So having passed over his first and most feared difficulty, he busied his spirits how to come to the harvest of his desires, whereof he had so fair a shew. And thereunto (having gotten leave for some days of his master *Dametas*, who now accounted him as his son-in-law) he roamed round about the desert, to find some unknown way, that might bring him to the next sea-port, as much as might be out of all course of other passengers: which all very well succeeding him, and he having hired a barque for his life's traffick; and provided horses to carry her thither, returned homeward, now come to the last point of his care, how to go beyond the loathsome watchfulness of these three uncomely companions, and therein did wisely consider, how they were to be taken,
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with whom he was to deal, remembering that in the particularities of every body's mind and fortune, there are particular advantages, by which they are to be held. The muddy mind of *Dametas*, he found most easily stirred with covetousness. The cursed mischievous heart of *Miso*, most apt to be tickled with jealousy, as whose rotten brain could think well of no body. But young mistress *Mop/a*, who could open her eyes upon nothing, that did not all to be wonder her, he thought curiosity the fittest bait for her. And first for *Dametas*, *Dorus* having employed a whole day's work, about a ten mile off from the lodge, quite contrary way to that he meant to take with *Pamela*, in digging and opening the ground, under an ancient oak that stood there, in such sort as he might longest hold *Dametas's* greedy hopes in some shew of comfort, he came to his master with a countenance mixt between chearfulness and haste, and taking him by the right hand, as if he had a great matter of secrecy to reveal unto him: Master, said he, I did never think that the Gods had appointed my mind freely brought up, to have so longing a desire to serve you, but that they minded thereby to bring some extraordinary fruit to one so beloved of them, as your honesty makes me think you are. This binds me even in conscience, to disclose that which I persuade my self is allotted unto you, that your fortune may be of equal ballance with your deserts. He said no farther, because he would let *Dametas* play upon the bit a while, who not understanding what his words intended, yet well finding they carried no evil news, was so much the more desirous to know the matter, as he had free scope to imagine what measure of good hap himself would. Therefore putting off his cap to him, which he never had done before, and assuring him he should have *Mop/a*, though she had been all made of cloth of gold, he besought *Dorus* not to hold him long in hope, for that he found a thing his heart was not able to bear. Master, answered *Dorus*, you have so satisfied me, with promising me the utmost of my desired blifs, that if my duty bound me not, I were in it sufficiently rewarded. To you therefore shall my good hap be converted, and

and the fruit of my labour dedicated. There with he told him, how under an ancient oak, (the place he made him easily understand, by sufficient marks he gave to him) he had found digging but a little depth, scattering lying a great number of rich medals, and that, piercing farther into the ground he had met with a great stone, which, by the hollow sound it yielded, seemed to be the cover of some greater vault, and upon it a box of cypress, with the name of the valiant *Arifomenes*, graven upon it: and that within the box, he found certain verses, which signified that some depth again under that all his treasures lay hidden, what time for the discord fell out in *Arcadia*, he lived banished. Therewith he gave *Dametas* certain medals of gold he had long kept about him, and asked him, because it was a thing much to be kept secret, and a matter one Man in twenty hours might easily perform, whether he would have him go and seek the bottom of it, which he refrained to do till he knew his mind, promising he would faithfully bring him what he found, or else that he himself would do it, and be the first beholder of that comfortable spectacle; no Man need doubt which part *Dametas* would chuse, whose fancy had already devoured all this great riches, and even now began to grudge at a partner, before he saw his own share. Therefore taking a strong jade, laden with spades and mattocks, which he meant to bring back otherwise laden, he went in all speed thitherward, taking leave of no body, only desiring *Dorus* he would look well to the princess *Pamela*, promising him mountains of his own labour, which nevertheless he little meant to perform, like a fool, not considering, that *no man is to be moved with part, that neglects the whole*. Thus away went *Dametas*, having already made an image in his fancy, what palaces he would build, how sumptuously he would fare, and among all other things imagined what money to employ in making coffers to keep his money; his ten mile seemed twice so many leagues, and yet contrary to the nature of it, though it seemed long, it was not wearisome. Many times he cursed his horse's want
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of consideration, that in so important a matter would make no greater speed: many times he wished himself the back of an ass, to help to carry away the new sought riches (an unfortunate wisher, for if he had as well wished the head, it had been granted him.) At length being come to the tree, which he hoped should bear so golden acorns, down went all his instruments, and forthwith to the renting up of the hurtless earth, where by and by he was caught with the lime of a few promised medals, which was so perfect a pawn unto him of his farther expectation, that he deemed a great number of hours well employed in groping farther into it, which with logs and great stones was made as cumbersome as might be, till at length, with sweaty brows, he came to the great stone. A stone, God knows, full unlike to the cover of a monument, but yet there was the cypress box with *Aristomenes* graven upon it, and these verses written in it.

*A banish'd man, long barr'd from his desire
By inward lets, of them his state possest,
Hid here his hopes, by which he might aspire
To have his harms with wisdom's help redrest.
Seek then and see what man esteemeth best,
All is but this, this is our labour's hire:
Of this we live, in this we find our rest;
Who hold this fast no greater wealth require,
Look farther then, so shalt thou find at least,
A bait most fit for hungry minded guest.*

He opened the box, and to his great comfort read them, and with fresh courage went about to lift up that stone. But in the mean time, e'er *Dametas* was half a mile gone to the treasure-ward, *Dorus* came to *Miso*, whom he found sitting in the chimney's end, babbling to herself, and shewing by all her gestures, that she was loathsome weary of the world, not for any hope of a better life, but finding no one good, neither in mind nor body, whereout she might nourish a quiet thought, having long since hated each thing else, began now to hate herself. Before this sweet humoured dame *Dorus* set himself

himself, and framed towards her such a smiling countenance, as might seem to be mixed between a tickled mirth and a forced pity. *Miss*, to whom chearfulness in others was ever a sauce of envy in herself, took quickly mark of his behaviour, and with a look full of sworn spite: Now the devil, said she, take these villains that can never leave grinning, because I am not so fair as mistress *Mopsa*; to see how this skip-jack looks at me. *Dorus*, that had the occasion he desired, Truly mistress, answered he, my smiling is not at you, but at them that are from you, and indeed I must needs a little accord my countenance with others sport. And therewithal took her in his arms, and rocking her to and fro, In faith mistress, said he, it is high time for you to bid us good night for ever, since others can possess your place in your own time. *Miss*, that was never void of malice enough to suspect the uttermost evil, to satisfy a farther shrewdness, took on a present mildness, and gently desired him to tell her what he meant; for, said she, I am like enough to be knavishly dealt with by that churl my husband. *Dorus* fell off from the matter again, as if he had meant no such thing, till by much refusing her intreaty, and vehemently stirring up her desire to know, he had strengthened a credit in her to that he should say. And then with a formal countenance, as if the conscience of the case had touched himself. Mistress, said he, I am much perplexed in mine own determination, for my thoughts do ever will me to do honestly, but my judgment fails me what is honest, betwixt the general rule, that intrusted secrecies are holily to be observed, and the particular exception, that the dishonest secrecies are to be revealed; especially there, where by revealing they may either be prevented, or at least amended. Yet in this ballance your judgment weighs me down, because I have confidence in it, that you will use what you know moderately, and rather take such faults as advantage to your own good desert, than by your bitter using it, be contented to be revenged on others with your own harms. So it is mistress, said he, that yesterday driving my sheep up to the stately hill, which lifts his head over the fair city of *Mantina*, I happened upon the side of it, in a

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little falling of the ground, which was a rampier against the sun's rage, to perceive a young maid, truly of the finest stamp of beauty; and that which made her beauty the more admirable, there was at all no art added to the helping of it: for her apparel was but such as shepherds daughters are wont to wear; and as for her hair, it hung down at free liberty of his goodly length, but that sometimes falling before the clear stars of her sight, she was forced to put it behind her ears, and so open again the treasures of her perfection, which that for a while had in part hidden. In her lap there lay a shepherd so wrapped up in that well-liked place, that I could discern no piece of his face, but as mine eyes were intent in that, her angel-like voice struck mine ears with this song.

*My true love bath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange, one for the other giv'n :
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss ;
There never was a bargain better driv'n.*

*His heart in me, keeps me and him in one,
My heart in him, his thoughts and senses guide :
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his, because in me it bides,*

*His heart his wound received from my sight :
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart,
For as from me, on him his hurt did light ;
So still me thought in me his heart did smart :
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss,
My true love bath my heart, and I have his.*

But as if the shepherd that lay before her had been organs, which were only to be blown by her breath, she had no sooner ended with the joining her sweet lips together, but that he recorded to her musick this rural poetry.

*O words which fall like summer dew on me,
O breath more sweet, than is the growing bean ;*

O tongue

O tongue in which all bonyed liquors be,
 O voice that doth the thrush in shrillness stain;
 Do you say still, this is her promise due,
 That she is mine, as I to her am true.

Gay hair, more gay than straw when harvest lies,
 Lips red and plump, as cherry ruddy side,
 Eyes fair and great, like fair great ox's eyes;
 O breast in which two white sheep swell in pride:
 Join you with me, to seal this promise due,
 That she be mine, as I to her am true.

But thou white skin, as white as curds well prest,
 So smooth as sleek stone, like it smooths each part:
 And thou dear flesh, as soft as wool new drest,
 And yet as hard as braven, made hard by art:
 First four but say, next four their saying seal,
 But you must pay the gage of promis'd veal.

And with the conclusion of his song he embraced her about the knees. O sweet *Charita*, said he, when shall I enjoy the rest of my toiling thoughts; and when shall your blissful promise, now due, be verified with just performance. With that I drew nearer to them, and saw, for now he had lifted up his face to glass himself in her fair eyes, that it was my master *Dametas*; but here *Miso* interrupted his tale with railing at *Dametas*, with all those exquisite terms, which I was never good scold enough to imagine. But *Dorus*, as if he had been much offended with her impatience, would proceed no farther till she had vowed more stillness: for, said he, if the first drum thus chase you, what will you be when it comes to the blows: then he told her, how after many familiar entertainments betwixt 'em, *Dametas*, laying before her his great credit with the duke, and withal giving her very fair presents, with promise of much more, had at length concluded together to meet as that night at *Mantineia* in the *Oudemian* street, at *Charita's* uncle's house, about ten of the clock. After which bargain *Dametas* had spied *Dorus*, and calling him to him, had with great bravery told him all his good hap, willing him in any case to return to the old witch *Miso*; for so in-

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deed, mistress of liveliness, and not of ill will, he termed you, and to make some honest excuse of his absence. For, said he, kissing *Charita*, if thou didst know what a life I lead with that drivel, it would make thee even of pity receive me into thy only comfort. Now mistress, said he, exercise your discretion, which if I were well assured of, I would wish you to go yourself to *Mantineia*, and (lying secret in some one of your gossip's houses, till the time appointed come) so may you find them together, and using mercy reform my master from his evil ways. There had nothing more enraged *Miso* than the praises *Dorus* gave to *Charita's* beauty, which made her jealousy swell the more with the poison of envy. And that being increased with the presents she heard *Dametas* had given her, which all seemed torn out of her bowels, her hollow eyes yielded such wretched looks, as one might well think *Pluto* at that time might have had her soul, very good, cheap. But when the fire of spite had fully caught hold of all her inward parts, then whosoever would have seen the picture of *Aleto*, or with what manner of countenance *Medea* kill'd her own children, need but take *Miso* for the full satisfaction of that point of his knowledge. She that could before scarce go but supported by crutches, now flew about the house, borne up by the wings of anger; there was no one sort of mortal revenge that had ever come to her ears, but presented itself now to her gentle mind. At length with few words, for her words were choaked up with the rising of her revengeful heart, she ran down, and with her own hands saddled a mare of hers; a mare that seven years before had not been acquainted with the saddle, and so to *Mantineia* she went, casting with herself, how she might couple shame with the punishment of her accursed husband: but the person is not worthy in whose passion I should too long stand. Therefore now must I tell you that mistress *Mopsa*, who was the last party *Dorus* was to practice his cunning withal, was at the parting of her parents attending upon the prince's *Pamela*, whom, because she found to be placed in her father's house, she knew it was for suspicion the duke had of her. This made *Mopsa* with a right base nature, which joys to see any hard hap happen to them they deem happy, grow proud over

over her, and use great ostentation of her own diligence, in prying curiously into each thing that *Pamela* did. Neither is there any thing sooner overthrows a weak heart, than opinion of authority, like too strong a liquor for so feeble a glass; which joined it self to the humour of envying *Pamela's* beauty, so far, that oft she would say to her self, if she had been born a princess as well as *Pamela*, her perfections then should have been as well seen as *Pamela's*. With this manner of woman, and placed in these terms, had *Dorus* to play his last part, which he would have quickly dispatched in tying her up in such a manner, that she should little have hindered his enterprize. But that the virtuous *Pamela*, when she saw him so minded, by countenance absolutely forbid it, resolutely, determining she would not leave behind her any token of wrong: since the wrong done to her self was the best excuse of her escape: So that *Dorus* was compelled to take her in the manner he first thought of, and accordingly *Pamela* sitting musing at the strange attempt she had condescended unto, and *Mopsa* hard by her, (looking in a glass with very partial eyes) *Dorus* put himself between them, and casting up his face to the top of the house, shrugging all over his body, and stamping sometimes upon the ground, gave *Mopsa* occasion (who was as busy as a bee to know any thing) to ask her lover *Dorus* what ailed him, that made him use so strange a behaviour: he, as if his spirits had been ravished with some supernatural contemplation, stood still mute, sometimes rubbing his forehead, sometimes starting in himself, that he set *Mopsa* in such an itch of inquiry, that she would have offered her maiden head, rather than be long kept from it. *Dorus* not yet answering to the purpose, still keeping his amazement; O *Hercules*, said he, resolve me in this doubt. A tree to grant one's wishes! Is this the cause of the king's solitary life? which part shall I take? happy in either, unhappy because I cannot know which were my best hap. These doubtful self-speeches, made *Mopsa* yet in a farther longing of knowing the matter: so that the pretty pig, laying her sweet burthen about his neck, my *Dorus*, said she, tell me these words, or else I know not what will befall me, honey *Dorus*, tell them me.

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Dorus having stretched her mind upon a right last, extremely loved *Mopsa*, said he, the matters be so great, as my heart fails me in the telling them : but since you hold the greatest feat in it, it is reason your desire should add life unto it. Therewith he told her a far fetcht tale ; how that many millions of years before, *Jupiter* fallen out with *Apollo*, had thrown him out of heaven, taking from him the privilege of a god. So that poor *Apollo* was fain to lead a very miserable life, unacquainted to work, and never used to beg, that in this order having in time learned to be *Admetus's* herd-man, he had upon occasion of fetching a certain breed of beasts out of *Arcadia*, come to that very desert, where wearied with travel, and resting himself in the boughs of a pleasant ash-tree, which stood a little off from the lodge, he had with pitiful complaints, gotten his father *Jupiter's* pardon, and so from that tree was received again to his golden sphere. But having that right nature of a god, never to be ungrateful, to *Admetus* he had granted a double life : and because that tree was the chapel of his prosperous prayers, he had given it this quality, that whatsoever of such estate, and in such manner as he then was, sat down in that tree, they should obtain whatsoever they wished. This *Basilus* having understood by the oracle, was the only cause which had made him try, whether framing himself to the state of an herd-man, he might have the privilege of wishing only granted to that degree ; but that having often in vain attempted it, because indeed he was not such, he had now opened the secret to *Dametas*, making him swear he should wish according to his direction. But because, said *Dorus*, *Apollo* was at that time with extream grief, muffled round about his face, with a scarlet cloak *Admetus* had given him, and because they that must wish, must be muffled in like sort, and with like stuff, my master *Dametas* is gone I know not whither, to provide him a scarlet cloak, and to morrow doth appoint to return with it. My mistress, I cannot tell how, having gotten some inkling of it, is trudged to *Mantineia*, to get her self a cloak, before him ; because she would have the first wish. My master at his parting, of great trust told me
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this secret, commanding me to see no body should climb that tree. But now my *Mopsa*, said he, I have here the like cloak of mine own, and am not so very a fool, as though I keep his commandments in others, to bar my self. I rest only extreamly perplexed, because having nothing in the world I wish for, but the enjoying you and your favour, I think it a much pleasanter conquest to come to it by your own consent, then to have it by such a charming force as this is. Now therefore chuse, since have you I will, in what sort I shall have you. But never child was so desirous of a gay puppet, as *Mopsa* was to be in the tree, and therefore without squeamishness, promising all he would, she conjured him by all her precious loves, that she might have the first possession of the wishing tree, assuring him that for the enjoying her, he would never need to climb far. *Dorus*, to whom time was precious, made no great ceremonies with her; but helping her up to the top of the tree, from whence likewise she could ill come down without help, he muffled her round about the face, so truly, that she her self could not undo it. And so he told her the manner was, she should hold her mind in continual devotion to *Apollo*, without making at all any noise, till at the farthest within twelve hours space, she should hear a voice call her by name three times, and that till the third time she must in no wise answer; and then you shall not need to doubt your coming down, for at that time, said he, be sure to wish wisely, and in what shape soever he come unto you, speak boldly unto him, and your wish shall have as certain effects as I have a desire to enjoy your sweet loves: in this plight did he leave *Mopsa*, resolved in her heart to be the greatest lady in the world, and never after to feed on worse than surmetry. Thus *Dorus* having delivered his hands of his three tormentors, took speedily the benefit of his device, and mounting the gracious *Pamela* upon a fair horse he had provided for her, he thrust himself forthwith into the wildest part of the desert, where he had left marks to guide him from place to place to the next sea port, disguising her very sily with scarfs; although he rested assured, he should meet that way with no body, till he came to his bark, into which he meant

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to enter by night. But *Pamela*, who all this while transported with desire, and troubled with fear, had never free scope of judgment to look with perfect consideration into her own enterprize, but even by the laws of love, had bequeathed the care of her self upon him, to whom she had given her self; now that the pang of desire, with evident hope was quieted, and most part of the fear passed, reason began to renew his shining in her heart, and make her see her self in her self; and weigh with what wings she flew out of her country; and upon what ground she built so strong a determination. But love, fortified with her lovers presence, kept still his own in her heart; so that as they rid together, with her hand upon her faithful servants shoulder, suddenly casting her bashful eyes to the ground, and yet binding her self towards him (like the client that commits the cause of all his worth to a well-trusted advocate) from a mild spirit said unto him these sweetly delivered words: prince *Musidorus*, for so my assured hope is I may justly call you, since with no other my heart would ever have yielded to go; and if so I do not rightly term you, all other words are as bootless, as my deeds miserable, and I as unfortunate, as you wicked, my prince *Musidorus*, I say now that the vehement shews of your faithful love towards me, have brought my mind to answer it, in so due a proportion, that contrary to all general rules of reason, I have laid in you, my estate, my life, my honour: it is your part to double your former care, and make me see your virtue no less in preserving, than in obtaining: and your faith to be a faith as much in freedom, as bondage. Tender now your own workmanship, and so govern your love towards me, as I may still remain worthy to be loved. Your promise you remember, which here by the eternal givers of virtue I conjure you to observe, let me be your own as I am, but by no unjust conquest; let not our joys which ought ever to last, be stained in our own consciences, let no shadow of repentance steal into the sweet consideration of our mutual happiness; I have yielded to be your wife, stay then till the time that I may rightly be so; let no other defiled name burthen my heart, what should I more say? if I have chosen well, all
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doubt is past, since your action only must determine, whether I have done virtuously or shamefully in following you. *Musidorus*, that had more abundance of joy in his heart, than *Ulysses* had what time with his own industry he stole the fatal *Palladium*, imagined to be the only relique of *Troy's* safety, taking *Pamela's* hand, and many times kissed it, what I am, said he, the gods I hope will shortly make your own eyes judges; and of my mind towards you, the mean time shall be my pledge unto you; your contentment is dearer to me than mine own, and therefore doubt not of his mind, whose thoughts are so thrall'd unto you, as you are to bend or slack them as it shall seem best unto you. You do wrong to your self, to make any doubt that a base estate could ever undertake so high an enterprise; or a spotted mind be able to behold your virtues. Thus much only I confess, I can never do, to make the world see you have chosen worthily, since all the world is not worthy of you. In such delightful discourses, kept they on their journey, maintaining their hearts in that right harmony of affection, which doth interchangeable deliver each to other the secret workings of their souls, till with the unusual travel, the princess being weary, they lighted down in a fair thick wood, which did entice them with the pleasantness of it to take their rest there. It was all of pine-trees, whose broad heads meeting together, yeilded a perfect shade to the ground, where their bodies gave a spacious and pleasant room to walk in, they were set in so perfect an order that every way the eye being full, yet no way was stopped. And even in the midst of them, were there many sweet springs, which did loose themselves upon the face of the earth. Here *Musidorus* drew out such provisions of fruits, and other cates, as he had brought for that day's repast, and laid it down upon the fair carpet of the green grass. But *Pamela* had much more pleasure to walk under those trees, making in their barks pretty knots, which tied together the names of *Musidorus* and *Pamela*, sometimes intermixedly changing them, to *Pammidorus* and *Musimela*, with twenty other flowers of her travelling fancies,

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cies, which had bound themselves to a greater restraint, than they could without much pain well endure : and to one tree more beholding to her than the rest, she entrusted the treasure of her thoughts in these verses :

- ' Do not disdain, O straight up raised pine,
- ' That wounding thee, my thoughts in thee I grave :
- ' Since that my thoughts, as straight as straightness thine,
- ' No smaller wound, alas ! far deeper have.
- ' Deeper engraved, which salve nor time can save,
- ' Giv'n to my heart, by my forewounded eye :
- ' Thus cruel to my self how canst thou crave
- ' My inward hurt should spare thy outward rine ?
- ' Yet still fair tree, lift up thy stately line,
- ' Live long, and long witness my chosen part,
- ' Which barr'd desires, barr'd by my self, impart,
- ' And in this growing-bark grow verses mine.
- ' My heart my word, my word hath giv'n my heart ;
- ' The giver giv'n from gift shall never part.

Upon a root of the tree, that the earth had left something barer than the rest, she wrote this couplet :

- ' Sweet root say thou, the root of my desire
- ' Was virtue clad in constant love's attire.

Musidorus, seeing her fancies drawn up to such pleasant contemplations, accompanied her in them, and made the trees as well bear badges of his passions, as this song engraved in them did testify :

- ' You goodly pines, which still with brave ascent,
- ' In nature's pride your heads to heav'nward heave ;
- ' Though you besides such graces earth hath lent,
- ' Of some late grace a greater grace receive.
- ' By her who was (O blessed you) content
- ' With her fair hand, your tender barks to cleave,
- ' And so by you (O blessed you) hath sent,
- ' Such piercing words as no thoughts else conceive.

- Yet yield your grant, a baser hand may leave
- His thoughts in you, where so sweet thoughts were spent,
• For how would you the mistress's thoughts bereave
- Of waiting thoughts all to her service meant.
- Nay higher thoughts (though thrall'd thoughts)
- My thoughts then hers, who first your rind did rent:
• Than hers, to whom my thoughts a lonely thrall
- Rising from low, are to the highest bent ;
• Where hers, whom worth makes highest over all
- Coming from her, cannot but downward fall.

While *Pamela* sitting her down under one of them, and making a posy of the fair undergrowing flowers, filled *Musidorus's* ears with the heavenly sound of her musick, which before he had never heard, so that it seemed unto him a new assault given to the castle of his heart, already conquered : which to signify, and withal reply to her sweet notes, he sung in a kind of still, but ravishing tune, a few verses : her song was this, and his reply follows.

PAMELA,

- Like divers flowers, whose divers beauties serve
- To deck the earth with his well-coloured weed,
• Though each of them, his private form preserve,
- Yet joining forms one fight of beauty breed.
- Right so my thoughts, whereon my heart I feed :
- Right so my inward parts, and outward glass,
• Though each possess a divers working kind ;
- Yet all well knit to one fair end do pass :
• That he to whom these sundry gifts I bind,
• All what I am, still one, his own, do find.

MUSIDORUS,

- All what you are still one, his own to find,
- You that are born to be the world's eye ;
• What were it else but to make each thing blind :
- And to the sun with waxen wings to flie.

• No,

No, no, such force with my small force to try,
Is not my skill, or reach of mortal mind:

Call me but yours, my title is most high:
Ho'd me most yours, then my long suit is sign'd.

You none can claim but you your self a right,
For you do pass your self, in virtue's might.

So both are yours: I bound with gaged heart:
You only yours, too far beyond desert.

In this virtuous wantonness, suffering their minds to descend to each tender enjoying their united thoughts, *Pamela* having tasted of the fruits, and growing extreme sleepy, having been long kept from it, with the perplexity of her dangerous attempt, laying her head in his lap, was invited by him to sleep with these softly uttered verses;

Look up, fair lids, the treasure of my heart,
Preserve those beams, this age's only light:

To her sweet sense, sweet sleep some ease impart,
Her sense too weak to bear her spirits night.

And while, O sleep, thou closest up her sight,
Her sight where love did forge his fairest dart,

O harbour all her parts in careful plight:
Let no strange dream make her fair body start.

But, O dream, if thou wilt not depart
In this rare subject from thy common right:
But wilt thy self in such a feat delight,

Then take my shape, and play a lover's part:
Kiss her from me, and say unto her sprite,
Till her eyes shine, I live in darkest night.

The sweet *Pamela* was brought into a sweet sleep with this song, which gave *Musidorus* opportunity at leisure to behold her excellent beauties. He thought her fair forehead was a field, where all his fancies fought, and every hair of her head seemed a strong chain that tied him.

him. Her fairer lids then hiding her fairer eyes, seemed unto him sweet boxes of mother of pearl, rich in themselves, but containing in them far richer jewels. Her cheeks with their colour most delicately mixed, would have entertained his eyes some while, but that the roses of her lips, whose separating was wont to be accompanied with most wise speeches, now by force drew his sight to mark how prettily they lay one over the other, uniting their divided beauties: and through them the eye of his fancy delivered to his memory the lying, as in ambush, under her lips of those armed ranks, all armed in most pure white, and keeping the most precise order of military discipline. And lest this beauty might seem the picture of some excellent artificer, forth there stole a soft breath, carrying good testimony of her inward sweetness: and so stealing it came out, as it seemed loath to leave his contentful mansion, but that it hoped to be drawn in again to that well-closed paradise, which did so tyrannise over *Musidorus's* effects, that he was compelled to put his face as low to hers, as he could, sucking the breath with such joy, that he did determine in himself, there had been no life to a *Cameleon's*, if he might be suffered to enjoy that food. But long he was not suffered, being within a while interrupted by the coming of a company of clownish villains, armed with divers sorts of weapons, and for the rest both in face and apparel so forewadded, that they seemed to bear a great conformity with the savages; who, miserably in themselves, taught to increase their mischiefs in other body's harms, came with such cries as they both awaked *Pamela*, and made *Musidorus* turn unto them full of a most violent rage, with the look of a she tiger when her whelps are stolen away.

But *Zeimane*, whom I left in the cave hardly bestead, having both great wits and stirring passions to deal with, makes me lend her my pen a while to see with what dexterity she could put by her dangers. For having in one instant both to resist rage, and go beyond wisdom, being to deal with a lady that had her wits awake in every thing, but in helping her own hurt, she saw now no other remedy in her case, but to qualify her rage with hope, and to satisfy her wit with plainness: Yet lest too abrupt fall-

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ing into it, should yield too great advantage unto her, she thought good to come to it by degrees with this kind of insinuation. Your wife, but very dark speeches, most excellent lady, are woven up in so intricate a manner, as I know not how to proportion mine answer unto them: so are your prayers mixt with threats, and so is the shew of your love hidden with the name of revenge, the natural effect of mortal hatred; you seem displeased with the opinion you have of my disguising, and yet if I be not disguised, you must needs be much more displeased. Hope then, the only succour of perplexed minds, being quite cut off, you desire my affection, and yet you your self think my affection already bestowed. You pretend cruelty, before you have the subjection, and are jealous of keeping that, which as yet you have not gotten. And that which is strangest in your jealousy, is both the injustice of it, in being loth that should come to your daughter, which you deem good; and the vainness, since you two are so in divers respects, that there is no necessity one of you should fall to be a bar to the other. For neither, if I be such as you fancy, can I marry you, which must needs be the only end I can aspire to in her: neither need the marrying of her keep me from a grateful consideration, how much you honour me in the love you vouchsafe to bear me. *Gynecia*, to whom the fearful agonies she still lived in, made any small reproof sweet, did quickly find her words falling to a better way of comfort, and therefore, with a mind ready to shew nothing could make it rebellious against *Zelmane*, but too extreme tyranny, she thus said, Alas, too much beloved *Zelmane*, *the thoughts are but overflowings of the mind, and the tongue is but a servant of the thoughts*; therefore marvel not that my words suffer contrarieties, since my mind doth hourly suffer in it self whole armies of mortal adversaries. But, alas, if I had the use of mine own reason, then should I not need, for want of it, to find my self, in this desperate mischief: but because my reason is vanished, so have I likewise no power to correct my unreasonableness. Do you therefore accept the protection of my mind, which hath no other resting place; and drive it not, by being

unregarded, to put it self into unknown extremities. I desire but to have my affection answered, and to have a right reflection of my love in you. That granted, assure your self mine own love will easily teach me to seek your contentment; and make me think my daughter a very mean price to keep still in mine eyes the food of my spirits. But take heed that contempt drive me not into despair, the most violent cause of that miserable effect. *Zelmane*, that already saw some fruit of her last determined fancy, so far as came to a mollifying of *Gynecia's* rage, seeing no other way to satisfy suspicion, which was held open with the continual pricks of love: resolved now with plainness to win trust, which trust she might after deceive with a greater subtilty. Therefore looking upon her with a more relenting grace, than ever she had done before, pretending a great bashfulness before she could come to confess such a fault, she thus said unto her; Most worthy lady, I did never think till now, that pity of another could make me betray my self, nor that the sound of words could overthrow any wise body's determination. But your words, I think, have charmed me, and your grace bewitched me. Your compassion makes me open my heart to you, and leave unharboured my own thoughts; for proof of it, I will disclose my greatest secret, which well you might suspect, but never know, and so have your wandering hope in a more painful wilderness, being neither way able to be lodged in a perfect resolution. I will, I say, unwrap my hidden estate, and after make you judge of it, perchance director. The truth is, I am a man: nay, I will say farther to you, I am born a prince. And to make up your mind in a thorough understanding of me since I came to this place, I may not deny I have had some sprinkling of I know not what good liking to my lady *Philoclea*. For how could I ever imagine the heavens would have rained down so much of your favour upon me, and of that side there was a shew of possible hope, the most comfortable counsellor of love. The cause of this my changed attire, was a journey two years ago I made among the *Amazons*, where, having sought to try my unfortunate valour, I met not one in all the country but what was too hard for me.

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till in the end, in the presence of their queen *Marpesia*, I hoping to prevail against her, challenged an old woman of fourscore years, to fight on horseback to the uttermost with me. Who having overthrown me, for the saving of my life, made me swear I should go like an unarmed *Amazon*, till the coming of my beard did, with the discharge of my oath deliver me of that bondage. Here *Zelmane* ended, not coming to a full conclusion, because she would see what it wrought in *Gynecia's* mind, having in her speech sought to win a belief of her, and, if it might be, by disgrace of her self to diminish *Gynecia's* affection. For the first it had much prevailed: but *Gynecia*, whose end of loving her, was not her fighting, neither could her love, too deeply grounded, receive diminishment; and besides, she had seen her self sufficient proofs of *Zelmane's* admirable prowess. Therefore slightly passing over that point of her feigned dishonour, but taking good hold of the confessing her manly sex, with the shame-faced look of that suitor, who having already obtained much, is yet forc'd by want to demand more, put forth her sorrowful suit in these words: The gods, said she, reward thee for thy virtuous pity of my over laden soul, who yet hath received some breath of comfort, by finding thy confession to maintain some possibility of my languishing hope. But alas! as they who seek to enrich themselves by mineral industry, the first labour is to find the mine, which to their chearful comfort being found, if after any unlooked for stop, or casual impediment keep them from getting the desired ore, they are so much the more grieved, as the late conceived hope adds torment to their former want. So falls it out with me happy or hapless woman, as it pleaseth you to ordain, who am now either to receive some guerdon of my most woful labours, or to return into a more wretched darkness, having had some glimmering of my blissful sun. O *Zelmane*, tread not upon a soul that lies under your foot: let not the abasing of my self make me more base in your eyes, but judge of me according to that I am, and have been, and let my errors be made excusable by the immortal name of love. With that, under a feigned rage, tearing her cloaths, she discovered some parts of her

fair body, which if *Zelmane's* heart had not been so fully possess'd as there was no place left for any new guest, no doubt it would have yielded to that gallant assault. But *Zelmane* so much the more arming her determination, as she saw such force threatned, yet still remembering she must wade betwixt constancy and courtesy, embracing *Gynecia*, and once or twice kissing her, Dear lady, said she, he were a great enemy to himself, that would refuse such an offer, in the purchase of which a man's life were blessedly bestowed. Nay, how can I ever yield due recompence for so excessive a favour? but having nothing to give you but my self, take that: I must confess a small but a very free gift: what other affection soever I have had, shall give place to as great perfection, working besides upon the bond of gratefulness. The gods forbid I should be so foolish as not to see, or so wicked, as not to remember, how much my small deserts are over-banced by your unspeakable goodness. Nay, happy may I well account my mishap among the *Amazons*, since that dishonour, hath been so true a path to my greatest honour, and the changing of my outward raiment, hath clothed my mind in such inward contention. Take therefore, noble lady, as much comfort to you heart, as the full commandment of me can yield you: wipe your fair eyes, and keep them for nobler services. And now I will presume thus much to say unto you, that you make much of your self for my sake, that my joys of my new obtained riches may be accomplished in you. But let us leave this place, lest you be too long missed, and henceforward quiet your mind from any farther care, for I will now, to my too much joy, take the charge upon me, within few days to work your satisfaction, and my felicity. Thus much she said, and withal led *Gynecia* out of the cave, for well she saw the boiling mind of *Gynecia* did easily apprehend the fitness of that lonely place. But indeed this direct promise of a short space, joined with the cumbersome familiariness of womankind, I mean modestly, staid so *Gynecia's* mind, that she took thus much at that present for good payment: remaining with a painful joy, and a wearisome kind of comfort, not unlike to the condemned prisoner, whose mind still running

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ning upon the violent arrival of his death, hears that his pardon is promised, but not yet signed. In this sort they both issued out of that obscure mansion: *Gynecia* already half persuaded in her self. O weakness of human conceit, that *Zelmae's* affection was turned towards her. For such, alas! we are all, in such a mould are we cast, that with the too much love we bear our selves, being first our own flatterers, we are easily hooked with others flattery, we are easily persuaded of others love.

But *Zelmae*, who had now to play her prize, seeing no way things could long remain in that state, and now finding her promise had tied her trial to a small compass of time, began to throw her thoughts into each corner of her invention, how she might atchieve her life's enterprise: for well she knew deceit cannot otherwise be maintained but by deceit: and how to deceive such heedful eyes, and how to satisfy, and yet not satisfy such hopeful desires, it was no small skill. But both their thoughts were called from themselves with the sight of *Basilus*, who then lying down by his daughter *Philiclea*, upon the fair, though natural, bed of green grass seeing the sun what speed he made, to leave our west to do his office in the other hemisphere, his inward muses made him in his best musick, sing this madrigal.

Why dost thou haste away

O Titan fair, the giver of the day?

It is not to carry news

To western wights, what stars in east appear?

Or dost thou think that here

Is left a sun, whose beams thy place may use?

Yet stay and well peruse,

What be her gifts, that make her equal thee,

Bend all thy light to see

In earth's clatts enclous'd a heavenly spark:

Thy running course cannot such beauties mark.

No, no, thy motions be

Hastened from us with bar of shadow dark,

Because that thou the author of our sight

Disdain'st we see thee stain'd with others light.

And having ended ; dear *Philoclea*, said he, sing something that may divert my thoughts from the continual task of their ruinous harbour : she, obedient to him, and not unwilling to disburden her secret passion, made her sweet voice be heard in these words.

*O stealing time, the subject of delay,
(Delay, the rack of unrestrain'd desire)
What strange design hast thou my hopes to stay,
My hopes which do but to mine own aspire ?*

*Mine own ? O word on whose sweet sound doth prey
My greedy soul, with gripe of inward fire :
Thy title great I justly challenge may,
Since in such phrase his faith he did attire.*

*O time, become the chariot of my joys,
As thou drawest on. so let my bliss draw near,
Each moment lost, part of my hap destroys.
Thou art the father of occasion dear :
Join with thy son to ease my long annoys,
In speedy help, thank-worthy things appear.*

Philoclea brake off her song, as soon as her mother with *Zelmae* came near unto them, rising up with a kindly bashfulness, being not ignorant of the spite her mother bore her, and stricken with the sight of that person, whose love made all those troubles seem fair flowers of her dearest garland, nay, rather all those troubles made the love increase. For as the arrival of enemies makes a town to fortify it self, as ever after it remains stronger ; so that a man may say, enemies were no small cause of the town's strength : so to a mind once fixed in a well-pleased determination, who hopes by annoyance to overthrow it, does but teach it to knit together all his best grounds, and so perchance of a chanceable purpose, make an unchangeable resolution. But no more did *Philoclea* see the wonted signs of *Zelmae's* affection towards her, she thought
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she saw another light in her eyes, with a bold and careless look upon her, which was wont to be dazled with her beauty; and the framing of her courtesies rather ceremonious than affectionate, and that which worst liked her, was, that it proceeded with such quiet settledness, as it rather threatned a full purpose than any sudden passion. She found her behaviour bent altogether to her mother, and presumed in herself she discerned the well-acquainted face of his fancies now turned to another subject. She saw her Mother's worthiness, and too well knew her affection. These joining their divers working powers together in her mind, but yet a prentice in the painful mystery of passions, brought *Philoclea* into a new traverse of her thoughts, and made her keep her careful look the more attentive upon *Zelman's* behaviour, who indeed, tho' with much pain, and condemning herself to commit a sacrilege against the sweet saint that lived in her inmost temple, yet strengthening her self in it; being the surest way to make *Gynecia* bite of her other baits, did so quite over-rule all wonted shews of love to *Philoclea*, and convert them to *Gynecia*, that the part she played did work in both a full and lively persuasion: to *Gynecia*, such excessive comfort, as she being preferred to a rival doth deliver to swelling desire: but to the delicate *Philoclea*, whose calm thoughts were unable to nourish any strong debate, it gave so stinging a hurt, that, fainting under the force of her inward torment, she withdrew herself to the lodge, and there, weary of supporting her own burthen, cast her self upon her bed, suffering her sorrow to melt it self into abundance of tears; at length closing her eyes, as if each thing she saw was a picture of her mishap, and turning upon her heart-side, which, with vehement panting did summon her to consider her fortune, she thus bemoaned her self.

Alas *Philoclea*, is this the price of all thy pains? is this the reward of thy given-way liberty? hath too much yielding bred cruelty? or can too great acquaintance make me held for a stranger? hath the chusing of a companion made me left alone; or doth granting desire; cause the desire to be neglected? alas, despised

Philoclea,

Philoclea, why didst thou not hold thy thoughts in their simple course, and content thy self with the love of thine own virtue, which would never have betrayed thee? Ah silly fool, didst thou look for truth in him that with his own mouth confessed his falshood? for plain proceeding in him, that still goes disguised? They say *the falsest men will yet bear outward shews of a pure mind*. But he that even outwardly bears the badge of treachery, what hells of wickedness must needs in the depth be contained? but O wicked mouth of mine, how darest thou thus blaspheme the ornament of the earth, the vessel of all virtue? O wretch that I am, that will anger the Gods in dispraising their most excellent work: O no, no, there was no fault but in me, that could ever think so high eyes would look so low, or so great perfections would stain themselves with my unworthiness. Alas, why could I not see, I was too weak a band to tie so heavenly an heart? I was not fit to limit the infinite course of his wonderful destinies. Was it ever like, that upon only *Philoclea* his thoughts should rest? Ah silly soul, that couldest please thy self with so impossible an imagination! an universal happiness is to flow from him. How was I so inveigled to hope, I might be the mark of such a mind? He did thee no wrong, O *Philoclea*, he did thee no wrong, it was thy weakness to fancy the beams of the sun should give light to no eyes but to thine! And yet, O prince *Pyrocles*, for whom I may well begin to hate my self, but can never leave to love thee, what triumph canst thou make of this conquest? what spoils wilt thou carry away of this my undeserved overthrow? could thy force find out no fitter field than the feeble mind of a poor maid, who at the first sight did wish thee all happiness? Shall it be said, the mirror of mankind hath been employed to destroy a hurtless gentlewoman? O *Pyrocles*, *Pyrocles*, let me yet call thee before the judgment of thy own virtue, let me be accepted for a plaintiff in a cause which concerns my life: what need hadst thou to arm thy face with the enchanting mask of thy painted passions? what need hadst thou to fortify thy excellencies with so exquisite a cunning, in making our own arts betray us? what needest thou
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descend so far from thy incomparable worthiness, as to take on the habit of weak womankind. Was all this to win the undefended castle of a friend, which being won, thou wouldst after raze? Could so small a cause allure thee? or did not so unjust a cause stop thee? O me, what say I more? this is my case, my love hates me, virtue deals wickedly with me, and he does me wrong, whose doings I can never account a wrong. With that the sweet lady turning her self upon her weary bed she happily saw a lute, upon the belly of which *Gynecia* had written this song, what time *Basilus* imputed her jealous motions to proceed of the doubt she had of his untimely loves. Under which veil she contented to cover her never ceasing anguish, had made the lute a monument of her mind, which *Philoclea* had never much marked, till now the fear of a competitor more stirred her, than before the care of a Mother. The verses were these:

My lute within thy self thy tunes enclose,
Thy mistress's song is now a sorrow's cry,
Her hand benumb'd with fortune's daily blows,
Her mind amaz'd can neither's help apply.
Wear these my words as mourning weeds of woes,
Black ink becomes the state wherein I die,
And though my moans be not in musick bound,
Of written griefs, yet be the silent ground.

The world doth yield such ill comforted shows,
With circled course, which no wise stay can try,
That childish stuff which knows not friends from foes,
(Better despis'd) be wonder gazing eye.
Thus noble gold, down to the bottom goes,
When worthless cork, aloft doth floating lie.
Thus in thy self least strings are loudest found,
And lowest stops do yield the highest sound.

Philoclea read them, and throwing down the lute, is this the legacy you have bequeathed me, O kind mother of mine, said she? did you bestow the light upon me for this? or did you bear me to be the author of my burial? a trim purchase you have made

made of your own shame, robbed your daughter to ruin your self? the birds unreasonable, yet use so much reason, as to make nests for their tender young ones; my cruel mother turns me out of mine own harbour; alas, plaint boots not, for my case can receive no help; for who should give me help? shall I fly to my parents? they are my murtherers: shall I go to him, who already being won and lost, must needs have killed all pity? alas, I can bring no new intercessions; he knows already what I am is his. Shall I come home again to my self? O me, condemned wretch; I have given away my self. With that the poor soul beat her breast, as if that had been guilty of her faults, neither thinking of revenge, nor studying for remedy, but, sweet creature, gave grief a free dominion, keeping her chamber a few days after, not needing to feign her self sick, feeling even in her soul the pangs of extreme pain. But little did *Gynecia* reckon that, neither when she saw her go away from them, neither when she after found that sickness made her hide her fair face: so much had fancy prevailed against nature. But O you that have ever known, how tender to every motion love makes the lover's heart, how he measures all his joys upon her contentment: and doth with respectful eye hang his behaviour upon her eyes: judge I pray you now of *Zelmane's* troubled thoughts, when she saw *Philoclea*, with an amazed kind of sorrow, carry away her sweet presence, and easily found, so happy a conjecture unhappy affection hath, that her demeanour was guilty of that trespass. There was never foolish soft hearted mother, that, forced to beat her child, did weep first for his pains, and doing that she was loth to do, did repent before she began, did find half that motion in her weak mind, as *Zelmane* did, now that she was forced by reason to give an outward blow to her passions, and for the lending of a small time, to seek the usury of her desires. The unkindness she conceived, *Philoclea* might conceive, did wound her soul, each tear she doubted she spent, drowned all her comfort. Her sickness was a death unto her. Often would she speak to the image of *Philoclea*, which lived and ruled in the highest of her inward part, and use

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vehement oaths, and protestations unto her; that nothing should ever falsify the free chosen vow she had made. Often would she desire her, that she would look well to *Pyrocles's* heart, for as for her she had no more interest in it to bestow it any way: Alas, would she say, only *Philoclea* hast thou not so much feeling of thine own force, as to know no new conqueror can prevail against thy conquests? Was ever any dazzled with the moon, that used his eyes to the beams of the sun? Is he carried away with a greedy desire of acorns, that hath had his senses ravished with a garden of most delightful fruits? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, be thou but as merciful a princess to my mind, as thou art a true possessor, and I shall have as much cause of gladness, as thou hast no cause of misdoubting? O no, no, when a man's own heart is the gage of his debt, when a man's own thoughts are willing witnesses to his promise; lastly, when a man is the jailor over himself; there is little doubt of breaking credit, and less doubt of such an escape. In this combat of *Zelmene's* doubtful imaginations, in the end reason, well backed with the vehement desire to bring her matter soon to the desired haven, did over-rule the boiling of her inward kindness, though as I say with such a manifest strife, that both *Basilus* and *Gynecia's* well waiting eyes, had marked her mutes had laboured in deeper subjects than ordinary: which she likewise perceiving they had perceived, awaking her self out of those thoughts, and principally caring how to satisfy *Gynecia*, whose judgment and passion she stood most in regard of, bowing her head to her attentive ears, madam, said she, with practice of my thoughts, I have found out a way by which your contentment shall draw on my happiness. *Gynecia* delivering in her face as thankful a joyfulness as her heart could hold, said, it was then time to retire themselves to their rest, for what with riding abroad the day before, and late sitting up for eclogues, their bodies had dearly purchased that night's quiet. So went they home to their lodge, *Zelmene* framing of both sides bountiful measures of loving countenances to either's joy, and neither's jealousy, to the special comfort of *Basilus*, whose weaker bowels were streight full with the least liquor of hope.

So

So that still holding her by the hand, and sometimes tickling it, he went by her with the most gay conceits that ever had entered his brains, growing now so hearted in his resolution, that he little respected Gynecia's presence. But with a luttier note then wonted, clearing his voice, and cheering his spirits, looking still upon *Zelma*, whom now the moon did beautify with her shining almost at the full, as if her eyes had been his song-book, he did the message of his mind in singing these verses.

*When two suns do appear,
Some say it doth betoken wonders near,
As princes lose or change:
Two gleaming Suns of splendor like I see,
And seeing feel in me
Of Princes heart quite lost the ruin strange.*

*But now each where doth range
With ugly cloke the dark envious night:
Who full of guilty spite,
Such living beams should her black seat assail,
Too weak for them our weaker sight doth wail.*

*No says fair moon, my light
Shall bar that wrong, and though it not prevail
Like to my brother's rays, yet those I send
Hurt not the face, which nothing can amend.*

And by that time being come to the lodge, and visited the sweet *Philoclea*, with much less than natural care of the parents, and much less than wanted kindness of *Zelma*, each party full fraught with diversly working fancies, made their pillows weak props of their overladen heads. Yet of all other were *Zelma*'s brain most turmoyled, troubled with love both active and passive; and lastly, and especially with care, how to use her short limited time to the best purpose, by some wise, and happy diverting her two lovers unwelcome desires. *Zelma* having had the night, her only counsellor in the busy interprise she was to undertake, and having

having all that time mused, and yet not fully resolved, how she might join prevailing with preventing, was offended with the day's bold entry into her chamber, as if he had now by custom grown an assured bringer of evil news. Which she taking a cittern to her, did lay to *Aurora's* charge, with these well sung verses :

*Aurora now thou shewest thy blushing light,
Which oft to hope lays out a guileful bait,
That trust's in time to find the way aright,
To ease those pains, which on desire do wait.*

*Blush on for shame : that still with thee do light
On pensive souls (instead of resistful bait)
Care upon care (instead of doing right)
To over pressed breasts, more grievous weight.*

*As oh ! my self, whose woes are never light,
(Tide to the stake of doubt) strange passion's bait.
While thy known course observing nature's right,
Stirs me to think what dangers lie in wait,
For mischiefs great, day after day doth show,
Make me still fear, thy fair appearing show.*

Alas, said she, am not I run into a strange gulf, that am fain for love to hurt her I love ? and because I detest the others, to please them I detest ? O only *Phibolea*, whose beauty is matched with nothing, but with the unspeakable beauty of thy fairest mind, if thou didst see upon what rack my tormented soul is set, little would you think I had any scope now to leap to any new change ; with that with hasty hands she got her self up, turning her sight to every thing, as if change of objects might help her invention. So went she again to the cave, where forthwith it came into her head, that should be the fittest place to perform her exploit, of which she had now a kind of confused conceit, although she had not set down in her fancy, the meeting with each particularity that might fall out. But as the painter doth at the first but shew a rude proportion of the thing he imitates, which after with more curious hand he draws to the representing each line-

lineament, so had her thoughts, beating about it continually, received into them a ground-plot of her device, although she had not in each part shaped it according to a full determination. But in this sort having early visited the mornings beauty, in those pleasant desarts, she came to the king and queen, and told them, that for the performance of certain her country devotions, which only were to be exercised in solitariness, she did desire their leave she might for a few days lodge her self in the cave, the fresh sweetness of which did greatly delight her, in that hot country; and that for that small space, they would not otherwise trouble themselves in visiting her, but at such times as she would come to wait upon them, which should be every day at certain hours; neither should it be long, she would desire this privileged absence of them. They, whose minds had already taken out that lesson, perfectly to yield a willing obedience to all her desires, with consenting countenance made her soon see her pleasure was a law unto them. Both indeed inwardly glad of it, *Basilus* hoping that her dividing her self from them, might yet give him some fitter occasion of coming in secret to her, whose favourable face had lately strengthened his fainting courage. But *Gynecia* of all other most joyous, holding her self assured that this was but a prologue to the play she had promised her.

Thus both flattering themselves with diversly grounded hopes, they rang a bell, which served to call certain poor women which ever lay in cabins not far off, to do the household services of both lodges, and never came to either but being called for; and commanded them to carry forthwith *Zelmane's* bed and furniture of her chamber, into the pleasant cave, and to deck it up as finely as it was possible for them, that their souls rest might rest her body to her best pleasing manner: that was with all diligence performed of them, and *Zelmane* already in possession of her new chosen lodging; where she like one of *Vesta's* nuns, entertained her self for a few days in all shew of straightness, yet once a day coming to her duty to the king and queen, in whom the seldomness of the

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the fight increased the more unquiet longing, though somewhat qualified, as her countenance was decked to either of them with more comfort than wonted; especially to *Gynecia*, who seeing her, wholly neglected her daughter *Philoclea*, had now promised her self a full possession of *Zelmane's* heart, still expecting the fruit of the happy and hoped for invention. But both she and *Basilus* kept such a continual watch about the precincts of the cave, that either of them was a bar to the other from having any secret communing with *Zelmane*. While in the mean time the sweet *Philoclea* forgotten of her father, despised of her mother, and in appearance left of *Zelmane*, had yielded up her soul to be a prey to sorrow and unkindness, not with raging conceit of revenge; as had passed through the wise and stout heart of her mother, but with a kindly meekness taking-upon her the weight of her own woes, and suffering them to have so full a course, as it did exceedingly weaken the estate of her body; as well for which cause, as for that she could not see *Zelmane*, without expressing, more than she would, how far now her love was imprisoned in extremity of sorrow, she bound her self first to the limits of her own chamber, and after, (grief breeding sickness) of her bed, But *Zelmane* having now a full liberty to cast about every way how to bring her conceived attempt to a desired success, was oft so perplexed with the manifold difficulty of it, that sometimes she would resolve by force to take her away, though it were with the death of her parents, sometimes to go away with *Musidorus*, and bring both their forces, so to win her. But lastly, even the same day that *Musidorus* by feeding the humour of his three loathsome guardians, had stolen away the princess *Pamela* (whether it were that love meant to match them every way, or that her friend's example had holpen her invention, or that indeed *Zelmane* forbore to practise her device till she found her friend had passed thro' his.) The same day, I say, she resolved on a way to rid out of the lodge her two cumbersome lovers, and in the night to carry away *Philoclea*: whereunto she was assured her own love no less than her sister's, would easily win her consent;

consent ; hoping that although their abrupt parting had not suffered her to demand of *Musidorus* which way he meant to direct his journey ; yet either they should by some good fortune find him ; or if that course failed, yet they might well recover some town of the *Helots*, near the frontiers of *Arcadia*, who being newly again up in arms against the nobility, she knew would be as glad of her presence, as she of their protection. Therefore having taken order for all things requisite for their going, and first put on a slight under-suit of man's apparel, which before for such purposes she had provided, she curiously trimmed her self to the beautifying of her beauties, that being now at her last trial, she might come unto it in her bravest armour. And so putting on that kind of mild countenance, which doth encourage the looker on to hope for a gentle answer, according to her received manner, she left the pleasant darkness of her melancholy cave, to go take her dinner of the King and Queen, and give unto them both a pleasant food of seeing the owner of their desires. But even as the *Persians* were anciently wont to leave no rising-sun unsaluted, but as his fair beams appeared clearer unto them, would they more heartily rejoyce, laying upon them a great foretoken of their following fortune : so was there no time that *Zelmane* encountered their eyes with her beloved presence, but that it bred a kind of burning devotion in them, yet so much the more gladdening their greedy souls, as her countenance was cleared with more favour unto them ; which now being determinately framed to the greatest descent of kindness, it took such hold of her unfortunate lovers, that like children about a tender father from a long voyage returned, with lovely childishness hang about him, and yet with simple fear measure by his countenance, how far he accepts their boldness : so were these now thrown into so serviceable an affection, that the turning of *Zelmane's* eyes was a strong stern enough to all their motions, winding no way but as the enchanting force of it guided them. But having made a light repast of the pleasant fruits of that country, interlarding their food with such manner of general discourses as lovers are wont to cover their passion, when respect of a third person

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keeps them from plain particulars, at the earnest intreaty of *Basilus*, *Zelmane* first saluting the muses with a base viol hung hard by her, sent this ambassage in versified musick to both her ill requited lovers.

*Beauty hath force to catch the human sight ;
Sight doth bewitch the fancy evil awaked,
Fancy we feel includes all passion's might,
Passion rebell'd oft reasons strength hath shaken.*

*No wonder then, though fight my fight did taint,
And though thereby my fancy was infected,
Though, yoked so, my mind with sickness faint,
Had reason's weight for passion's ease rejected,*

*But now the fit is past ; and time hath giv'n
Leisure to weigh what due desert requireth.
All thoughts so sprung, are from their dwelling driv'n,
And wisdom to his wonted seat aspireth ;
Crying in me : eye-hopes deceitful prove ;
Things rightly priz'd : love is the band of love.*

And after her song with an affected modesty, she threw down her eye, as if the conscience of a secret grant her inward mind made, and suddenly cast a bashful vail over her. Which *Basilus* finding, and thinking now was the time to urge his painful petition, beseeching his wife with more careful eye to accompany his sickly daughter *Philoclea*, being rid for that time of her ; who was content to grant him any scope, that she might after have the like freedom ; with a gesture governed by the force of his passions, making his knees best supporters, he thus said unto her : If either, said he, O lady of my life, my deadly pangs could bear delay, or that this were the first time the same were manifested unto you, I would now but maintain still the remembrance of my misfortune, without urging any farther reward, than time and pity might procure for me. But, alas, since my martyrdom is no less painful than manifest, and that I no more feel the miserable danger, than you know the assured truth thereof : why should my

my tongue deny his service to my heart? Why should I fear the breath of my words, who daily feel the flame of your works? Embrace in your sweet consideration, I beseech you, the misery of my case, acknowledge yourself to be the cause, and think it is reason for you to redress the effects. Alas, let no certain imaginative rules whose truth stands but upon opinion, keep so wise a mind from gratefulness and mercy, whose never failing laws nature hath planted in us. I plainly lay my death unto you, the death of him that loves you, the death of him whose life you may save; say your absolute determination, for *hope itself is a pain, while it is overmastered with fear*; and if you do resolve to be cruel, yet is the speediest condemnation, as in evils, most welcome. *Zelmane*, who had fully set to herself the train she should keep, yet knowing that who soonest means to yield, doth well to make the bravest parley, keeping countenance aloft; Noble prince, said she, your words are too well couched to come out of a restless mind, and thanked be the Gods, your face threatens no danger of death. These are but those swelling speeches, which give the uttermost name to every trifle, which all were worth nothing, if they were not enameled with the goodly outside of love. Truly love were very unlovely if it were half so deadly, as you lovers, still living, term it. I think well it may have a certain childish vehemency, which for the time to one desire will engage all the soul, so long as it lasteth. But with what impatience you yourself shew, who confess the hope of it a pain, and think your own desire so unworthy as you would fain be rid of it; and so with over-much love sue hard for a hasty refusal. A refusal! cried out *Basilus*, amazed with all, but pierced with the last; now assure yourself whenever you use that word definitively, it will be the undoubted doom of my approaching death. And then shall your own experience know in me, how soon the spirits dried up with anguish leave the performance of their ministry, whereupon our life dependeth. But alas, what a cruelty is this, not only to torment but to think the torment slight? The terriblest tyrants would say by no man they killed, he died

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died not; nor by no man they punished, that he escaped free: for of all other, there is least hope of mercy where there is no acknowledging of the pain; and with like cruelty are my words breathed out from a flaming heart, accounted as messengers of a quiet mind. If I speak nothing I choak myself, and am in no way of relief; if simply, neglected: if confusedly, not understood: if by the bending together all my inward powers, they bring forth any lively expressing of that they truly feel, that is a token, forsooth, the thoughts are at too much leisure. Thus in silence desperate, folly punished, and wit suspected: but indeed it is vain to try any more, for words can bind no belief. Lady, I say, determine of me, I must confess I cannot bear this battle in my mind, and therefore let me soon know what I may account of myself; for *it is a hell of dolours when the mind still in doubt for want of resolution, can make no resistance.*

Indeed, answered *Zelmane*, if I should grant to your request, I shou'd shew an example in myself, that I esteem the holy band of chastity to be but an imaginative rule, as you termed it, and not the truest observance of nature, the most noble commandment that mankind can have over themselves, as indeed both learning teacheth, and inward feeling assureth. But first shall *Zelmane's* grave become her marriage bed, before my soul shall consent to his own shame, before I will leave a mark in myself of an unredeemable trespass. And yet must I confess, that if ever my heart were stirred, it hath been with the manifest and manifold shews of the misery you live in for me. For in truth so it is, nature gives not to us her degenerate children any more general precept, than one to help the other, one to feel a true compassion of the other's mishap. But yet if I were never so contented to speak with you (for farther, never, O *Basilus*, never look for at my hands) I know not how you can avoid your wife's jealous attendance, but that her suspicion shall bring my honour into question. *Basilus*, whose small sails the least wind did fill, was forthwith as far gone into a large promising himself his desire, as before he was stricken down with a threatened denial. And therefore bending his brows, as tho' he were not a man to take the

the matter as he had done ; What, said he, shall my wife become my mistress ? Think you not that thus much time hath taught me to rule her ? I will mew the gentlewoman till she have cast all her feathers, if she rouse herself against me. And with that he walked up and down, nodding his head, as tho' they mistook him much that thought he was not his wife's master. But *Zelma* now seeing it was time to conclude : Of your wisdom and manhood, said she, I doubt not, but that sufficeth not me, for both they can hardly tame a malicious tongue, and impossibly bar the freedom of thought, which be the things that must be only witnesses of honour or judges of dishonour. But that you may see I do not set light your affection, if to-night after your wife be assuredly asleep, whereof by your love I conjure you to have a most precise care, you will steal handsomely to the cave unto me, there do I grant you as great proportion as you will take of free conference with me, ever remembring you seek no more, for so shall you but deceive yourself, and for ever lose me. *Basilus*, that was old enough to know that *women are wont to not appoint secret night meetings for the purchasing of land*, holding himself already an undoubted possessor of his desires, kissing her hand, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, as if the greatness of the benefit did go beyond all measure of thanks, said no more, lest stirring of more words might bring forth some, perhaps, contrary matter. In which trance of joy *Zelma* went from him, saying she would leave him to the remembrance of their appointment, and for her, she would go visit the lady *Phibelea*, into whose chamber being come, keeping still her late taken-on gravity, and asking her how she did, rather in the way of dutiful honour, than in any special affection, with extreme inward anguish to them both, she turned from her, and taking the queen *Gynecia*, led her into a bay window of the same chamber, determining in herself, not to utter to so excellent a wit as *Gynecia* had, the uttermost point of her pretended device, but to keep the clause of it for the last instant, when the shortness of the time should not give her spirits leisure to look into all those doubts, that easily enter to an open invention. But with

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with smiling eyes, and with a delivered over grace, feigning as much love to her, as she did counterfeit little love to *Philoclea*, she began with more credible, than eloquent speech, to tell her, that with much consideration of a matter so nearly importing her own fancy, and *Gynecia's* honour, she had now concluded that the night following should be the fittest time for the joining together their several desires, what time sleep should perfectly do his office upon the king her husband, and that the one should come to the other into the cave: which place as it was the first receipt of their promised love, so it might have the first honour of the due performance. That the cause why those few days past, she had not sought the like, was, least the new change of her lodging might make the duke more apt to mark any sudden event; which now the use of it would take out of his mind. And therefore most excellent lady, said she, there resteth nothing, but that quickly after supper, you train up the king to visit his daughter *Philoclea*, and then feigning your self not well at ease, by your going to bed, draw him not long to be after you. In the mean time I will be gone home to my lodging, where I will attend you, with no less devotion, but as I hope with better fortune, than *Thisbe* did the too much loving, and too much loved *Pyramus*. The blood that quickly came into *Gynecia's* fair face, was the only answer she made, but that one might easily see, contentment and consent were both to the full in her; which she did testify with the wringing *Zelmane* fast by the hand, closing her eyes, and letting her head fall; as if she would give her to know, she was not ignorant of her fault, although she were transported with the violence of her evil. But in this triple agreement did the day seem tedious of all sides, till his never erring course had given place to the night's succession: and the supper by each hand hastied, was with no less speed ended, when *Gynecia* presenting a heavy sleepinels in her countenance, brought up both *Basilus* and *Zelmane* to see *Philoclea*, still keeping her bed, and far more sick in mind than body, and more grieved than comforted with any such visitation. Thence *Zelmane* wishing careful rest to

Philoclea, did seem to take that night's leave of this princely crew, when *Gynecia* likewise seeming somewhat diseased, desired *Basilus* to stay a while with his daughter, while she recommended her sickness to her bed's comfort, indeed desirous to determine again of the manner of her stealing away; to no less comfort to *Basilus*, who the sooner she was asleep, the sooner hoped to come by his long pursued prey. Thus both were bent to deceive each other, and to take the advantage of either other's disadvantage. But *Gynecia* having taken *Zelmane* into her bed-chamber, to speak a little with her of their sweet determination; *Zelmane* upon a sudden, as tho' she had never thought of it before. Now the Gods forbid, said she, so great a lady as you are should come to me; or that I should leave it to the hands of fortune, if by either the ill-governing of your passion, or your husband's sudden waking, any danger might happen unto you: no, if there be any superiority in the points of true love, it shall be yours; if there be any danger, since myself am the author of this device, it is reason it should be mine. Therefore do you but leave with me the keys of the gate, and upon yourself take my upper garment, that if any of *Dametas*'s house see you they may think you be myself, and I will presently lie down in your place, so muffled for your supposed sickness, as the king shall nothing know me. And then as soon as he is asleep, will I, as it much better becomes me, wait upon you. But if the uttermost of mischiefs should happen, I can assure you the king's life shall sooner pay for it than your honour. And with the ending of her words she threw off her mantle, not giving *Gynecia* any space to take the full image of this new change into her fancy. But seeing no ready objection against it in her heart, and knowing that there was no time then to stand long disputing; besides remembring the giver was to order the manner of his gift, yielded quickly to this conceit, indeed not among the smallest causes tickled thereunto by a certain wanton desire, that her husband's deceit might be the more notable. In this sort did *Zelmane* nimbly disarraying herself, possess *Gynecia*'s place

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place hiding her head in such a close manner, as grievous and over watched sickness is wont to invite to itself the solace of sleep. And of the other side the queen putting on *Zelmane's* outmost apparel, went first into her closet, there quickly to beautify herself with the best and sweetest night-deckings. But there casting an hasty eye over her precious things, which ever since *Zelmane's* coming, her head otherwise occupied, had left unseen, she happened to see a bottle of gold, upon which down along were graved these verses :

*Let him drink this, whom long in arms to fold
Thou dost desire, and with free power to hold.*

She remembered the bottle, for it had been kept of long time by the kings of *Cyprus*, as a thing of rare virtue, and given to her by her mother, when she being very young married to her husband of much greater age, her mother persuaded it was of property to force love with love effects, had made a precious present of it to this her beloved child, tho' it had been received rather by tradition to have such a quality, than by any approved experiment. This *Gynecia* (according to the common disposition, not only, tho' especially of wives, but of all other kinds of people, not to esteem much one's own, but to think the labour lost employed about it) had never cared to give her husband, but suffered his affection to run according to his own scope. But now that love of her particular choice had awakened her spirits, and perchance the very unlawfulness of it had a little blown the coal, among her other ornaments with glad mind she took most part of this liquor, putting it into a fair cup all set with diamonds : for what dares not love undertake armed with the night, and provoked with lust ? And thus down she went to the cave ward, guided only by the moon's fair shining, suffering no other thought to have any familiarity with her brains, but that which did present unto her a picture of her approaching contentment. She that had long obtained this solitary life her husband had entered into, now wished it much more solitary, so she might only

obtain the private presence of *Zelma*. She that before would not have gone so far, especially by night, and to so dark a place, now took a pride in the same courage, and framed in her mind a pleasure out of the pain itself. Thus with thick doubled paces she went to the cave, receiving to herself, for her first contentment, the only lying where *Zelma* had done; whose pillow she kissed a thousand times, for having born the print of that beloved head. And so keeping with panting heart her travelling fancies so attentive, that the wind could stir nothing, but that she stirred herself, as if it had been the pace of the longed for *Zelma*, she kept her side of the bed, descending only and cherishing the other side with her arms, till after a while waiting, counting with herself how many steps were betwixt the lodge and the cave, and of accusing *Zelma* of more curious stay than needed, she was visited with an unexpected guest.

For *Basilus*, after his wife was departed to her feigned repose, as long as he remained with his daughter, to give his wife time of unreadying herself, it was easily seen it was a very thorny abode he made there: and the discourses with which he entertained his daughter, not unlike to those of earnest players, when in the midst of their game, trifling questions be put unto them, his eyes still looking about, and himself still changing places, beginning to speak of a thing, and breaking it off before it were half done. To any speech *Philoclea* ministered unto him, with a sudden starting and casting up his head, made an answer far out of all grammar; a certain deep musing, and by and by out of it: uncertain motions, unstayed graces. Having born out the limit of a reasonable time, with as much pain as might be, he came darkling into his chamber, forcing himself to tread as softly as he could. But the more curious he was, the more he thought every thing creaked under him; and his mind being out of the way with another thought, and his eyes not serving his turn in that dark place, each coffer or cupboard he met, one saluted his shins, another his elbows; sometimes ready in revenge to strike them again with his face. Till at length,

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fearing his wife were not fully asleep, he came lifting up the cloaths as gently as I think poor *Pan* did, when, instead of *Iole's* bed, he came into the rough embracing of *Hercules*; and laying himself down, as tenderly as a new bride, rested a while with a very open ear, to mark each breath of his supposed wife. And sometimes he himself would yield a long fetched sigh, as though that had been a musick to draw on another to sleep, till within a very little while, with the other party's well counterfeited sleep, who was as willing to be rid of him as he was to be gone thence, assuring himself he left all safe there, in the same order stole out again, and putting on his night gown, with much groping and scrambling he got himself out of the little house, and then did the moon-light serve to guide his feet. Thus, with a great deal of pain, did *Basilus* go to her whom he fled, and with much cunning left the person for whom he had employed all his cunning. But when *Basilus* was once gotten, as he thought, into a clear coast, what joy he then made, how each thing seemed vile in his sight, in comparison of his fortune, how far already he deemed himself in the chief tower of his desires, it were tedious to tell: once his heart could not chuse but yield this song, as a fairing of his contentment.

Get hence foul grief the canker of the mind:

Farewel complaint, the miser's only pleasure.

Away vain cares, by which few men do find

Their sought-for treasure.

Ye helpless sighs, blow out your breath to nought,
Tears drown yourselves, for woe, your cause is wasted;

Thought, think to end, too long the fruit of thought

My mind hath tasted.

But thou, sure hope, tickle my leaping heart:

Comfort, step thou in place of wonted sadness,

Fore-felt desire, begin to favour part

Of coming gladness.

*Let voice of sighs into clear musick run :
 Eyes, let your tears with gazing now be mended,
 In stead of thought, true pleasure be begun,
 And never ended.*

Thus imagining as then with himself, his joys so held him up, that he never touched ground. And like a right old beaten soldier, that knew well enough the greatest captains do never use long orations, when it comes to the very point of execution, as soon as he was gotten into the cave, to the joyful, though silent, expectation of *Gynecia*, come close to the bed, never recking his promise to look for nothing but conference, he leap'd in that side reserved for a more welcome guest. And laying his lovingst hold upon *Gynecia*: O *Zelmane*, said he, embrace in your favour this humble servant of yours: hold within me my heart, which pants to leave his master to come unto you. In what case poor *Gynecia* was, when she knew the voice, and felt the body of her husband, fair ladies, it is better to know by imagination than experience. For straight was her mind assaulted, partly with the being deprived of her unquenched desire, but principally with the doubt that *Zelmane* had betrayed her to her husband, besides the renewed sting of jealousy, what in the mean time might befall her daughter. But of the other side her love with a fixed persuasion she had, taught her to seek all reason of hopes. And therein thought best before discovering of her self, to mark the behaviour of her husband; who, both in deeds and words still using her, as taking her to be *Zelmane*, made *Gynecia* hope that this might be *Basilus's* own enterprise, which *Zelmane* had not staid, lest she should discover the matter which might be performed at another time. Which hope accompanied with *Basilus's* manner of dealing, he being at that time fuller of livelier fancies, than many years before he had been, besides the remembrance of her daughter's sickness, and late strange countenance betwixt her and *Zelmane*, all coming together into her mind, which was loth to condemn it self of an utter overthrow, made her frame her self, not truly with a sugred joy, but with a de-

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terminate patience to let her husband think he had found a very gentle and supple-minded *Zelmanc*; which he good man making full reckoning of, did melt in as much gladness as she was oppressed with divers ungrateful burthens.

But *Pyrocles*, who had at this present no more to play the part of *Zelmanc*, having so naturally measured the manner of his breathing, that made no doubt of his sound sleeping, and lain a pretty while with the quiet unquietness to perform his intended enterprise, as soon as by the debate betwixt *Basilus's* shins and the unregarding forms, he perceived that he had fully left the lodge: after him went he with his stealing steps, having his sword under his arm, still doubting lest some mischance might turn *Basilus* back again, down to the gate of the lodge. Which not content to lock fast, he barred and fortified with as many devices, as his wit and haste would suffer him, that so he might have full time both for making ready *Philoclea*, and conveying her to her horse, before any might come in to find them missing. For farther ends of those ends, and what might ensue of this action, his love and courage well-matched never looked after, holding for an assured ground, that 'whatsoever in great things will think to prevent all objections must lie still and do nothing.' This determination thus weighed, the first part was thus performed, up to *Philoclea's* chamber door when *Pyrocles*, rapt from himself with the excessive fore feeling of his, as he assured himself, near-coming contentment. Whatever pains he had taken, what dangers he had run into, and especially those sawcy pages of love, doubts, griefs, languishing hopes, and threatening despairs, came all now to his mind, in one rank to beautify his expected blissfulness, and to serve for a most fit sawce, whose sourness might give a kind of life to the delightful chear his imagination fed upon. All the great estate of his father, all his own glory, seemed unto him but a trifling pomp, whose good stands in other men's conceit, in comparison of the true comfort he found in the depth of his mind, and the knowledge of any misery that might ensue his joyous adventure, was reckoned of but as a slight purchase of possessing the top of happiness; for so far were his

thoughts past thro' all perils, that already he conceived himself safely arrived with his lady at the stately palace of *Pella*, among the exceeding joys of his father, and infinite congratulations of his friends, giving order for the royal entertaining of *Philoclea*, and for sumptuous shews and triumphs, against their marriage. In the thought whereof as he found extremity of joy, so well found he that the extremity is not without a certain joyful pain, by extending the heart beyond his wonted limits, and by so forcible a holding all the senses to one object, that it confounds their mutual working, not without a charming kind of ravishing them from the free use of their own function. Thus grieved only with too much gladness, being come to the door which should be the entry to his happiness, he was met with the latter end of a song, which *Philoclea* like a solitary nightingale, bewailing her guiltless punishment, and helpless misfortune, had newly delivered over, meaning none should be judge of her passion, but her own conscience. The song having been accorded to a sweetly plaid on lute, contained these verses, which she had lately with some art curiously written, to enwrap her secret and resolute woes.

- ¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 ' Virtue, beauty and speech, did strike, wound, charm,
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 ' My heart, eyes, ears, with wonder, love, delight:
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 ' First, second, last, did bind, enforce and arm,
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 ' His works, shows, suits, with wit, grace and vows might,
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 ' Thus honour, liking, trust, much, far, and deep,
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 ' Held, pierc'd, possess'd, my judgment, sense and will.
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 ' Till wrong, contempt, deceit did grow, steal, creep,
¹ ² ³ ¹ ² ³
 ' Eards, favour, faith, to break, defile and kill,

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 ' Then grief, unkindness, proof, took, kindled, taught,
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 ' Well-grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain
 1 2 3 1 2 3
 ' But ah, alas ! (in vain) my mind, fight, thought,
 1 2 3 1 2 3
 ' Doth him, his face, his words, leave, shun, refrain,
 1 2 3 1 2 3
 ' For no thing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease,
 1 2 3 1 2 3
 ' Mine own, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.

The force of love to those poor folk, that feel it, is many ways very strange, but no way stranger, then that it doth so enchain the lover's judgement upon her that holds the reins of his mind, that whatsoever she doth is ever in his eyes best. And that best, being the continual motion of our changing life, turned by her to any other thing, that thing again becometh best. So that nature in each kind suffering but one superlative, the lover only admits no positive. If she sits still, that is best, for so is the conspiracy of her several graces, held best together to make one perfect figure of beauty. If she walk, no doubt that is best, for, besides, the making happy the more places by her steps, the very stirring adds a pleasing life to her native perfections. If she be silent, that without comparison is best, since by that means the untroubled eye most freely may devour the sweetness of his object. But if she speak, he will take it upon his death that is best, the quintessence of each word being distilled down into his affected soul : example of this was well to be seen in the given-over *Pyrocles*, who with panting breath, and sometimes sighs, not such as sorrow restraining the inward parts doth make them glad to deliver, but such as the impatience of delay, with the unquietness of never so sure hope, is wont to breathe out. Now being at the door, of the one side hearing her voice, which he thought, if the philosopher said true of the heavenly seven-sphered harmony, was by her not only represented,

but far surmounted, and of the other having his eyes over-filled with her beauty, for the king at his parting had left the chamber open, and she at that time lay, as the heat of that country did well suffer, upon the top of her bed, having her beauties eclipsed with nothing but with a fair smock, wrought all in flames of ash-colour silk and gold. lying so upon her right side, that the left thigh down to the foot, yielded his delightful proportion to the full view, which was seen by the help of a rich lamp, which through the curtains a little drawn cast forth a light upon her, as the moon doth when it shines into a thin wood: *Pyrocles* I say was stopped with the violence of so many darts, cast by *Cupid* altogether upon him, that quite forgetting himself, and thinking therein already he was in the best degree of felicity, he would have lost much of his time, and with too much love omitted the enterprize undertaken for his love, had not *Philoclea's* pitiful accusing of him forced him to bring his spirits again to a new byass; for she laying her hand under her fair cheek, upon which there did privily trickle the sweet drops of her delightful, though sorrowful, tears, made these words wait upon her moanful song. And hath that cruel *Pyrocles*, said she, deserved thus much of me, that I should for his sake lift up my voice in my best tunes, and to him continually, with pouring out my plaint, make a disdained oblation? shall my soul still do this honour to his unmerciful tyranny, by my lamenting his loss, to shew his worthiness and my weakness? He hears thee not, simple *Philoclea*, he hears thee not; and if he did, some hearts grow the harder the more they find their advantage. Alas, what a miserable constitution of mind have I! I disdain my fortune, and yet reverence him that disdains me. I accuse his ungratefulness, and have his virtue in admiration. O ye deaf heavens, I would either his injury could blot out mine affection, or my affection could forget his injury. With that giving a pitiful but sweet shriek, she took again the lute, and began to sing this sonnet, which might serve as an explaining to the other.

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*The love which is imprinted in my soul
With beauty's seal, and virtue fair disguis'd,
With inward cries puts up a bitter roll
Of huge complaints, that now it is despis'd.*

*Thus, thus the more I love, the wrong the more
Monstrous appears, long truth received late,
Wrong stirs remorseful Grief, grief's deadly sore
Unkindness breeds, unkindness fostereth hate.*

*But ah, the more I hate, the more I think
Whom I do hate; the more I think on him,
The more his matchless gifts do deeply sink
Into my breast, and loves renewed swim.
What medicine then can such disease remove,
Where love draws hate, and hate ingendereth love?*

But *Pyrocles*, that had heard his name accused and condemned by the mouth, which of all the world, and more than all the world, he most loved, had then cause enough to call his mind to his home, and with the most haste he could, for true love fears the accident of an instant, to match the excusing of his fault, with declaration of his errand thither. And therefore, blown up and down with as many contrary passions, as *Æolus* sent out winds upon the *Trojan* relics guided upon the sea by the valiant *Æneas*, he went into her chamber with such a pace as reverend fear doth teach, where kneeling down, and having prepared a long discourse for her, his eyes were so filled with her sight, that as if they would have robbed all their fellows of their services, both his heart fainted, and his tongue failed in such sort that he could not bring forth one word, but referred her understanding to his eyes language. But she in extremity amazed to see him there, at so undue a season, and ashamed that her beautiful body made so naked a prospect, drawing in her delicate limbs into the weak guard of the bed, and presenting in her face to him such a kind of pitiful anger, as might shew this was only a fault; therefore, because she had a former grudge unto him, turning away her face from

from him, she thus said unto him : O *Zelmans* or *Pyrocles*, for whether name I use, it much skills not, since by the one I was first deceived, and by the other now betrayed, what strange motion is the guide of thy cruel mind hither ? Dost thou not think the day-torments thou hast given me sufficient, but that thou dost envy me the night's quiet ? Wilt thou give my sorrows no truce, but by making me see before mine eyes how much I have lost, offer me due cause of confirming my plaint ? or is thy heart so full of rancour, that thou dost desire to feed thine eyes with the wretched spectacle of thine overthrown enemy, and so to satisfy the full measure of thy undeserved rage, with the receiving into thy sight the unrelievable ruins of my desolate life ! O *Pyrocles*, *Pyrocles*, for thy own virtue's sake, let miseries be no music unto thee, and be content to take to thy self some colour of excuse, that thou didst not know to what extremity thy inconsistency, or rather falshood hath brought me. *Pyrocles*, to whom every syllable she pronounced, was a thunderbolt to his heart, equally distracted betwixt amazement and sorrow, abashed to see such a stop of his desires, grieved with her pain, but tormented to find himself the author of it, with quaking lips, and pale chear, Alas, divine lady, said he, your displeasure is so contrary to my desert, and your words so far beyond all expectations, that I have least ability now I have most need, to speak in the cause upon which my life dependeth. For my troth is so undoubtedly constant unto you, my heart is so assured a witness to it self, of his unspotted faith, that having no one thing in me, whereout any such sacrifice might arise ; I have likewise nothing in so direct a thing to say for my self, but sincere and vehement protestations ; for in truth there may most words be spent, where there is some probability to breed of both sides conjectural allegations. But so perfect a thing as my love is of you, as it suffers no question, so it seems to receive injury by any addition of any words unto it. If my soul could have been polluted with treachery it would likewise have provided for it self due furniture of colourable answers, but as it

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stood upon the naked conscience of his untouched duty, so I must confess it is altogether unarmed against so unjust a violence as you lay upon me : alas ! let not the pains I have taken to serve you, be now accounted injurious unto you, let not the dangerous cunning I have used to please you, be deemed a treason against you : since I have deceived them whom you fear for your sake, do not you destroy me for their sake ; what can I without you farther do ? or to what more forwardness can any counsel bring our desired happiness ? I have provided whatsoever is needful for our going, I have rid them both out of the lodge, so that there is none here to be hinderers or knowers of our departure, but only the almighty powers, whom I invoke as triers of mine innocence, and witnesses of my well-meaning. And if ever my thoughts did receive so much as a fainting in their affections : if they have not continually with more and more ardour from time to time pursued the possession of your sweetest favour, if ever in that possession they received either spot or falsehood ; then let their most horrible plagues fall upon me, let mine eyes be deprived of the light, which did abuse the heavenly beams that strike them, let my falsified tongue serve to no use but to bemoan mine own wretchedness, let my heart impoisoned with detestable treason, be the seat of infernal sorrow, let my soul with the endless anguish of his conscience become his own tormentor. O false mankind ! cried out the sweet *Philoclea*. How can an impoisoned heart but yield forth evil matter by his mouth ? are oaths there to be believed, where vows are broken ? no no, who doth wound the eternal justice of the gods, cares little for abusing their names, and who in doing wickedly doth not fear due recompencing plagues, doth little fear that invoking of plagues will make them come ever a whit the sooner. But alas what aileth this new conversation, have you yet another sleight to pay, or do you think to deceive me in *Pyrocles's* form, as you have done in *Zelmane's* : or rather, now you have betrayed me in both, is some third sex left you, to transform your self into, to inveigle my simplicity ? enjoy, enjoy the conquest you have already won : and assure your self you
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are to come to the farthest point of your cunning. For my part, unkind *Pyrocles*, my only defence shall be belief of nothing, my comfort my faithful innocency, and the punishment I desire of you, shall be your own conscience. *Philoclea*'s hard persevering in this unjust condemnation of him, did so overthrow all the might of *Pyrocles*'s mind, who saw that time would not serve to prove by deeds, and that the better words he used, the more they were suspected of deceitful cunning. That void of all counsel, and deprived of all comfort, finding best deserts punished, and nearest hopes prevented, he did abandon the succour of himself, and suffered grief so to close his heart, that his breath failing him with a dreadful shutting of his eyes, he fell down at her bed side. Having had time to say no more, but oh! whom dost thou kill *Philoclea*? she that little looked for such an extream event of her doings, started out of her bed, like *Venus* rising from her mother the sea, not so much stricken down with amazement and grief of her fault, as lifted up with the force of love, and desire to help, she laid her fair body over his breast, and throwing no other water in his face, but the stream of her tears, not giving him other blows, but the kissing of her well-formed mouth, her only cries were these lamentations; O unfortunate suspicion, said she, the very mean to lose what we most suspect to lose. O unkind kindness of mine, which returns an imagined wrong with an effectual injury. O fool to make quarrel my supplication, or to use hate as the mediator of love: childish *Philoclea*, hast thou thrown away the jewel wherein all thy pride consisted? Hast thou with too much haste over-run thy self? then would she renew her kisses, and yet not finding the life return, redouble her plaints in this manner. O divine soul, said she, whose virtue can possess no less than the highest place in heaven, if for mine eternal plague thou hast utterly left this most sweet mansion, before I follow thee with *Thisbe*'s punishment for my rash unweariness, hear this protestation of mine: that as the wrong I have done thee proceeded of a most sincere, but unresistable affection, so led with this pitiful example,

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it shall end in the mortal hate of my self, and, if it may be, I will make my soul a tomb of thy memory. At that word with anguish of mind and weakness of body increased one by the other, and both augmented by this fearful accident, she had fallen down in a swoon, but that *Pyrocles*, then first severing his eyelids and quickly apprehending her danger, to him more than death, beyond all powers striving to recover the commandment of all his powers, stayed her from falling, and then lifting the sweet burthen of her body in his arms, laid her again in her bed. So that she, but then the physician, was now become the patient, and he to whom her weakness had been serviceable, was now enforced to do service to her weakness, which performed by him with that hearty care which the most careful love on the best loved subject in greatest extremity could employ, prevailed so far, that e're long she was able, though in strength exceedingly dejected, to call home her wandering senses, to yield attention to that her beloved *Pyrocles* had to deliver. But he lying down on the bed by her, holding her hand in his, with so kind an accusing her of unkindness, as in accusing her he condemned himself, began from point to point to discover unto her all that had passed between his loathed lovers and him. How he had entertained, and by entertaining deceived, both *Basilus* and *Gynecia*; and that with such a kind of deceit, as either might see the cause in the other, but neither espy the effect in themselves. That all his favours to them had tended only to make them strangers to this his action; and all his strangeness to her, to the final obtaining of her long promised, and now to be performed favour. Which device seeing it had so well succeeded to the removing all other hindrances, that only her resolution remained for the taking their happy journey, he conjured her by all the love she had ever born him, she would make no longer delay to partake with him whatsoever honours the noble king of *Macedon*, and all other *Euarchus's* dominions might yield him, especially since in this enterprize he had now waded so far, as he could not possibly retire himself back, without being overwhelmed with danger and dishonour:

dishonour: he needed not have used farther persuasion: for that only conjuration had so forcibly bound all her spirits, that could her body have seconded her mind, or her mind have strengthened her body, without respect of any worldly thing, but only fear to be again unkind to *Pyrocles*, she had condescended to go with him. But raising her self a little in her bed, and finding her own inability in any sort to endure the air: My *Pyrocles*, said she, with tearful eyes and a pitiful countenance, such as well witnessed she had no will to deny any thing she had power to perform, if you can convey me hence in such plight as you see me, I am most willing to make my extreamest danger a testimony, that I esteem no danger in regard of your virtuous satisfaction. But she fainted so fast, that she was not able to utter the rest of her conceived speech; which also turned *Pyrocles*'s thoughts from expecting farther answer, to the necessary care of reviving her, in whose fainting, himself was more than over-thrown. And that having affected with all the sweet means his wits could devise, though his highest hopes were by this unexpected downfal sunk deeper than any degree of despair: yet least the appearance of his inward grief might occasion her farther discomfort, having wracked his face to a more comfortable semblance, he sought some shew of reason, to shew she had no reason, either for him, or for herself to be afflicted, Which in the sweet minded *Philoclea*, whose consideration was limited by his words, and whose conceit pierced no deeper than his outward countenance, wrought within a while such quietness of mind, and that quietness again such repose of body, that sleep by his harbinger's weakness, weariness, and watchfulness, had quickly taken up his lodging in all her senses. Then indeed had *Pyrocles* leisure to sit in judgment on himself, and to hear his reason accuse his rashness, who, without forecast of doubt, without knowledge of his friend, without acquainting *Philoclea* with his purpose, or being made acquainted with her present estate, had fallen headlong into that attempt, the success whereof he had long since set down to himself as the measure of all his other fortunes. But
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calling to mind how weakly they do, that rather find fault with what cannot be mended, than seek to amend wherein they have been faulty: he soon turned him from remembring what might have been done, to considering what was now to be done, and when that consideration failed, what was now to be expected. Wherein having run over all the thoughts, his reason, called to the strictest accounts, could bring before him, at length he lighted on this. That as long as *Gynecia* bewrayed not the matter, which he thought she would not do, as well for her own honour and safety, as for the hope she might still have of him, which is loth to die in a lover's heart, all the rest might turn to a pretty merriment, and inflame his lover *Basilus*, again to call about for the misfled favour. And as naturally the heart stuffed up with wofulness, is glad greedily to suck the thinnest air of comfort: so did he at first, embrace this conceit, as offering great hope, if not assurance of well-doing, till looking more nearly into it, and not able to answer the doubts and difficulties he saw therein more and more arising, the night being also far spent, his thoughts even weary of his own burthens, fell to a straying kind of uncertainty; and his mind standing only upon the nature of inward intelligences, left his body to give a sleeping respite to his vital spirits, which he according to the quality of sorrow received with greater greediness than ever in his life before: according to the nature of sorrow, I say, which is past cares remedy; for care stirring the brains, and making thin the spirits, breaketh rest: but those griefs wherein one is determined there is no preventing, do breed a dull heaviness which easily cloths it self in sleep, so as laid down so near the beauty of the word. *Philoclea*, that their necks were subjects each to others chaste embracements, it seemed love had come thither to lay a plot in that picture of death, how gladly, if death came, their souls would go together.

E C L O G U S.

T*hyrsis* not with many painted words nor falsified promises had won the consent of his beloved *Kala*, but with a true and simple making her know he loved her, not forcing himself beyond his reach to buy her affection, but giving her such pretty presents, as neither could weary him with the giving, nor shame her for the taking. Thus, the first strawberries he could find, were ever in a clean washt dish, sent to *Kala*; thus posies of the spring-flowers were wrapt up in a little green silk, and dedicated to *Kala's* breasts; thus sometimes his sweetest cream, sometimes the best cakebread his mother made, were reserved for *Kala's* taste. Neither would he stick to kill a lamb when she would be content to come over the way unto him. But then lo, how the house was swept, and rather no fire than any smoke left to trouble her. Then love-songs were not dainty, when she would hear them, and as much mannerly silence, when she would not: in going to church great worship to *Kala*. So that all the parish said, never a maid they knew so well waited on: and when dancing was about the may-pole, no body taken out but she, and he after a leap or two to shew her his own activity, would frame all the rest of his dancing only to grace her. As for her father's sheep, he had no less care of them than his own: so that she might play her as she would, warranted with *Thyrsis's* carefulness. But if he spied *Kala* favoured any one of the flock more than his fellows, than that was cherished: shearing him so (when shorn he must be) as might most become him: but while the wool was on, wrapped within it some verses, wherein *Thyrsis* had a special gift, and making the innocent beast his unweeting messenger. Thus constantly continuing, though he were none of the fairest, at length he won *Kala's* heart, the honestest wench in all those quarters. And so with consent of both parents, without which neither *Thyrsis* would ask,

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ask, nor *Kala* grant, their marrying day was appointed, which because it fell out in this time, I think it shall not be impertinent, to remember a little our shepherds, while the other great persons, are either sleeping or otherwise troubled. *Thyrsis's* marriage-time once known, there needed no inviting of the neighbours in that valley; for so well was *Thyrsis* beloved, that they were all ready to do him credit, neither yet came they like harpies to devour him; but one brought a fat pig, the other a tender kid, the third a great goose; as for cheese, milk and butter, were the gossips presents. Thither came of strange shepherds only the melancholly *Philisides*; for the virtuous *Coridon* had long since left off all joyful solemnities. And as for *Strephon* and *Claius*, they had lost their mistress, which put them into such extream sorrows, as they could scarcely abide the light of the day, much less the eyes of Men. But of the *Arcadian* born shepherds, thither came good old *Geron*, young *Histor*, though unwilling, and upright *Dicus*, merry *Pas*, and jolly *Nico*. As for *Dametas*, they durst not presume, his pride was such, to invite him, and *Dorus* they found might not be spared. And thereunder a bower was made of boughs, for *Thyrsis's* house was not able to receive them, every one placed according to his age. The women, for such was the manner of the country, kept together to make good cheer among themselves, from which otherwise a certain painful modesty restrains them, and there might the sadder matrons give good counsel to *Kala*, who poor soul wept for fear of that she desired. But among the shepherds was all honest liberty, no fear of dangerous tell-tales, who hunt greater preys, nor indeed minds in them to give tell-tales any occasion, but one questioning with another of the manuring his ground, and governing his flock. the highest point they reached to, was, to talk of the holiness of marriage; to which purpose, as soon as their sober dinner was ended, *Dicus* instead of thanks, sung this song, with a clear voice and chearful countenance.

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Let mother earth now deck her self in flowers,
 To see her off-spring, seek a good increase,
 Where justest love doth vanquish Cupid's powers,
 And war of thoughts is swallowed up in peace,
 Which never may decrease,——
 But like the turtles fair,
 Live one in two, a well united pair;
 Which that no chance may stain,——
 O Hymen long their coupled joys maintain.

O Heav'n awake, shew forth thy stately face,
 Let not these slumbring clouds thy beauties hide,
 But with thy chearful presence help to grace
 The honest bridegroom and the bashful bride,
 Whole loves may ever bide,——
 Like to the elm and vine,
 With mutual embracements them to twine;
 In which delightful pain,——
 O Hymen long their coupled joys maintain.

Ye muses all which chaste affects allow,
 And have to Thyrsis shewed your secret skill,
 To this chaste love your sacred favours bow,
 And so to him and her your gifts distil,
 That they all vice may kill.——
 And like to lillies pure,——
 May please all eyes, and spotless may endure.
 Where that all bliss may reign,——
 O Hymen long their coupled joys maintain.

Ye nymphs which in the waters empire have,
 Since Thyrsis musick oft doth yield your praise,
 Grant to the thing which we for Thyrsis crave,
 Let one time, but long first, close up their days,
 One grave their bodies seize:——
 And like two rivers sweet,
 When they, thought divers, do together meet,
 One stream both streams contain:
 O Hymen long their coupled joys maintain.

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Pan, father Pan the God of silly sheep,
 Whose care is cause that they in number grow,
 Have much more care of them than them do keep,
 Since from these good the others good doth flow,
 And make their issue show ———
 In number like the herd
 Of yonglings, which thy self with love hast rear'd;
 Or like the drops of rain.
 O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

Virtue, if not a God, yet God's chief part,
 Be thou their knot of this their open vow,
 That still he be her head, she be his heart;
 He lean to her, she unto him do bow:
 Each other still allow: ———
 Like oak and mistletoe,
 Her strength from him, his praise from her do grow;
 In which most lovely train, ———
 O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

But thou foul Cupid, fire to lawless lust,
 Be thou far hence with thy impoison'd dart,
 Which though of glitt'ring gold, shall here take rust
 Where simple love, which chastness doth impart,
 Avoids thy hurtful art, ———
 Not needing charming skill,
 Such minds with sweet affections for to fill,
 Which being pure and plain, ———
 O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

All churlish words, shrewd answers, crabbed looks,
 All privateness, self-seeking, inward spite,
 All waywardness, which nothing kindly brooks,
 All strife for toys, and claiming master's right.
 Be hence, aye put to flight:
 All stirring husband's hate
 'Gainst neighbour's good for womanish debate,
 Be fled as things most vain, ———
 O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

All peacock pride, and fruits of peacock's pride,
Longing to be with loss of substance gay,

With wretchedness what may thy house betide,
So that you may on higher slippers stay,

For ever hence away : ———

Yet let not sluttish

The sink of filth, be counted housewifery ;

But keeping wholesome mean, ———

O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

But above all, away vile jealousy,

The evil of evils, just cause to be unjust,

How can he love suspecting treachery ?

How can she love where love, cannot win trust ?

Go snake, hide thee in dust, ———

Nay dare once shew thy face,

Where open hearts do hold so constant place,

That they thy sting restrain, ———

O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain.

The earth is deck'd with flowers, the heav'ns display'd,

Muses grant gifts, nymphs long and joined life,

Pan store of babes, virtue their thoughts well staid,

Cupid's lust gone, and gone is bitter strife,

Happy Man, happy Wife, ———

No pride shall them oppress,

Nor yet shall yield to loathsome sluttishness,

And jealousy is slain : ———

For Hymen will their coupled joys maintain.

Truly *Dicus*, said *Nico*, although thou didst not grant me the prize the last day, when undoubtedly I won it, yet must I needs say, Thou for thy part hast sung well and thirstily. *Pas* straight desired all the company they would bear witness that *Nico* had once in his life spoken wife : for, said he, I will tell it his Father, who will be a glad Man when he hears such news. Very true, said *Nico*, but indeed so would not thine in like case, for he would look thou shouldest live but one hour longer, than a

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discreet word wandred out of thy mouth : And I pray thee, said *Pas*, gentle *Nico*, tell me, what mischance it was that brought thee to taste so fine a meat ? Marry goodman blockhead, said *Nico*, because he speaks against jealousy, the filthy traitor to true affection, and yet disguising it self in the raiment of love. Sentences, sentences, cried *Pas*. Alas, how ripe witted these young folks be now adays ! but well counselled shall that husband be, when this man comes to exhort him not to be jealous. And so shall he, answered *Nico*, for I have seen a fresh example, tho' it be not very fit to be known. Come, come, said *Pas*, be not so squeamish, I know thou longest more to tell it, than we to hear it. But for all his words, *Nico*, would not bestow his voice, till he was generally intreated of all the rest. And then with a merry marriage-look he sung this following discourse, for with a better grace he could sing than tell.

A neighbour mine not long ago there was,
But nameless he, for blameless he shall be,
That married had a trick and bonny lass,
As in a summer day a man might see :
But he himself a foul unhandsome groom,
And far unfit to hold so good a room.

Now whether moved with self-unworthiness,
Or with her beauty fit to make a prey ;
Fell jealousy did so his brain oppress,
That if he absent were but half a day,
He guest the worst (you wot what is the worst)
And in himself new doubting causes nurs't.

While thus he fear'd the silly innocent,
Who yet was good, because she knew none ill,
Unto his house a jolly shepherd went,
To whom our prince did bear a great good will ;
Because in wrestling, and in a pastoral,
He far did pass the rest of shepherds all.

And

And therefore he a courtier was be-named,
 And as a courtier was with cheer received,
 (For they have tongues to make a poor man blamed,
 If he to them his duty misconceived)
 And for this courtier should well like his table,
 The good man bad his wife be serviceable.

And so she was, and all with good intent ;
 But few days past while she good manner used,
 But that her husband thought her service bent
 To such an end as he might be abused.
 Yet like a coward fearing stranger's pride,
 He made the simple wench his wrath abide ;

With chumpish looks, hard words, and secret nips,
 Grumbling at her when she his kindness sought.
 Asking her how she tasted courtier's lips,
 He forced her to think that which she never thought.
 In fine, he made her guess, there was some sweet,
 In that which he so fear'd that she should meet.

When once this entred was in woman's heart,
 And that it had inflamed a new desire,
 There rested then to play a woman's part ;
 Fuel to seek, and not to quench the fire,
 But (for his jealous eye she well did find)
 She studied cunning how the same to blind.

And thus she did. One day to him she came,
 And, though against his will, on him she leaned :
 And out gan cry, Ah well away for shame,
 If you help not, our wedlock will be stained.
 The good man starting, askt what her did move ?
 She sigh'd and said, The bad guest sought her love.

He little looking that she should complain
 Of that, whereto he fear'd she was inclin'd :
 Bussing her oft, and in his heart full fain,
 He did demand what remedy to find,

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How they might get that guest, from them to wend,
And yet the prince that lov'd him not offend.

Husband, quoth she, go to him by and by,
And tell him you do find I do him love :
And therefore pray him that of courtesy
He will absent himself, lest he should move
A young girl's heart, to that were shame for both
Whereto you know his honest heart were loath.

Thus shall you shew that him you do not doubt,
And as for me, sweet husband, I must bear ;
Glad was the man when he heard her out,
And did the same, although with mickle fear.
For fear he did, lest he the young man might
In choler put, with whom he would not fight.

The courtly shepherd much agast at this,
Not seeing earst such token in the wife,
Though full of scorn, would not his duty miss,
Knowing that ill becomes a household strife,
Did go his way, but sojourn'd near thereby,
That yet the ground thereof he might espy.

The wife thus having settled husband's brain,
Who would have sworn his spouse *Diana* was,
Watched when she a farther point might gain,
Which little time did fitly bring to pass.
For to the court her man was call'd by name ;
Whither he needs must go for fear of blame.

Three days before that he must sure depart,
She written had, but in a hand disguised,
A letter such, which might from either part,
Seem to proceed, so well it was devised.
She seal'd it first, then she the sealing brake,
And to her jealous husband did it take.

With weeping eyes (her eyes she taught to weep)
She told him that the courtier had it sent :

Alas, quoth she, thus women's shame doth creep.
 The good man read on both sides the content,
 It title had, *Unto my only love* :
 Subscription was, *Yours most, if you will prove*.

Th' epistle self such kind of words it had ;
 My sweetest joy, the comfort of my sprite,
 So may thy flocks increase thy dear heart glad,
 So may each thing e'en as thou wishest light,
 As thou wilt deign to read, and gently read
 This mourning ink in which my heart doth bleed.

Long have I lov'd, alas thou worthy art,
 Long have I lov'd, alas love craveth love,
 Long have I lov'd thy self, alas my heart
 Doth break, now tongue unto thy name doth move ;
 And think not that thy answer answer is,
 But that it is my doom of bale or bliss.

The jealous wretch must now to court be gone :
 Ne can he fail, for prince hath for him sent :
 Now is the time we may be here alone,
 And give a long desire a sweet content.
 Thus shall you both reward a lover true,
 And eke revenge his wrong suspecting you.

And this was all, and this the husband read
 With chafe enough, till she him pacified :
 Desiring, that no grief in him be bred,
 Now that he had her words so truly tried :
 But that he would to him the letter show ,
 That with his fault he might her goodness know.

That straight was done with many a boist'rous threat,
 That to the king he would his sin declare ;
 But now the courier gan to smell the feat,
 And with some words which shewed little care :
 He said until the good man was departed,
 Then gave he him the blow which never smarted.

Thus

Thus may you see the jealous wretch was made
The pandar of the thing he most did fear.

Take heed therefore, how you ensue that trade,
Lest the same marks of jealousy you bear.

For sure, no jealousy can that prevent,
Whereto two parties once be full content.

Behold, said *Pas*, a whole dicker of wit : he had pick-
ed out such a tale with intention to keep a husband from
jealousy, which was enough to make a sanctified hus-
band jealous, to see subtilities so much in the feminine
gender. But, said he, I will strike *Nico* dead, with the
wife words shall flow out of my gorge. And without
farther intreaty thus sang :

Who doth desire that chaste his wife should be,
First, be he true, for truth doth truth deserve :

Then such be he, as she his worth may see,
And one man still credit with her preserve.

Not toying kind, nor causlessly unkind,
Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right,
Not spying faults, nor in plain errors blind,
Never hard hand, nor ever reins too light.

As far from want, as far from vain expence,
(The one doth force, the latter doth entice)

Allow good company, but keep from thence
All filthy mouths that glory in their vice.

This done, thou hast no more, but leave the rest,
To virtue, fortune, time and woman's breast.

Well concluded, said *Nico*, when he hath done all, he
leaves the matter to his wife's discretion. Now whenso-
ever thou marriest, let her discretion deck thy head
with *Araon's* ornament. *Pas* was so angry with his
wife, being indeed towards marriage, that they might
perchance have fallen to buffets, but that *Dicus* desired
Philisides, who as a stranger sat among them, revolving in
his mind all the tempets of evil fortune he had passed,

that he would do so much grace to the company, as to sing one of his country songs. *Philifides*, knowing it no good manners to be squeamish of his coming, having put himself into their company, without farther study began to utter that, wherewith his thoughts were then, as always, most busied : and to shew what a stranger he was to himself, spake of himself, as of a third person in this sort :

The lad *Philifides*
Lay by a river side.

In flow'ry field a gladder eye to please ;

His pipe was at his foot,
His lambs were him beside,

A widow turtle near on bared root
Sat wailing without boot.

Each thing both sweet and sad
Did draw his boiling brain
To think, and think with pain

Of *Mira's* beams, eclips'd by absence bad.
And thus, with eyes made dim

With tears, he said, or sorrow said for him :

O earth, once answer give,
So may thy stately grace

By north, or south still rich adorned live,
So *Mira* long may be

On thy then blessed face

Whose foot doth set a heav'n on curled thee,

I ask, now answer me :

If th' author of thy bliss,
Phæbus, that shepherd high,
Do turn from thee his eye,

Doth not thy self, when he long absent is,
Like rogue, all ragged go,
And pine away with daily wasting woe ?

Tell me you wanton brook,
So may your sliding race

Shun loathed loving banks with cunning crook :

So in you ever new

Mira may look her face,

And

And make you fair with shadow of her hue :
 So when to pay your due
 To mother sea you come,
 She chid you not for stay,
 Nor beat you for your play,
 Tell me if your diverted springs become
 Absented quite from you,
 Are you not dried ? can you your selves renew ?
 Tell me you flowers fair,
 Cowslip and columbine,
 So may you make this wholesome spring-time air
 With you embraced lie,
 And lately thence untwine :
 But with dew drops engender children high :
 So may you never die,
 But pull'd by *Mira's* hand,
 Dress bosom hers, or head,
 Or scatter on her bed,
 Tell me, if husband spring-time leave your land,
 When he from you is sent,
 Whither not you, languish'd with discontent ?
 Tell me, my silly pipe,
 So may thee still betide,
 A cleanly cloth thy moistness for to wipe :
 So may the cherries red
 Of *Mira's* lips divide
 Their sugred selves to kiss thy happy head :
 So may her ears be led,
 Her ears where musick lives,
 To hear and not despise
 Thy lyric-liring cries ;
 Tell, if that breath, which thee thy sounding gives,
 Be absent far from thee,
 Absent alone canst thou then piping be ?
 Tell me my lamb of gold,
 So mayst thou long abide
 The day well fed, the night in faithful fold :
 So grow thy wool of note,
 In time that richly dy'd
 It may be part of *Mira's* petticoat,
 Tell me, if wolves the throat

Have caught of thy dear dam,
 Or she from thee be staid,
 Or thou from her be stray'd,
 Canst thou poor lamb, become another's lamb?
 Or rather till you die,
 Still for thy dam, with baa-waymenting cry?
 Tell me, O turtle true,
 So may no fortune breed
 To make thee nor thy better-loved rue:
 So may thy blessings swarm,
 That *Mira* may thee feed
 With hand and mouth; with laps and breasts keep
 warm:
 Tell me if greedy arm,
 Do fondly take away
 With traitor lime the one
 The other left alone:
 Tell me poor wretch, parted from wretched prey
 Disdain not you the green,
 Wailing till death, shun you not to be seen?
 Earth, brook, flow'rs, pipe, lamb, dove,
 Say all and I with them,
 Absence is death or worse, to them that love.
 So I unlucky lad
 Whom hills from her do hem,
 What fits me now but tears, and sighings sad?
 O fortune too too bad,
 I rather would my sheep
 Th'adst killed with a stroke,
 Burnt *Caban*, lost my cloke,
 Then want one hour those eyes which my joys keep.
 Oh! what doth wailing win?
 Speech without end had better not begin.
 My song climb thou the wind,
 Which *Holland* sweet now gently sendeth in,
 That on his wings the level thou may'st find
 To hit, but kissing hit
 Her ears the weights of wit.
 If thou know not for whom thy master dies,
 These marks shall make thee wise:

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She is the herdeſs fair that ſhines in dark,
And gives her kids no food, but willows bark.

This ſaid, at length he ended.

His oft ſigh broken ditty,

Then raiſe, but raiſe no legs with faintneſs bended,
With ſkin in ſorrow died,

With face the plot of pity,

With thoughts, which thoughts their own tormentors tried.

He roſe, and ſtreight eſpied

His ram, who to recover

The ewe another loved,

With him proud battle proved.

He envied ſuch a death in ſight of lover,

And always weſtward eying,

More envied *Phæbus* for his weſtern flying.

The whole company would gladly have taken this occasion of requeſting *Philifides* in plainer ſort to diſcover unto them his eſtate. Which he willing to prevent, as knowing the relation thereof more fit for funerals than the time of a marriage, began to ſing this ſong he had learned before he had ever ſubjected his thoughts to acknowledge no maſter, but a miſtreſs.

As I my little flock on *Iſter* bank

(A little flock ; but well my pipe they couth)

Did piping lead, the ſun already ſank

Beyond our world, and e'er I got my booth,

Each thing with mantle black the night doth ſcoth ;

Saving the glow-worm which would courteous be

Of that ſmall light oft watching ſhepherds ſee.

The welkin had full niggardly enclouſed

In coſſer of dim clouds his ſilver groats,

Ycleped ſtars ; each thing to reſt diſpoſed,

The caves were full, the mountains void of goats :

The bird's eye cloſ'd ; cloſed their chirping notes.

As for the nightingale, wood-muſick's king :

It *Auguſt* was, he deign'd not then to ſing.

Amid my sheep, though I saw naught to fear,
 Yet (for I nothing saw) I feared sore ;
 Then found I which thing is a charge to bear,
 As for my sheep I dreaded mickle more
 Than ever for my self since I was bore.
 I fat me down : for fee to go ne could.
 And sang unto my sheep lest stray they should.

The song I sang old *Lanquet* had me taught,
Lanquet, the shepherds best swift *Ister* knew,
 For clarkly read, and hating what is naught,
 For faithful heart, clean hands, and mouth as true :
 With his sweet skill my skillefs youth he drew,
 To have a feeling taste of him that fits
 Beyond the heaven, far more beyond your wits.

He said the musick best thilk powers pleased
 Was jump concord between our wit and will ;
 Where highest notes to godliness are raised,
 And lowest sink not down to jot of ill :
 With old true tales he wont mine ears to fill.
 How shepherds did of yore, how now they thrive,
 Spoiling their flock, or while twixt them they strive.

He liked me, but pitied lustful youth :
 His good strong staff my slipp'ry years up bore :
 He still hop'd well because I loved truth :
 Till forc'd to part with heart and eyes e'en sore,
 To worthy *Corydon* he gave me o'er,
 But thus in oaks true shade recounted be,
 Which now in night's deep shade sheep heard of me.

Such manner time there was (what time I not)
 When all this earth, this dam or mould of ours
 Was only won'd with such as beasts begot :
 Unknown as then were they that builded towers :
 The cattle wild, or tame, in nature's bowers
 Might freely roam, or rest, as seemed them :
 Man was not man their dwellings in to hem.

The

The beasts had sure some beastly policy :
 For nothing can endure where order n[']is.
 For once the lion by the lamb did lie,
 The fearful hind the leopard did kiss.
 Hurtleless was tyger's paw, and serpent's hiss.
 This think I well the beasts with courage clad,
 Like senators a harmless empire had.

At which whether the others did repine,
 For envy harb'reth most in feeblest hearts
 Or that they all to changing did incline,
 As e'en in beasts their dams leave changing parts
 The multitude to *Jove* a suit imparts,
 With neighing, blaying, braying, and barking,
 Roaring and howling for to have a king.

A king, in language theirs they said they would :
 (For then their language was a perfect speech)
 The birds likewise with chirps, and puing could
 Cackling, and chatt'ring that of *Jove* beseech.
 Only the owl still warn'd them not to seech
 So hastily that which they would repent :
 But saw they would, and he to desarts went.

Jove wisely said (for wisdom wisely says)
 O beasts, take heed what you of me desire.
 Rulers will think all things made them to please,
 And soon forget the swink due to their hire :
 But since you will, part of my heav'nly fire,
 I will you lend ; the rest your selves must give,
 That it both seen and felt may with you live.

Full glad they were, and took the naked spright,
 Which streight the earth cloathed in his clay :
 The lion heart ; the ounce gave active might ;
 The horse, good shape ; the sparrow, lust to play ;
 Nightingale, voice, enticing songs to say.
 Elephant gave a perfect memory :
 And parrot, ready tongue, that to apply.

The Fox gave craft; the dog gave flattery :
 As patience ; the mole, a working thought ;
 Eagle, high look ; wolf, secret cruelty :
 Monkey, sweet breath ; the cow, her fair eyes brought ;
 The ermine, whitest skin, spotted with nought ;
 The sheep, mild seeming face ; climbing, the bear.
 The stag did give the harm eschewing fear.

The hare, her sleights ; the cat, his melancholy ;
 Ant, industry ; and conney, skill to build ;
 Cranes, order ; storks, to be appearing holy ;
 Cameleon, ease to change ; duck, ease to yield :
 Crocodile, tears, which might be falsely spill'd :
 Ape, great thing gave, though he did mowing stand,
 The instrument of instruments, the hand.

Each other beast likewise his present brings :
 And but thy dread their prince they ought should want,
 They all consented were to give him wings :
 And aye more awe towards him for to plaint,
 To their own work this privilege they grant,
 That from thenceforth to all eternity,
 No beast should freely speak, but only he.

Thus man was made ; thus man their lord became :
 Who at the first, wanting, or biding pride,
 He did to beasts best use his cunning frame
 With water drink, herbs meat, and naked hide.
 And fellow like let his dominion slide ;
 Not in his sayings, saying I, but we ;
 As if he meant his lordship common be.

But when his seat so rooted he had found,
 That they now skill'd not how from him to wend ;
 Then gain in guiltless earth full many a wound,
 Iron to seek, which 'gainst it self should bend,
 To tear the bowels, that good corn should send,
 But yet the common dam none did bemoan ;
 Because though hurt, they never heard her groan.
 Then

Then 'gan the factions in the beasts to breed ;
 Where helping weaker sort, the nobler beasts,
 (As tygers, leopards, bears, and lion's seed)
 Disdain'd with this, in desarts sought their rests :
 Where famine ravine taught their hungry cheells,
 That craftily he forc'd them to do ill,
 Which being done, he afterwards would kill.

For murders done, which never erst was seen,
 By those great beasts, as for the weakers good,
 He chose themselves his guarders for to be,
 'Gainst those of might, of whom in fear they stood,
 As horse, and dog, not great, but gentle blood :
 Blithe were the common catle of the field,
 Tho' when they saw their foen of greatness kill'd.

But they or spent, or made of slender might,
 Then quickly did the meaner cattle find,
 The great beam's gone, the house on shoulder's light :
 For by and by the horse fair bits did bind :
 The dog was in a collar taught his kind.
 As for the gentle birds like case might rue,
 When falcon they, and gros hawk saw in mew.

Worst fell to smallest birds, and meanest herd,
 Whom now his own, full like his own he used.
 Yet first but wool, or feathers off he tear'd :
 And when they were well us'd to be abused :
 For hungry teeth their flesh with teeth he bruised :
 At length for glutton taste he did them kill :
 At last for sport their silly lives did spill.

But yet, O man, rage not beyond thy need :
 Deem it not glory to swell in tyranny.
 Thou art of blood, joy not to see things bleed :
 Thou fearest death : think they are loth to die.
 A plaint of guiltless hurt doth pierce the sky,

And

And you poor beasts in patience bide your hell,
 Or know your strengths, and then you shall do well.
 Thus did I sing and pipe eight fullen hours
 To sheep, whom love, not knowledge, made to hear,
 Now fancies fits, now fortune's baleful flowers :
 But then I homeward call'd my lambkins dear ;
 For to my dimmed eyes began to appear
 The night grown old, her black head waxen grey,
 Sure shepherd's sign, that morn should soon fetch day.

According to the nature of divers ears divers judgments soon followed : some praising his voice, other his words fit to frame a pastoral style, others the strangeness of the tale, and scanning what he should mean by it. But old *Geron*, who had borne him a grudge ever since in one of their eclogues he had taken him up over-bitterly, took hold of this occasion to make his revenge, and said, He never saw a thing worse proportioned, than to bring in a tale of he knew not what beasts at such a sport-meeting, when rather some song of love, or matter for joyful melody was to be brought forth. But, said he, *this is the right conceit of young men, who think when they speak wiseliest, when they cannot understand themselves.* But little did the melancholick shepherd regard either his dispraises, or the other's praises, who had set the foundation of his honour there, where he was most despised. And therefore he returning again to the train of his desolate pensiveness, *Geron* invited *Histor* to answer him in eclogue-wise ; who indeed having been long in love with the fair *Kala*, and now by *Lalus* over-gone, was grown into a detestation of marriage. But thus it was.

GERON and HISTOR.

GERON.

In faith, good *Histor*, long is your delay,
 From holy marriage, sweet and surest mean :
 Our foolish lust in honest rules to stay,
 I pray you do to *Lalus'* sample lean :

Thou

Thou seest how frisk, and jolly now he is,
That last day seem'd, he could not chew a bean.
Believe me man, there is no greater bliss,
Than is the quiet joy of loving wife :
Which whoso wants, half of himself doth miss.
Friend without change, play-fellow without strife,
Food without fulness, counsel without pride,
Is this sweet doubling of our single life.

HISTOR.

No doubt, to whom so good chance did betide,
As for to find a pasture strewed with gold,
He were a fool if there he did not bide.
Who would not have a *Phœnix* if he could :
The humming wasp if it had not a sting,
Before all flies the wasp accept I would ;
But this bad world, few golden fields doth bring ;
Phœnix but one, of crows we millions have.
The wasp seems gay, but is a cumbrous thing.
If many *Kala's* our *Arcadia* gave,
Lalus' example I would soon ensue,
And think, I did my self from sorrow save.
But of such wives we find a slender crew ;
Shrewdness so stirs, pride so puffs up the heart,
They seldom ponder what to them is due.
With meagre looks, as if they still did smart
Puling or whimpring, or else scolding flat,
Make home more pain than following of the cart.
Either dull silence, or eternal chat ;
Still contrary to what her husband says ;
If he do praise the dog, she likes the cat.
Austere she is, when he would honest p'ays ;
And gamesome then, when he thinks on his sheep,
She bids him go, and yet from journey stays,
She war doth ever with his kinsfolk keep,
And makes them fremb'd, who friends by nature are,
Envyng shallow toys with malice deep.
And if forsooth there come some new found ware,
The little coin his sweating brows have got,
Must go for that if for her lowers he care :

Or else ; Nay faith, mine is the luckiest lot,
That ever fell to honest woman yet :

No wife but I hath such a man, god wot :
Such is their speech, who be of sober wit :

But, who do let their tongues shew well their rage,
Lord, what bye-words they speak, what spite they
spit ?

The house is made a very loathsome cage,
Wherein the bird doth never sing, but cry.

With such a will as nothing can assuage.
Dearly their servants do their wages buy,
Revil'd for each small fault, sometimes for none :
They better live that in a jail do lie.

Let other fouler spots away be blown,
For I seek not their shame, but still methinks
A better life it is to live alone.

GERON.

Who for each fickle fear from virtue shrinks,
Shall in his life embrace no worthy thing :

No mortal man the cup of surety drinks.
The heav'ns do not good haps in handfals bring,
But let us pick our good from out much bad :
That still our little world may know his king.

But certainly so long we may be glad,
While that we do what nature doth require,
And for th' event we never ought be sad.
Man oft is plagu'd with air, is burnt with fire,

In water drown'd, in earth his burial is :
And shall we not therefore their use desire ?

Nature above all things requireth this,
That we our kind do labour to maintain :
Which drawn-out line doth hold all human bliss.

Thy father justly may of thee complain
If thou do not repay his deeds for thee,

In granting unto him a grandfire's gain.
Thy Commonwealth may rightly grieved be,

Which must by this immortal be preserved,
If thus thou murder thy posterity.

His very being he hath not deserved,
Who for a self-conceit will that forbear,

Whereby

Whereby that being, aye must be, conserved.

And God forbid women such cattle were
As you paint them : but well in you I find,

No man doth speak aright who speaks in fear,
Who only sees the ill is worse than blind.

These fifty winters married have I been ;
And yet find no such faults in womankind.

I have a wife worthy to be a queen,
So well she can command, and yet obey :

In ruling of a house so well she's seen.
And yet in all this time betwixt us tway,

We wear our double yoke with such content,
That never past foul word, I dare well say :

But these are your love toys, which still are spent
In lawless games, and love not as you should,

But with much study learn late to repent.
How well last day before our prince you could

Blind *Cupid's* works with wonder testify ?
Yet now the root of him abase you would.

Go to, go to, and *Cupid* now apply,
To that where thou thy *Cupid* may't avow,

And thou shalt find in women virtues lie,
Sweet supple minds which soon to wisdom bow

Where they by wisdom's rule directed are,
And are not forc'd fond thralldom to allow.

As we to get are fram'd, so they to spare :
We made for pain, our pains they made to cherish :

We care abroad, and they of home have care,
O *Histor*, seek within thyself to flourish :

Thy house by thee must live, or else be gone :
And then who shall the name of *Histor* nourish ?

Riches of children pass a prince's throne ;
Which touch the father's heart with secret joy,

When without shame he saith, these be mine own.
Marry therefore, for marriage will destroy

Those passions which to youthful head do climb,
Mothers and nurses of all vain annoy.

HISTOR.

Perchance I will, but now methinks it time

To

To go unto the bride, and use this day,
To speak with her while freely speak we may.

He spake these words with such affection, as a curious eye might easily have perceived he liked *Thyrsis* fortune better than he loved his person. But then indeed did all arise, and went to the women, where spending all the day, and good part of the night in dancing, carolling and wassalling; lastly, they left *Thyrsis*, where he long desired to be left, and with many unfeigned thanks returned every man to his home. But some of them having to cross the way of the two lodges, might see a lady making doleful lamentation over a body which seemed dead unto them. But methinks *Dametas* cries unto me, if I come not the sooner to comfort him, he will leave off his golden work, that hath already cost him so much labour and longing.



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THE
COUNTESS of *Pembroke's*
A R C A D I A.

BOOK IV.

THE almighty wisdom evermore delighting to shew the world, that by unlikeliest means greatest matters may come to conclusion ; that human reason may be the more humbled, and more willingly give place to divine providence ; as at the first it brought in *Dametas* to play a part in this royal pageant, so having continued him still an actor, now that all things were grown ripe for an end, made his folly the instrument of revealing that, which far greater cunning had sought to conceal. For so it fell out, that *Dametas* having spent the whole day in breaking up the cumbersome work of the pastor *Dorus*, and feeling in all his labour no pain so much, as that his hungry hopes received any stay, having with the price of much sweat and weariness gotten up the huge stone, which he thought should have such a golden lining, the good man in the great bed that stone had made, found nothing but these two verses written upon a broad piece of vellum.

Who

HE

*Who hath his hire, hath well his labour plac'd;
Earth thou didst seek, and store of Earth thou hast.*

What an inward discontentment it was to master *Dametas*, to find his hope of wealth turned to poor verses, for which he never cared much, nothing can describe, but either the feeling in one's self the state of such a mind *Dametas* had, or at least the bethinking what was *Midas's* fancy, when after the great pride he conceived to be made judge between the Gods, he was rewarded with the ornament of an ass's ears. Yet the deep apprehension he had received of such riches, could not so suddenly lose the colour that had so thoroughly dyed his thick brain, but that he turned and tossed the poor bowels of the innocent earth, till the coming on of the night, and the tediousness of his fruitless labour, made him content rather to exercise his discontentation at home than there. But forced he was, his horse being otherwise burthened with digging instruments, to return as he came, most part of the way on foot, with such grudging lamentations as a nobler mind would, but more nobly, make for the loss of his mistress. For so far had he fed his foolish soul with the expectation of that which he reputed felicity, that he no less accounted himself miserable, than if he had fallen from such an estate his fancy had embraced. So then home again went *Dametas*, punished in conceit, as in conceit he had eried, till he found himself there from a fancied loss fallen to essential misery: for entering into his house three hours before night, instead of the lightsome countenance of *Pamela*, which gave such an inward decking to that lodge, as proudest palaces might have cause to envy it, and of the grateful conversation of *Dorus*, whose witty behaviour made that loneliness to seem full of good company, instead of the loud scolding of *Miso*, and the busy rumbling up and down of *Mopsa*, which tho' they were so short, as quite contrary to the others praise worthiness, yet were they far before them in filling of a house; he found nothing but a solitary darkness: which as naturally it breeds a kind of irksome ghastfulness, so it was to him a most present

present terror, remembering the charge he had left behind, which he well knew imported no less than his life unto him. Therefore lighting a candle, there was no place a mouse could have dwelled in but that he with quaking diligence sought into. But when he saw he could see nothing of that he most cared for, then became he the right pattern of a wretch dejected with fear: for, crying and howling, knocking his head to the wall, he began to make pitiful complaints, where no body could hear him: and, with too much dread he should not recover her, left all consideration how to recover her. But at length looking like a she goat when she casts her kid, for very sorrow he took in his own behalf, out of the lodge he went running as hard as he could, having now received the very form of hanging into his consideration. Thus running, as a man that would gladly have run from himself, it was his foolish fortune to espy, by the glimmering light the moon did then yield him, one standing aloft among the boughs of a fair ash. He that would have asked counsel at that time of a dog, cast up his face, as if his tooth had been drawing; and with much bending his sight, perceived it was Mrs. *Mopsa*, fitly seated there for her wit and dignity. There, I will not say with joy, for how could he taste of joy, whose imagination was fallen from a palace to a gallows? But yet with some refreshing of comfort, in hopes he should learn better tidings of her, he began to cry out, O *Mopsa*, my beloved chicken, here am I thine own father *Dametas*, never in such a towardness of hanging, if thou canst not help me. But never a word could his eloquence procure of *Mopsa*, who indeed was there attending for greater matters. This was yet a new burthen to poor *Dametas*, who thought all the world was conspiring against him: and therefore with a silly choler he began another tune. Thou vile *Mopsa*, said he, now the vengeance of my fatherly curse overthwart thee, if thou do not straitways answer me. But neither blessing nor cursing could prevail. *Mopsa*, who was now great with child with the expectation of her may-game hopes, did long to be delivered with the third time of being named. Which by and by followed,

ed, for *Dametas* rubbing his elbow, stamping and whining, seeing neither of these take place, he began to throw stones at her, and withal to conjure her by the name of hellish *Mopsa*. But when he had named her the third time, no chime can more suddenly follow the striking of a clock, than she verily thinking it was the God that used her father's voice, throwing her arms abroad, and not considering that she was muffled upon so high a tree, came fluttering down like a hooded hawk, likely enough to have broken her neck, but that the tree full of boughs, tossed her from one bough to another, and lastly well bruised, brought her to receive an unfriendly salutation of the earth. *Dametas*, as soon as she was down, came running to her, and finding her so close wrapt, pulled off the scarlet cloak: in good time for her; for with the soreness of the fall, if she had not had breath given her, she had delivered a foolish soul to *Pluto*. But when *Dametas* began afresh to desire his daughter not to forget the pains he had taken for her in her childhood, which he was sure she could remember, and to tell where *Pamela* was. O good *Apollo*, said *Mopsa*, if ever thou didst bear love to *Phaeton's* mother, let me have a king to my husband. Alas, what speakest thou of *Phaeton*, said *Dametas*? If by thy circumstance means I find not out *Pamela*, thy father will be hanged to-morrow. It is no matter tho' he be hanged, answered *Mopsa*; do but thou make *Dorus* a king, and let him be my husband, good *Apollo*, for my courage doth much prick me toward him. Ah *Mopsa*, cry'd out *Dametas*, where is thy wit? Dost thou not know thy father? How hast thou forgotten thyself? I do not ask wit of thee, mine own God, said she, but I see thou wouldst have me remember my father, and indeed forget myself. No, no, a good husband. Thou shalt have thy fill of husbands, said *Dametas*, and do but answer me my question. O I thank thee, said *Mopsa*, with all my heart heartily, but let them be all kings. *Dametas* seeing no other way prevail, fell down on his knees, *Mopsa*, *Mopsa*, said he do not thus cruelly torment me; I am already wretched enough

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ough, alas, either help me, or tell me thou canst not.
She that would not be behind *Apollo* in courtesy, kneel-
ed down on the other side; I will never leave torment-
ing thee, said *Mopsa*, until thou hast satisfied my long-
ing; but I will proclaim thee a promise-breaker, that
even *Jupiter* shall hear it. Now by the fostering thou
hast received in this place, save my life, said *Dametas*.
Now by the fair ash, answered *Mopsa*, where thou didst
receive so great a good turn, grant post haste to my
burning fancy. O where is *Pamela*, said *Dametas*?
O a lusty husband, said *Mopsa*. *Dametas*, that now
verily assured himself his daughter was mad, began ut-
terly to despair of his life; and therefore amazedly
catching her in his arms, to see whether he could bring
her to herself, he felt the weight of a great cudgel
light upon his shoulder, and for the first greeting he
knew his wife *Miso's* voice, by the calling him
rascal villain, and asking him whether she could not
serve his turn as well as *Charita*? For *Miso* having, ac-
cording to *Dorus's* counsel, gone to *Mantina*, and there
harboured herself in an old acquaintance's house of hers,
as soon as ten of the clock was stricken (where she had
remained closely all that while, I think with such an
amiable chear, as when jealous *Juno* sat cross-legged to
hinder the child-birth of her husband's love) with open
mouth she went to the magistrate appointed over such
matters, and there, with the most scolding invective,
her rage rather than eloquence could bring forth, she
required his aid to take *Dametas*, who had left his duty
to the king and his daughter, to commit adultery in the
house of *Charita's* uncle, in the *Oudemian* street. But
neither was the name of *Charita* remembered, nor
any such street known. Yet such was the general mis-
take all men had of *Dametas's* unworthy advancement,
that every man was glad to make himself a minister of
that which might redound to his shame; and therefore,
with panick cries and laughers, there was no suspected
place in all the city but was searched for under the title
of *Dametas*, *Miso* ever foremost, encouraging them with
all the shameful blazings of his demeanor, increasing
the

the sport of hunting her husband, with her diligent barking; till at length, having done both him and herself as much infamous shame as such a tongue in such an action might perform, in the end not being able to find a thing that was not, to her mare again she went, having neither suspicion nor rage any thing mitigated. But, leaving behind her a sufficient comedy of her tragical fancies, away homeward she came, imputing the not finding her husband, to any chance rather than to his innocence. For her heart being apt to receive and nourish a bitter thought, it had so swallowed up a determinate condemnation, that in the very anatomy of her spirits one should have found nothing but devilish disdain, and hateful jealousy. In this sort grunting out her mischievous spite, she came by the tree, even as *Dametas* was making that ill-understood intercession to his foolish *Mopsa*. As soon as she heard her husband's voice, she verily thought she had her play; and therefore stealing from her mare as softly as she could, she came creeping and halting behind him, even as he (thinking his daughter's little wits had quite left her great noul) began to take her in his arms, thinking perchance her feeling sense might call her mind's parts unto her. But *Miso*, who saw nothing but thro' the choler of revengeful anger, established upon the fore-judgment of his trespass, undoubtedly resolving that *Mopsa* was *Charita*, *Dorus* had told her of, mumping out her hoarse chafe, she gave him the wooden salutation you heard of; *Dametas*, that was not so sensible in any thing as in blows, turned up his blubbered face like a great lout new whipped: Alas thou woman, said he, what hath thy poor husband deserved to have his own ill luck loaden with thy displeasure? *Pamela* is lost, *Pamela* is lost. *Miso* still holding on the course of her former fancy, what tellest thou me, naughty varlet, of *Pamela*; Dost thou think that doth answer me, for abusing the laws of marriage? Have I brought thee children, have I been a true wife unto thee, to be despised in mine old age? And ever among she would sauce her speeches with such ballinadces, that poor *Dametas* began now to think, that either a general madding was fallen, or else

else that all this was but a vision. But as for visions the
 smart of the cudgel put out of his fancy ; and therefore
 again turning to his wife, not knowing what in the world
 she meant, *Miso*, said he, hereafter thou mayest examine
 me, do but now tell me what is become of *Pamela*. I
 will first examine this drab, said she, and withal let fall
 her staff as hard as she could upon *Mopsa*, still taking her
 for *Charita*. But *Mopsa* that was already angry, think-
 ing that she had hindered her from *Apollo*, leapt up and
 caught her by the throat, like to have strangled her, but
 that *Dametas* from a condemned man was fain to become
 a judge, and part this fray, such a picture of rude dis-
 cord, where each was out with the other two. And then
 getting the opportunity of their falling out to hold himself
 in surety, who was indeed the veriest coward of the three,
 he renewed his earnest demand of them. But it was a
 sport to see, how the former conceits *Dorus* had printed
 in their imaginations, kept still such dominion in them,
 that *Miso*, though now she found and felt it was her
 daughter *Mopsa*, yet did *Charita* continually pass through
 her thoughts, which she uttered with such crabbed ques-
 tions to *Dametas*, that he not possibly conceiving any
 part of her doubt, remained astonished, and the astonish-
 ment increased her doubt. And as for *Mopsa*, as first she
 did assuredly take him to be *Apollo*, and thought her mo-
 ther's coming did but mar the bargain : so now much
 talking to and fro had delivered so much light into the
 misty mould of her capacity, as to know him to be her
 father. Yet remained there such footsteps of the fore-
 taken opinion, that she thought verily her father and
 mother were hasted thither to get the first wish. And
 therefore to whatsoever they asked of her, she would ne-
 ver answer, but embracing the tree, as if she feared it
 had been running away, Nay, says she, I will have the
 first wish, for I was here first ; which they understood no
 more than *Dametas* did what *Miso* meant by *Charita* ;
 till at length with much urging them, being indeed better
 able to persuade both, than to meet hand to hand with
 either, he prevailed so much with them, as to bring them
 into the lodge to see what loss their negligence had suffer-
 ed. Then indeed the near neighbourhood they bare to
 themselves,

themselves, made them leave other toys, and look into what dangerous plight they were all fallen, as soon as the king should know his daughter's escape. And as for the women, they began a-fresh to enter into their brawling, whether were in the fault. But *Dametas*, who did fear that among his other evils, the thunderbolt of that storm would fall upon his shoulders, slipped away from them, but with so maugre a cheer, as might much sooner ingender laughter than pity. O true *Arcadia*, would he say (tearing his hair and beard, and sometime for too much woe, making unwieldy former-faults) how darest thou bear upon thee such a felonious traytor as I am? And you false hearted trees, why would you make no noise, to make her ungracious departure known? Ah *Pamela*, *Pamela*, how often when I brought thee in fine poesies of all coloured flowers, wouldst thou clap me on the cheek, and say thou wouldst be one day even with me? was this thy meaning, to bring me to an even pair of gallows? ah ill taught *Dorus*, that camest hither to learn good manners of me? did I ever teach thee to make thy master sweat out his heart for nothing, and in the mean time to run away with thy mistress? O my dun-cow, I did think some evil was towards me ever since the last day thou didst run away from me, and held up thy tail so pitifully: did I not see an eagle kill a cuckoo, which was a plain foretoken unto me, *Pamela* should be my destruction? O wife *Miso*, if I durst say it to thy face, why didst thou suspect thy husband, that loveth a piece of cheese better than a woman? and thou little *Mopsa*, that shall inherit the shame of thy father's death, was it time for thee to climb trees, which should so shortly be my best burial? O that I could live without death, or die before I were aware! O heart, why hast thou no hands at commandment to dispatch thee? O hands, why want you a heart to kill this villain? in this sort did he inveigh against every thing, sometimes thinking to run away, while it was yet night: but he that had included all the world within his sheep coat, thought that worse than any death; sometime for dread of hanging he meant to hang himself; finding, as indeed it is, that 'fear is far more painful to cowardise, than death to a true courage.' But

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his fingers were nothing nimble in that action, and any thing was lett enough thereto, he being a true lover of himself without any rival. But lastly, guided by a far greater constellation than his own, he remembered to search the other lodge, where it might be *Pamela* that night had retired her self. So thither with trembling hams he carried himself; but employing his double key, which the king for special credit had unworthily bestowed upon him, he found all the gates so barred, that his key could not prevail, saving only one trap door which went down into the vault by the cellar, which as it was unknown of *Pyrocles*, so had he left it unregarded. But *Dametas*, that ever knew the buttery better than any other place, got in that way, and passing softly to *Philoclea's* chamber, where he thought most likely to find *Pamela*; the door being left open, he entred in, and by the light of the lamp he might discern one on the bed by her; which although he took to be *Pamela*, yet thinking no surety enough in a matter touching his neck, he went hard to the bedside of these unfortunate lovers, who at that time being not much before the break of day (whether it were they were so divinely surpris'd, to bring this whole matter to the destined conclusion, or that the unresistable force of their sorrows had overthrown the wakeful use of their senses) were as then possessed with a mutual sleep, yet not forgetting with viny embracements to give any eye a perfect model of affection. But *Dametas* looking with the lamp in his hand, but neither with such a face nor mind upon these excellent creatures, as *Psyche* did upon her unknown lover, and giving every way freedom to his fearful eyes, did not only perceive it was *Zelmane*, and therefore much different from the lady he sought: but that this same *Zelmane* did more differ from the *Zelmane* he and others had ever taken her for, wherein the change of her apparel chiefly confirmed his opinion; satisfied with that, and not thinking it good to awake the sleeping lion, he went down again, taking with him *Pyrocles's* sword (wherewith upon his slight under-suit *Pyrocles* came only apparelled thither) being sure to leave no weapon in the chamber, and so making the doors as fast as he could on the outside, hoping with the revealing of this, as he thought greater fault,

fault, to make his own the less, or at least that this injury would so fill the king's head, that he should not have leisure to chastise his negligence (like a fool, not considering, that 'the more rage breeds the crueller punishment:)' he went first into the king's chamber, and not finding him there, he ran down crying with open mouth, the king was betrayed, and that *Zelmane* did abuse his daughter. The noise he made, being a man of no few words, joined to the yelping sound of *Miso*, and his unpleasant inheritrix, brought together some number of the shepherds, to whom he without any regard of reserving it for the king's knowledge, spattered out the bottom of his stomach, swearing by him that he never knew that *Zelmane*, whom they had taken all the while to be a woman, was as arrant a man as himself was, whereof he had seen sufficient signs and tokens, and that he was as close as a butterfly with the lady *Philoclea*. The poor men jealous of their prince's honour, were ready with weapons to have entred the lodge; standing yet in some pause, whether it were not best, first to hear some news from the king himself, when by the sudden coming of other shepherds, which with astonished looks ran from the one cry to the other, their griefs were furcharged with the evil tidings of the king's death. Turning therefore all their minds and eyes that way, they ran to the cave where they said he lay dead, the sun beginning now to send some promises of coming light, making haste, I think, to be a spectator of the following tragedies. For *Basilus* having past over the night more happy in contemplation than action, having had his spirits sublimed with the sweet imagination of embracing the most desired *Zelmane*, doubting lest the cave's darkness might deceive him in the day's approach, thought it now season to return to his wedlock-bed, remembering the promises he had made to *Zelmane*, to observe true orders towards *Gynecia*. Therefore departing, but not departing without bequeathing by a will of words, sealed with many kisses, a full gift of all his love and life to his misconceived bedfellow, he went to the mouth of the cave, there to apparel himself; in which doing, the motion of his joy could not be

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bridled from uttering such like words : Blessed be thou, Onight, said he, that hast with thy sweet wings shrowded me in the vale of bliss, it is thou that art the first gotten child of time, the day hath been but an usurper upon thy delightful inheritance, thou inviteest all living things to comfortable rest, thou art the stop of strife, and the necessary truce of approaching battles. And therewith he sung these verses to confirm his former praises.

- O night, the ease of care, the pledge of pleasure,
- Desire's best mean, harvest of hearts affected,
- The seat of peace, the throne which is erected,
- Of humane life to be the quiet measure.

- Be victor still of Phœbus golden treasure,
- Who hath our sight with too much sight infected,
- Whose light is cause we have our lives neglected,
- Turning all nature's course to self displeasure.

- These stately stars in their now shining faces,
- With senseless sleep, and silence wisdom's mother,
- Witness his wrong, which by the help is eased.
- Thou art therefore of these our desert places
- The sure refuge ; by thee and by no other
- My soul is blest, sense joy'd, and fortune raised.

And yet farther would his joys needs break forth. O *Basilus*, said he, the rest of thy time hath been but a dream unto thee ; it is now only thou beginnest to live, now only thou hast entred into the way of blissfulness. Should fancy of marriage keep me from this paradise ? or opinion of I know not what promise bind me from paying the right duties to nature and affection ? O who would have thought there could have been such difference betwixt women ? Be jealous no more, O *Gynecia*, but yield to the preheminance of more excellent gifts, support thy self with such marble pillars as she doth, deck thy breast with those alabaster bowls that *Zelmane* doth ; then accompanied with such a title, perhaps thou mayest recover the possession of my otherwise inclined love. But alas *Gynecia* thou canst not shew such evidence, there-

fore thy plea is vain. *Gynecia* heard all this he said, who had cast about her *Zelmane's* garment, where in she came thither, and had followed *Basilus* to the cave entry, full of inward vexation, betwixt the deadly accusation of her own guiltiness, and the spiteful doubt she had *Zelmane* had abused her. But because of the one side, finding the King did think her to be *Zelmane*, she had liberty to imagine it might rather be the King's own unbridled enterprise, which had barred *Zelmane*, than *Zelmane's* cunning deceiving of her; and that of the other, if she should headily seek a violent revenge, her own honour might be as much interested, as *Zelmane* endangered; she fell to this determination: First with fine handling of the King to settle in him a perfect good opinion of her, and then as she should learn how things had passed, to taste into her self new devised counsel: but this being her first action, having given unlooked for attendance to the King, she heard with what partiality he did prefer her to her self, she saw in him how much fancy doth not only darken reason, but beguile sense, she found opinion mistress of the lover's judgment, which serving as a good lesson to her good conceit, she went out to *Basilus*, setting her self in a grave behaviour and stately silence before him; until he, (who at the first thinking her by so much shadow as he could see to be *Zelmane*, was beginning his loving ceremonies) did now being helped by the peeping light wherewith the morning did overcome the night's darkness, know her face and his error, which acknowledging in himself with starting back from her, she thus with a modest bitterness spake unto him: Alas my Lord, well did your words decipher your mind, and well be those words confirmed with this gesture. Very loathsome must that woman be from whom a man hath cause to go back; and little better liked is that wife, before whom the husband prefers them he never knew. Alas, hath my faithful observing my part of duty made you think your self ever a whit the more exempted? hath that which should claim gratefulness, been a cause of contempt? Is the being mother of *Pamela* become an odious name unto you? if my life hitherto led have not avoided suspicion, if my vio-

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lated truth to you be deserving of any punishment, I refuse not to be chastised with the most cruel torment of your displeasure; I refuse not misery, purchased by mine own merit. Hard I must needs say (although till now I never thought I should have had cause to say) is the destiny of womankind, the trial of whose virtue must stand upon the loving of them that employ all their industry not to be beloved. If *Zelmane's* young years had not had so much gravity hidden under a youthful face, as your gray hairs have been but the vizard of unsuiting youthfulness, your vicious mind had brought some fruits of repentance, and *Gynecia* might then have been with much more right to basely despired.

Basilus, that was more ashamed to see himself overtaken, than *vulcan* was, when with much cunning he proved himself a cuckold, began to make certain extravagant excuses: but the matter in it self hardly brooking any purgation, with the suddenness of the time, which barred any good conjoined invention, made him sometimes alledge one thing, to which by and by, he would bring in a contrary, one time with flat denial, another time with mitigating the fault; now brave, then humble, use such a stammering defensive, that *Gynecia*, the violence of whose fore indeed ran another way, was content thus to fasten up the last stitch of her anger. Well, well my Lord, said she, it shall well become you to govern your self, as you may be fit rather to direct me, than to be judged of me, and rather to be a wise master of me, than an unskilful pleader before me. Remember the wrong you have done, is not only to me, but to your children whom you had of me: to your country, when they shall find they are commanded by him, that cannot command his own indecent appetites: lastly, to your self, since with these pains you do but build up a house of shame to dwell in: if from those moveable goods of nature (wherewith, in my first youth my royal parents bestowed me upon you) bearing you children, and increase of years have withdrawn me, consider I pray you, that as you are the cause of the one, so in the other, time hath not left to work his never-failing effects in you. Truly, truly, Sir, very untimely are these fires in you; it is time for us both to let reason

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enjoy his due severaignty. Let us not plant a new those weeds, which by nature's course are content to fade.

Basilus that would rather than his life the matter had been ended, the best rhetoric he had, was flat demanding pardon of her, swearing it was the very force of *Apollo's* destiny which had carried him thus from his own byass; but that now like as far travellers were taught to love their own country, he had such a lesson without book, of affection unto her, as he would repay the debt of this error with the interest of a great deal more true honour than ever before he had done her. Neither am I to give pardon to you, my Lord, said she, nor you to bear honour to me. I have taken this boldness for the unfained love I owe unto you, to deliver my sorrow unto you; much more for the care I have of your well-doing, than for any other self fancy. For well I know that by your good estate my life is maintained, neither, if I would, can I separate my self from your fortune. For my part therefore I claim nothing but that which may by tastest for your self; my life, will, honour, and whatsoever else, shall be but a shadow of that body. How much *Basilus's* own shame had found him culpable, and had already even in soul read his own condemnation, so much did this unexpected mildness of *Gynecia* captive his heart unto her, which otherwise perchance would have grown to a desperate carelessness. Therefore embracing her, and confessing that her virtue shined in his vice, he did even with a true resolved mind vow unto her, that as long as he, unworthy of her, did live, she should be the farthest and only limit of his affection. He thanked the destinies that had wrought her honour out of his shame, and that made his own striving to go amiss, to be the best mean ever after to hold him in the right path. Thus reconciled to *Basilus's* great contentation, who began something to mark himself in his own doings, his hard hap guided his eye to the cup of gold wherein *Gynecia* had put the liquor meant for *Zelmane*, and having failed of that guest, was now carrying it home again. But he whom perchance sorrow, perchance some long disaccustomed pains, had made extremely thirsty, took it out of her hands,

hands, had it, she had that the king from the his palace ver the stomach his noise forced skin, a ples, his heavy knees, gave for potion turning and his case on Of wh so mar the ch yet had rather when coming word o bring a ugly for mind, of speaking as painful shapes to cry and to weak a inward her co unto, fr

hands, although she directly told him, both of whom she had it, what the effect of it was, and the little proof she had seen thereof: hiding nothing from him, but that she meant to minister it to another patient. But the king, whose belly had no ears, and much droughth kept from the desiring a taster, finding it, not unpleasant to his palate, drank it almost off, leaving very little to cover the cup's bottom. But within a while that from his stomach the drink had delivered to his principal veins his noisome vapours, first with a painful stretching, and forced yawning, then with a dark yellowness dying his skin, and a cold deadly sweat principally about his temples, his body by natural course longing to deliver his heavy burthen to his earthly dam, wanting force in his knees, which utterly abandoned him, with a heavy fall gave some proof whether the operation of that unknown potion tended. For, with pang-like groans, and gantly turning of his eyes, immediately all his limbs stiffened, and his eyes fixed, he having had time to declare his case only in these words: *O Gynecia, I die; have care.* Of what, or how much faster he would have spoken, no man can tell: For *Gynecia* having well perceived the changing of his colour, and those other evil signs, yet had not looked for such a sudden overthrow, but rather had bethought her self what was best for him, when she suddenly saw the matter come to that period, coming to him, and neither with any cries getting a word of him, nor with any other possible means, able to bring any living action from him; the height of all ugly sorrows did so horribly appear before her amazed mind, that at the first, it did not only distract all power of speech from her, but almost wit to consider, remaining as it were quick buried in a grave of miseries. Her painful memory had straight filled her with the true shapes of all the fore-past mischiefs; her reason began to cry out against the filthy rebellion of sinful sense, and to tear it self with anguish, for having made so weak a resistance, her conscience a terrible witness of the inward wickedness, still nourishing this debateful fire; her complaint now not having an end to be directed unto, from something to disburthen sorrow, but a necessary

downfal of inward wretchedness. She saw the rigour of the laws was like to lay a shameful death upon her, which being for that action undeserved, made it the more insupportable, and yet in depth of her soul most deserved, made it more miserable. At length, letting her tongue go as dolorous thoughts guided it, she thus with lamentable demeanour spake :

O bottomless pit of sorrow, in which I cannot contain my self, having the firebrands of all furies within me, still falling, and yet by the infiniteness of it never fallen. Neither can I rid my self, being fettered with the everlasting consideration of it. For whicher should I recommend the protection of my dishonoured fall ? to the earth ? it hath no life, and waits to be encreased by the reliicks of my shamed carcass : to men ? who are always cruel in their neighbour's faults, and make others overthrow become the badge of their ill masked virtue ? to the heavens ? O unspeakable torment of conscience, which dare not look unto them. No sin can enter there, Oh there is no receipt for polluted minds. Whither then wilt thou lead this captive of thine, O snaky despair ! Alas, alas, was this the free-holding power that accursed poison hath granted unto me, that to be held the surer it should deprive life ? was this the folding in mine arms promised, that I should fold nothing but a dead body, O mother of mine what a deathful suck have you given me ? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, well hath my mother revenged upon me my unmotherly hating of thee. O *Zelmene*, to whom yet, lest any misery should fail me, remain some sparks of my detestable love, if thou hast, as now alas ! now my mind assures me thou hast, deceived me, there is a fair stage prepared for thee, to see the tragical end of thy hated lover. With that word there flowed out two rivers of tears out of her fair eyes, which before were dry, the remembrance of her other mischiefs being dried up in a furious fire of self detestation, love only, according to the temper of it, melting it self into those briny tokens of passion. Then turning her eyes again upon the body, she remembered a dream she had had some nights before, wherein thinking her self called by *Zelmene*, passing a troublesome passage :

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sage; she found a dead body which told her there
 should be her only rest: This no sooner caught hold of
 her remembrance, than that she determined with her
 self, it was a direct vision of her fore-appointed end,
 took a certain resolution to embrace death, as soon as it
 should be offered unto her, and no way seek the prolong-
 ing of her annoyed life. And therefore kissing the cold
 face of *Basilus*; And even so will I rest, said she, and
 join this faulty soul of mine to thee, if so much the angry
 gods will grant me.

As she was in this plight, the sun now climbing over
 the horizon; the first shepherds came by: who seeing
 the king in that case, and hearing the noise *Dametas*
 made of the lady *Philoclea*, ran with the doleful tidings
 of *Basilus's* death unto him, who presently with all his
 company came to the cave's entry, where the king's
 body lay; *Dametas* for his part more glad for the hope
 he had of his private escape, than sorry for the pub-
 lick loss his country received for a prince not to be mis-
 liked. But in *Gynecia* nature prevailed above judgment,
 and the shame she conceived to be taken in that order,
 overcame for that instant the former resolution; so that
 as soon as she saw the foremost of the pastoral troop,
 the wretched princess ran to have hid her face in the
 next woods; but with such a mind, that she knew not
 almost herself what she could wish to be the ground of
 her safety. *Dametas* that saw her run away in *Zelmane's*
 upper raiment, and judging her to be so, thought cer-
 tainly all the spirits in hell were come to play a trage-
 dy in these woods, such strange change he saw every
 way. The king dead at the cave's mouth; the queen,
 as he thought, absent; *Pamela* fled away with *Dorus*;
 his wife and *Mopsa* in divers frenzies. But of all other
 things *Zelmane* conquered his capacity, suddenly from
 a woman grown to a man; and from a lock'd
 chamber gotten before him into the fields, which he
 gave the rest quickly to understand; for instead of do-
 ing any thing as the exigent required, he began to make
 circles, and all those fantastical defences that he had e-
 ver heard were fortification against devils. But the o-
 ther shepherds who hath both better wits, and more

faith, forthwith divided themselves, some of them running after *Gynecia*, and esteeming her running away a great condemnation of her own guiltiness: others going to their prince, to see what service was left for them, either in recovery of his life, or honouring his death. They that went after the queen, had soon overtaken her, in whom now the first fears were staid, and the resolution to die had repossessed his place in her mind. But when they saw it was the queen, to whom besides the obedient duty they owed to her state, they had always carried a singular love, for her courteous liberalities, and other wise and virtuous parts, which had filled all that people with affection and admiration. They were all suddenly stopped, beginning to ask pardon for their following her in that sort, and desiring her to be their good lady, as she had ever been. But the queen, who now thirsted to be rid of her self, whom she hated above all things; with such an assured countenance as they have, who already have dispensed with shame and digested the sorrows of death, she thus said unto them, Continue, continue, my friends; your doing is better than your excusing; the one argues assured faith, the other want of assurance. If you loved your prince, when he was able and willing to do you much good, which you could not then requite to him; do you now publish your gratefulness, when it shall be seen to the world, there are no hopes left to lead you unto it; Remember, remember you have lost *Basilius*, a prince to defend you, a father to care for you, a companion in your joys, a friend in your wants. And if you loved him, shew you hate the author of his loss. It is I, faithful *Acadians*, that have spoiled the country of their protector. I, none but I, was the minister of his unnatural end. Carry therefore my blood in your hands, to testify your own innocence, neither spare for my title's sake, but consider it was he that so entitled me. And if you think of any benefits by my means, think with it that I was but the instrument and he the spring. What slay ye shepherds, whose great shepherd is gone? you need not fear a woman, reverence your lords murderer,

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derer, nor have pity of her, who hath no pity of her self. With this she presented her fair neck to some by name, others by signs, desiring them to do justice to the world, duty to their good king, honour to themselves, and favour to her. The poor men looked one upon the other, unused to be arbiters in princes matters, and being now fallen into a great perplexity, between a prince dead, and a princess alive. But once for them she might have gone whither she would, thinking it a sacrilege to touch her person, when she finding she was not a sufficient orator to persuade her own death by their hands; Well, said she, it is but so much more time of misery; for my part I will not give my life so much pleasure from hence-forward as to yield to his desire of his own choice of death; since all the rest is taken away, yet let me excel in misery. Lead me therefore whither you will; only happy, because I cannot be more wretched. But neither so much would the honest shepherds do, but rather with many tears bemoaned this increase of their former loss, till she was fain to lead them with a very strange spectacle, either that a princess should be in the hands of shepherds, or a prisoner should direct her guardians: lastly, before either witness or accuser, a lady condemn her self to death. But in such mournful march they went towards the other shepherds, who in the mean time had left nothing unassayed to revive the king, but all was bootless: and their sorrows increased the more they had suffered any hopes vainly to arise. Among other trials they made to know at least the cause of his end, having espied the unhappy cup, they gave the little liquor that was left to a dog of *Dametas*, in which within a short time it wrought the like effect; although *Dametas* did so much to recover him, that for very love of his life he dash'd out his brains. But now altogether, and having *Gynecia* among them, who, to make her self the more odious, did continually record to their minds the access of their loss, they yielded themselves over to all those forms of lamentation, that doleful images do imprint in the honest, but over-tender hearts; especially when they think the rebound of the evil falls to their own smart. Therefore after the
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ancient *Greek* manner, some of them remembering the nobility of his birth, continued by being like his ancestors ; others his shape, which though not excellent, yet favour and pity drew all things now to the highest point ; others his peaceable government, the thing which most pleaseth men, resolved to live of their own ; others his liberality, which though it cannot light upon all men, yet all men naturally hoping it may be, they make it a most amiable virtue. Some calling in question the greatness of his power, which increased the compassion to see the present change, having a doleful memory how he had tempered it with such familiar courtesy among them, that they did more feel the fruits, than see the pomps of his greatness, all with one consent giving him the sacred titles of good, just, merciful, the father of the people, the life of his country, they ran about his body, tearing their beards and garments ; some sending their cries to heaven, others inventing particular howling musick ; many vowing to kill themselves at the day of his funeral, generally giving a true testimony that *men are loving creatures when injuries put them not from their natural course* : and how easy a thing it is for a prince by succession, deeply to sink into the souls of his subjects, a more lively monument than *Mausolus's* tomb. But as with such hearty lamentation, they dispersed among those woods their resounding shrieks, the sun, the perfectest mark of time, having now gotten up two hours journey in his daily changing circle, their voice helped with the only answering eccho, came to the ears of the faithful and worthy gentleman *Philanax* : who at that time was coming to visit the king, accompanied with divers of the worthy *Arcadian* lords, who with him had visited the place adjoining for the more assurance of *Basilus's* solitariness, a thing after the late mutiny he had usually done : and since the princess's return more diligently continued ; which having now likewise performed, thinking it as well his duty to see the king, as of good purpose, being so near, to receive his further direction : accompanied as above-said he was this morning coming unto him, when these unpleasant voices gave his mind an uncertain presage of his near approaching

proaching sorrow. For by and by he saw the body of his dearly esteemed prince, and heard *Gynecia's* lamenting: not such as the turtle-like dove is wont to make for the over-foon loss of her only beloved mate, but with cursings of her life, detesting her own wickedness, seeming only therefore not to desire death, because she would not shew a love of any thing. The shepherds, especially *Dametas*, knowing him to be the second person in authority, gave forthwith relation unto him, what they knew and had proved of this dolorous spectacle, besides the other accidents of his children. But he principally touched with his master's loss, lighting from his horse with a heavy chear, came and kneeled down by him, where, finding he could do no more than the shepherds had for his recovery, the constancy of his mind, surprized before he might call together his best rules, could not refrain such like words. Ah dear master, said he, what change it hath pleased the Almighty justice to work in this place. How soon, not to your loss, who having lived long to nature, and to time longer by your well deserved glory, but longest of all in the eternal mansion you now possess. But how soon I say to our ruin, have you left the frail bark of your estate? O that the words I in most faithful duty delivered unto you, when you first entred this solitary course might have wrought as much persuation in you, as they sprang from truth in me, perchance your servant *Phalanax* should not now have cause in your loss to bewail his own overthrow. And therewith taking himself; and indeed evil fitteth it me, said he, to let go my heart to womanish complaints, since my prince being undoubtedly well, it rather shews love of my self; which makes me bewail mine own loss. No, the true love must be proved in the honour of your memory, and that must be shewed with seeking just revenge upon your unjust and unnatural enemies, and far more honourable it will be for your tomb, to have the blood of your murderers sprinkled upon it, than the tears of your friends. And if your soul look down upon this miserable earth, I doubt not it had much rather your death were accompanied with well-deserved punishment of the causers of it, than with the heaping on it more
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sorrows with the end of them, to whom you vouchsafed your affection : let them lament that have woven the web of lamentation ; let their own deaths make them cry out for your death, that were the authors of it. Therewith carrying manful sorrow and vindicative resolution in his face ; he rose up, so looking on the poor guiltless princess transported with an unjust justice, that his eyes were sufficient heralds for him, to denounce a mortal hatred. She, whom furies of love, firebrands of her conscience, shame of the world, with the miserable loss of her husband, towards whom now the disdain of her self bred more love ; with the remembrance of her vision, wherewith she resolved assuredly the gods had appointed that shameful end to be her resting place, had set her mind to no other way but to death, used such like speeches to *Philanax*, as she had before to the shepherds ; willing him not to look upon her as a woman, but a monster ; not as a princess, but as a traitor to his prince ; not as *Basilus's* wife, but as *Basilus's* murderer. She told him how the world required at his hands, the just demonstration of his friendship ; if he now forgot his prince, he should shew he had never loved but his fortune : like those vermine that suck of the living blood, and leave the body as soon as it is dead ; poor princess needlessly seeking to kindle him, who did most deadly detest her, which he uttered in this bitter answer. Madam, said he, you do well to hate your self, for you cannot hate a worse creature ; and though we feel enough your hellish disposition, yet we need not doubt you are of counsel to your self of much worse than we know. But now fear not ; you shall not long be cumbred with being guided by so evil a soul ; therefore prepare your self, that if it be possible you may deliver up your spirit so much purer, as you more wash your wickedness with repentance. Then having presently given order for the bringing from *Mantineia*, a great number of tents ; for the receipt of the principal *Arcadians* : the manner of that country being, that where the prince died, there should be orders taken for the country's government, and in the place any murder was committed, the judgment should

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should be given there, before the body was buried, both concurring in this matter, and already great part of the nobility being arrived, he delivered the princeis to a gentleman of great trust; and as for *Dametas*, taking from him the keys of both the lodges, calling him the moth of his prince's estate, and only spot of his judgment, he caused him, with his wife and daughter, to be fettered up in as many chains and clogs, as they could bear, and every third hour to be cruelly whip'd, till the determinate judgment should be given of all these matters. That done, having sent already at his coming, to all the quarters of the country to seek *Pamela*, although with small hope of overtaking them, he himself went well accompanied to the lodge, where the two unfortunate lovers were attending a cruel conclusion of their long, painful, and late most painful affection. *Dametas's* downish eyes, having been the only discoverers of *Pyrocles's* stratagem, had no sooner taken a full view of them, which in some sights would rather have bred any thing, than an accusing mind, and locked the door upon these two young folks, now made prisoners for love, as before they had been prisoners to love; but that immediately upon his going down, whether with noise *Dametas* made, or with the creeping in of the light, or rather that as extreme grief had procured his sleep, so extreme care had measured his sleep, giving his senses very early salve to come to themselves, *Pyrocles* awaked, and being up, the first evil handful he had of the ill case wherein he was, was the seeing himself deprived of his sword, from which he had never separated himself in any occasion, and even that night first by the king's bed, and then there had laid it, as he thought safe: putting great part of the trust of his well-doing in his own courage so armed. For indeed the confidence in one's self is the chief nurse of magnanimity, which confidence notwithstanding doth not leave the care of necessary furnitures for it: and therefore of all the *Grecians*, *Homer* doth ever make *Achilles* the best armed. But that, as I say, was the first ill token: but by and by he perceived he was a prisoner before any arrest: for the door which he had left open was made so fast of the outside,

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that for all the force he could employ unto it, he could not undo *Dametas's* doing; then went he to the windows, to see if that way there were any escape for him and his dear lady. But as vain he found all his employment there, not having might to break out but only one bar; wherein notwithstanding he strained his sinews to the uttermost: and that he rather took out to use for other service, than for any possibility he had to escape; for even then it was that *Dametas* having gathered together the first coming shepherds, did blabber out what he had found in the lady *Philoclea's* chamber. *Pyrocles* markedly hearkned to all that *Dametas* said, whose voice and mind acquaintance had taught him sufficiently to know. But when he assuredly perceived that his being with the lady *Philoclea* was fully discovered: and by the folly or malice, or rather malicious folly of *Dametas*, her honour therein touched in the highest degree: remembering withal the cruelty of the *Arcadian* laws, which without exception did condemn all to death, who were found, as *Dametas* reported of them, in act of marriage without solemnity of marriage, assuring himself, besides the law, the king and the queen would use so much the more hate against their daughter, as they had found themselves sotted by him in the pursuit of their love. Lastly, seeing they were not only in the way of death, but fitly incaged for death, looking with a hearty grief upon the honour of love, the fellowless *Philoclea*, whose innocent soul now enjoying his own goodness did little know the danger of his ever fair, then sleeping harbour, his excellent wit strengthened with virtue, but guided by love, had soon described to himself a perfect vision of their present condition, wherein having presently cast a resolute reckoning of his own part of the misery, not only the chief but sole burthen of his anguish consisted in the unworthy case, which was like to fall upon the best deserving *Philoclea*. He saw the misfortune, not the mismeaning of his work, was like to bring that creature to end, in whom the world, as he thought, did begin to receive honour: he saw the weak judgment of man, would condemn that as death-deserving vice in her, which had in troth never broken the bonds of a true living virtue: and

Book IV
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and how oft his eye turned to his attractive adamant, so often did an unspeakable horror strike his noble heart to consider so unripe years, so faultless a beauty, the mansion of so pure goodness, should have her youth so untimely cut off, her natural perfections so unnaturally consumed, her virtue rewarded with shame: sometimes he would accuse himself of negligence, that had not more curiously looked to all the house-entries, and yet could he not imagine the way *Dametas* was gotten in: and to call back what might have been, to a man of wisdom and courage, carries but a vain shadow of discourse; sometimes he could not chuse but with a dissolution of his inward might lamentably consider with what face he might look upon his, till then, joy *Philoclea*, when the next light waking should deliver unto her, should perchance be the last of her hurtless life. And that the first time she should bend her excellent eyes upon him, she should see the accursed author of her dreadful end, and even this consideration more than any other, did so set it self in his well-disposed mind, that dispersing his thoughts to all the ways that might be of her safety, finding a very small discourse in so narrow limits of time and place, at length in many difficulties he saw none bear any likelihood for her life, but his death. For then he thought it would fall out, that when they found his body dead, having no accuser but *Dametas*, as by his speech he found there was not, it might justly appear that either *Philoclea* in defending her honour, or else he himself in despair of atchieving, had left his carcass proof of his intent, but witness of her clearness. Having a small while stayed upon the greatness of his resolution, and looked to the farthest of it: (be it so, said the valiant *Pyrocles*,) never life for better cause, nor to better end was bestowed; for if death be to follow this doing, which no death of mine could make me leave undone, who is to die so justly as my self? and if I must die, who can be so fit executioners as mine own hands, which as they were accessories to the doing, so in killing me they shall suffer their own punishment? but then arose there a new impediment;

for



for *Dametas* having carried away any thing which he thought might hurt as tender a man as himself, he could find no fit instrument which might give him a final dispatch: at length making the more hast, least his lady should awake, taking the iron bar, which being sharper some-what at the one end than the other, he hoped, joined to his willing strength, might break off the feeble thread of mortality: truly, said he, fortune thou hast well preserved mine enemy, that will grant me no fortune but to be unfortunate, nor let me have an easy passage now I am to trouble thee no more. But said he, O bar blessed in that thou hast done service to the chamber of the paragon of life, since thou couldst not help me to make a perfecter escape, yet serve my turn I pray thee, that I may escape from my self: therewithal yet once looking to fetch the last repasts of his eyes, and now again transported with the pitiful case he left her in, kneeling down he thus prayed. O great maker and great ruler of this world, said he, to thee do I sacrifice this blood of mine, and suffer, lord, the errors of my youth to pass away therein, and let not the soul by thee made, and ever bending unto thee, be now rejected of thee, neither be offended that I do abandon this body, to the government of which thou hadst placed me, without thy leave; since how can I know but that thy unsearchable mind is I should so do, since thou hast taken from me all means longer to abide in it? and since the difference stands but in a short time of dying, thou that hast framed my soul inclined to do good, how can I in this small space of mine, benefit so much all the human kind, as in preserving thy perfectest workmanship, their chiefest honour? O justice it self, howsoever thou determinest of me, let this excellent innocency not be oppressed? let my life pay her loss, O lord give me some sign that I may die with this comfort. (And paused a little as if he had hoped for some token) whensoever to the eternal darkness of the earth she doth follow me, let our spirits possess one place, and let them be more happy in that uniting. With that word

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word striking the bar upon his heart side, with all the force he had, and falling withal upon to give it the thorough passage, the bar in troth was too blunt to do the effect, altho' it pierced his skin, and bruised his ribs very sore, so that his breath was almost past him. But the noise of his fall drove away sleep from the quiet senses of the dear *Philoclea*, whose sweet soul had an early salutation of a deadly spectacle unto her, with so much more astonishment, as the falling asleep but a little before she had retired herself from the utmost point of wofulness, and saw now again before her eyes the most cruel enterprize that human nature can undertake, without discerning any cause thereof. But the lively print of her affection had soon taught her not to stay long upon deliberation in so urgent a necessity; therefore getting with speed her weak, tho' well accorded limbs, out of her sweetened bed, as when jewels are hastily pulled out of some rich coffer, she spared not the nakedness of her tender feet, but I think borne as fast with desire as fear carried *Daphne*, she came running to *Pyrocles*; and finding his spirits something troubled with the fall, she put by the bar that lay close to him, and straining him in her most beloved embracements; My comfort, my joy, my life, said she, what haste have you to kill your *Philoclea* with the most cruel torment that ever lady suffered? Do you not yet persuade yourself that any hurt of yours is a death unto me; and that your death should be my hell. Alas, if any sudden dislike of me, for other cause I see none, have caused you to loath yourself; if any fault or defect of mine hath bred this terrible rage in you, rather let me suffer the bitterness of it, for so shall the deserver be punished, mankind preserved from such a ruin, and I for my part shall have that comfort, that I die by the noblest hand that ever drew sword. *Pyrocles*, grieved with his fortune, that he had not in one instant cut off all such deliberation, thinking his life only reserved to be bound to be the unhappy news teller: alas, said he, my only star, why do you this wrong to God, yourself, and me, to speak of faults in you? No, no, most faultless, most perfect lady, it is your excellency that makes me hasten my desired end;

end; it is the right I owe to the general nature, that, tho' against private nature, makes me seek the preservation of all that she hath done in this age, let me, let me die. There is no way to save life, most worthy to be conserved, than that my death be your clearing: then did he with far more pain and backward loathsomeness, than the so near killing himself was, but yet driven with necessity to make her yield to that he thought was her safety, make her a short but pithy discourse, what he had heard by *Dametas's* speeches, confirming the rest with a plain demonstration of their imprisonment. And then sought he a new means of stopping his breath; but that by *Philoclea's* labour, above her force, he was stayed to hear her. In whom a man might perceive what a small difference in the working there is, betwixt a simple voidness of evil and a judicial habit of virtue. For she, not with an unshaken magnanimity, wherewith *Pyrocles* weighed and despised death, but with an innocent guiltiness, not knowing why she should fear to deliver her unstained soul to God, helped with the true loving of *Pyrocles*, which made her think no life without him, did almost bring her mind to as quiet attending all accidents, as the unmastered virtue of *Pyrocles*. Yet having with a pretty paleness, which did leave milken lines upon her rosy cheeks, paid a little duty to human fear, taking the prince by his hand, and kissing the wound he had given himself; O the only life of my life, and if it fall out so, the comfort of my death, said she, far, far from you be the doing of me such wrong, as to think I will receive my life as a purchase of your death, but well may you make my death so much more miserable, as it shall any thing be delayed after my only felicity. Do you think I can account of the moment of death, like the unspeakable afflictions my soul should suffer, so oft as I call *Pyrocles* to my mind, which should be as oft as I breathed? Should these eyes guide my steps, that had seen your murderer? Should these hands feed me, that had not hindered such a mischief? Should this heart remain within me, at every pant to count the continual clock of my miseries? O no, if die we must, let us thank death, he hath not divided so

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true an union. And truly, my *Pyrocles*, I have heard my father and other wise men say, that the killing of one's self is but a false colour of true courage, proceeding rather of a fear of a further evil, either of torment or shame. For if it were not a respecting the harm, that would likewise make him not respect what might be done unto him: and hope, being of all other the most contrary thing to fear; this being an utter banishment of hope, it seems to receive his ground in fear. Whatsoever, would they say, comes out of despair, cannot bear the title of valour, which should be lifted up to such a height, that holding all things under itself, it should be able to maintain his greatness even in the midst of miseries. Lastly, they would say, God had appointed us captains of these our bodily forts, which without treason to that majesty, were never to be delivered over till they were re-demanded. *Pyrocles*, who had that for a law unto him, not to leave *Philoclea* in any thing unsatisfied, altho' he still remained in his former purpose, and knew that time would grow short for it, yet hearing no noise, the shepherds being as then run to *Basilus*, with settled and humble countenance, as a man that should have spoken of a thing that did not concern himself, bearing even in his eyes sufficient shews, that it was nothing but *Philoclea's* danger which did any thing burthen his heart, far stronger than fortune, having with vehement embracings of her got yet some fruit of his delayed end, he thus answered the wise innocency of *Philoclea*. Lady, most worthy not only of life, but to be the very life of all things; the more notable demonstrations you make of love so far beyond my desert, with which it pleaseth you to overcome fortune, in making me happy: the more am I, even in course of humanity, to leave that love's force which I neither can nor will leave, bound to seek requital's witness, that I am not ungrateful to do which, the infiniteness of your goodness being such as I cannot reach unto it, yet doing all I can, and paying my life, which is all I have, tho' it be far, without measure, short of your desert, yet shall I not die in debt to mine own duty. And truly,

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the more excellent arguments you made, to keep me from this passage, imagined far more terrible than it is, the more plainly it makes me to see what reason I have, to prevent the loss not only of *Arcadia*, but all the face of the earth should receive, if such a tree, which even in his first spring, doth not only bear most beautiful blossoms, but most rare fruit, should be so untimely cut off. Therefore, O most truly beloved lady, to whom I desire for both our goods, that these may be my last words, give me your consent even out of that wisdom which must needs see, that, besides your unmatched betterness, which perchance you will not see, it is fitter one die than both. And since you have sufficiently shewed you love me, let me claim by that love, you will be content rather to let me die contentedly, than wretchedly; rather with a clear and joyful conscience than with desperate condemnation in myself, that I, accursed villain, should be the means of banishing from the sight of men the true example of virtue. And because there is nothing left me to be imagined, which I so much desire, as that the memory of *Pyrocles* may ever have an allowed place in your wise judgment, I am content to draw so much breath longer, as by answering the sweet objections you alledged, may bequeath, as I think, a right conceit unto you, that this my doing is out of judgment, and not sprung of passion. Your father, you say, was wont to say, that this like action doth more proceed of fear of farther evil or shame, than of a true courage: truly first, they put a very guessing case, speaking of them who can never after come to tell, with what mind they did it. And as for my part, I call the immortal truth to witness, that no fear of torment can appal me; who know it is but diverse manners of appalling death; and have long learned to set bodily pain but in the second form of my being. And as for shame, how can I be ashamed of that for which my well meaning conscience will answer for me to God, and your unresistable beauty to the world? But to take that argument in his own force, and grant it done for avoiding of farther pain or dishonour: (for as for the name of fear, it is
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but an odious title of a passion, given to that which true judgment performeth) grant, I say, it is to shun a worse case, and truly I do not see, but that true fortitude, looking into all human things with a persisting resolution, carried away neither with wonder of pleasing things, nor astonishment of the unpleasant, doth not yet deprive it self of the discerning the difference of evil, but rather is the only virtue, which with an assured tranquility shuns the greater by valiantly entering into the less. Thus for his country's safety he will spend his life, for the saving of a limb he will not niggardly spare his goods; for the saving of all his body he will not spare the cutting off a limb, where indeed the weak-hearted man will rather die, than see the face of a surgeon, who might with as good reason say, that the constant man abides the painful surgery for fear of a farther evil: but he is content to wait for death it self, but neither is true; for neither had the one any fear, but a well-chusing judgment: nor the other hath any contentment, but only fear, and not having a heart actively to perform a matter of pain, is forced passively to abide a greater damage. For to do, requires a whole heart; to suffer falleth easiliest in the broken minds. And if in bodily torment thus, much more in shame, wherein since valour is a virtue, and virtue is ever limited, we must not run so infinitely, as to think the valiant man is willingly to suffer any thing, since the very suffering of some things is a certain proof of want of courage. And if any thing unwillingly, among the chiefest may shame go; for if honour be to be held dear, his contrary is to be abhorred; and that not for fear, but of a true election. For which is the less inconvenient, either the loss of some years more or less when (once, we know our lives be not immortal) or the submitting our selves to each unworthy misery, which the foolish world may lay upon us? as for their reason, that fear is contrary to hope, neither do I defend fear, nor much yield to the authority of hope; to either of which great inclining shews but a feeble reason, which must be guided by his servants; and who builds not upon hope,

hope, shall fear no earthquake of despair. Their last al-
 ledging of the heavenly powers, as it bears the greatest
 name, so it is the only thing that at all breeds any com-
 bat in my mind, and yet I do not see, but that if God had
 made us masters of any thing, it is of our own lives;
 out of which, without doing wrong to any body, we are
 to issue at our own pleasure. And the same argument
 would as much prevail to say, we should for no necessity
 lay away from us any of our joints, since they being
 made of him, without his warrant we should not depart
 from them; or if that may be, for a greater cause we
 may pass to a greater degree. And if we be lieutenants of
 God in this little castle, do you not think we must take
 warning of him to give over our charge when he leaves
 us unprovided of good means to tarry in it? No certainly
 do I not, answered the sorrowful *Philoclea*, since it is
 not for us to appoint that mighty majesty what time he
 will help us; the uttermost instant is scope enough for
 him to revoke every thing to ones own desire. And there-
 fore to prejudicate his determination, is but a doubt of
 goodness in him, who is nothing but goodness. But when
 indeed he doth either by sickness, or outward force lay
 death upon us, then are we to take knowledge that such
 is his pleasure, and to know that all is well that he doth.
 That we should be masters of our selves, we can shew at
 all no title, nor claim; since neither we made our selves,
 nor bought our selves, we can stand upon no other right
 but his gift, which he must limit as it pleaseth him. Nei-
 ther is there any proportion betwixt the loss of any other
 limb, and that, since the one bends to the preserving of
 all, the other to the destruction of all; the one takes not
 away the mind from the actions for which it is placed in
 the world, the other cuts off all possibility of his working.
 And truly, my most dear *Pyrocles*, I must needs protest unto
 you, that I cannot think your defence even in rules of vir-
 tue sufficient. Sufficient and excellent it were, if the que-
 stion were of two outward things, wherein a man might
 by nature's freedom determine, whether he would prefer
 shame to pain; present smaller torment, to greater fol-
 lowing, or no. But to this, besides the comparison of the
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evil doing, which maketh the ballance of that side too much unequal ; since a virtuous man without any respect, whether the grief be less or more, is never to do that which he cannot assure himself is allowable before the everliving rightfulness ; but rather is to think honours or shames, which stand in other mens true or false judgments, pains or not pains, which yet never approach our souls, to be nothing in regard of an unspotted conscience. And these reasons do I remember, I have heard good men bring in, that since it hath not his ground in an assured virtue, it proceeds rather of some other disguised passion. *Pyrocles* was not so much persuaded as delighted, by her well-conceived and sweetly pronounced speeches : but when she had closed her pitiful discourse, and as it were sealed up her delightful lips, with the moistness of her tears, which followed still one another like a precious rope of pearl ; now thinking it high time : Be it as you say, said he, most virtuous beauty, in all the rest, but never can God himself persuade me, that *Pyrocles's* life is not well lost, for to preserve the most admirable *Philoclea*. Let that be, if it be possible, written on my tomb, and I will not envy *Codrus's* honour. With that he would again have used the bar, meaning if that failed, to leave his brains upon the wall : when *Philoclea* now brought to that she most feared, kneeled down unto him, and embracing so his legs, that without hurting her, (which for nothing he would have done) he could not rid himself from her ; she did with all the conjuring words, which the authority of love may lay, beseech him, he would not now so cruelly abandon her, he would not leave her comfortless in that misery, to which he had brought her. That then indeed she would even in her soul accuse him, to have most foully betrayed her ; that then she would have cause to curse the time that ever the name of *Pyrocles* came to her ears, which otherwise no death could make her do. Will you leave me, said she, not only dishonoured, as supposed unchaste with you, but as a murderer of you ? Will you give mine eyes such a picture of hell, before my near approaching death, as to see the murdered body of him I love more than all the lives nature can give ? with that she sware by the

Vol. II. P highest

highest cause of all devotions, that if he did persevere in that cruel resolution, she would, though untruly, not only confess to her father, that with her consent this act had been committed, but if that would not serve (after she had pulled out her own eyes made accursed by such a sight) she would give her self so terrible a death, as she might think the pain of it would countervail the never dying pain of her mind. Now therefore kill your self to crown this virtuous action with infamy : kill your self to make me, whom you say you love, as long as I after live, change my loving admiration of you, to a detestable abhorring your name. And so indeed you shall have the end you shoot at : for instead of one death, you shall give me a thousand, and yet in the mean time, deprive me of the help God may send me. *Pyrocles*, even over-weighed with her so wisely uttered affection, finding her determination so fixed, that his end should but deprive them both of a present contentment, and not avoid a coming evil (as a man that ran not into it, by a sudden qualm of passion, but by a true use of reason, preferring her life to his own) now that wisdom did manifest unto him, that way would not prevail, he retired himself, with as much tranquility from it, as before he had gone unto it. Like a man, that had set the keeping or leaving of the body, as a thing without himself, and so had thereof a freed and untroubled consideration. Therefore throwing away the bar from him, and taking her up from the place, where he thought the consummating of all beauties, very worthily lay ; suffering all his senses to devour up their chiefest food, which he assured himself they should shortly after for ever be deprived of : Well, said he, most dear lady, whose contentment I prefer before mine own, and judgment esteem more than mine own, I yield unto your pleasure. The gods send you have not won your own loss. For my part they are my witnesses, that I think I do more at your commandment, in delaying my death than another would in bestowing his life. But now, said he, as thus far I have yielded unto you, so grant me in recompence thus much again, that I may find your love in granting, as you have found your authority in obtaining. My humble suit is, you will say I came in by force into

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into your chamber, for so am I resolved now to affirm, and that will be the best for us both, but in no case name my name, that whatsoever come of me, my house be not dishonoured. *Philoclea* fearing lest refusal would turn him back again to his violent refuge, gave him a certain countenance that might shew she did yield to his request, the latter part whereof indeed she meant for his sake to perform. Neither could they spend more words together: for *Philanax* with twenty of the noblest personages of *Arcadia* after him, were come into the lodge, *Philanax* making the rest to stay below, for the reverence he bare to womanhood, as silly as he could came up to the door, and opening it, drew the eyes of these two doleful lovers upon him. *Philoclea* closing again for modesty's sake, within her bed the riches of her beauties, but *Pyrocles* took hold of his bar, minding at least to die, before the excellent *Philoclea* should receive any outrage. But *Philanax* rested a while upon himself, stricken with admiration at the goodly shape of *Pyrocles*, whom before he had never seen, and withal remembering, besides others, the notable act he had done, when with his courage and eloquence, he had saved *Basilius*, perchance the whole state from utter ruin, he felt a kind of relenting mind towards him. But when that same thought came waited on with the remembrance of his master's death, which he by all probabilities thought he had been of council unto with the queen, compassion turned to hateful passion, and left in *Philanax* a strangely medly, betwixt pity and revenge, betwixt liking and abhorring. O lord, said he to himself, what wonders doth nature in our time, to set wickedness so beautifully garnished? and that which is strangest, out of one spring to make wonderful effects both of virtue and vice to issue? *Pyrocles* seeing him in such a muse, neither knowing the man, nor the cause of his coming, but assuring himself, it was for no good, yet thought best to begin with him in this sort. Gentleman, said he, what is the cause of your coming to my lady *Philoclea's* chamber? is it to defend her from such violence, as I might go about to offer unto her? if it be so, truly your coming is vain, for her own virtue hath been a sufficient resistance;

there needs no strength to be added to so inviolate chastity, the excellency of her mind makes her body impregnable. Which for my own part I had soon yielded to confess, with going out of this place, where I found but little comfort being so disdainfully received, had I not been, I know not by whom presently upon my coming hither, so locked into this chamber, that I could never escape hence; where I was fettered in the most guilty shame that ever man was, seeing what a paradise of unspotted goodness, my filthy thoughts sought to defile. If for that therefore you come, already I assure you your errand is performed; but if it be to bring me to any punishment whatsoever, for having undertaken so inexcusable presumption; truly I bear such an accuser about me in mine own conscience, that I willingly submit my self unto it. Only thus much let me demand of you, that you will be a witness unto the king what you hear me say, and oppose your self, that neither his sudden fury, nor any other occasion may offer any hurt to this lady; in whom you see nature hath accomplished so much, that I am fain to lay mine own faultiness, as a soil of her purest excellency. I can say no more, but look upon her beauty, remember her blood, consider her years, and judge rightly of her virtues, and I doubt not a gentleman's mind will then be a sufficient instructor unto you, in this I may term it miserable chance, happened unto her by my unbridled audacity. *Philanax* was content to hear him out, not for any favour he owed him, but to see whether he would reveal any thing of the original cause and purpose of the king's death. But finding it so far from that, that he named *Basilus* unto him, as supposing him alive, thinking it rather cunning than ignorance: Young man, said he, whom I have cause to hate, before I have mean to know, you use but a point of skill by confessing the manifest smaller fault, to be believed hereafter in the denial of the greater. But for that matter, all passeth to one end, and hereafter we shall have leisure by torments to seek the truth, if the love of the truth it self will not bring you unto it. As for my lady *Philoclea*, if it so fall out as you say, it shall be the more fit for her years, and comely for the great house that she is come of, that an ill-governed beauty

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beauty hath not cancelled the rules of virtue. But how-
 soever it be, it is not for you to teach an *Arcadian* what
 reverend duty we owe unto any of that progeny. But,
 said he, come you with me without resistance, for the one
 cannot avail, and the other may procure pity. Pity!
 said *Pyrocles*, with a bitter smiling, disdaining with so
 curriish an answer; no, no, *Arcadian*, I can quickly
 have pity of my self, and would think my life most mi-
 serable, which should be a gift of thine. Only I demand
 this innocent lady's security, which until thou hast con-
 firmed unto me by an oath, assure thy self, the first that
 lays hands upon her shall leave his life, for a testimony
 of his sacrilege. *Philanax*, with an inward scorn,
 thinking it most manifest they were both, he at least, of
 council with the king's death: Well, said he, you speak
 much to me of the king: I do hear swear unto you, by
 the love I have ever borne him, she shall have no worse
 howsoever it fall out, than her own parents. And upon
 that word of yours I yield, said the poor *Pyrocles*, de-
 ceived by him that meant not to deceive him. Then did
Philanax deliver him into the hands of a nobleman in
 the company, every one desirous to have him in his
 charge, so much did his goodly presence, wherein true
 valour shined, breed a delightful admiration in all the be-
 holders. *Philanax* himself staid with *Philoclea*, to see
 whether of her he might learn some disclosing of his for-
 mer conclusion. But she, sweet lady, whom first a kind-
 ly shamefulness had separated from *Pyrocles*, having been
 left in a more open view than her modesty would well
 bear, then the attending her father's coming, and study-
 ing how to behave herself towards him for both their safe-
 ties, had called her spirits all within her; now that upon
 a sudden *Pyrocles* was delivered out of the chamber from
 her, at the first she was so surprized with the extreme
 stroke of the woful sight, that like those that in their
 dreams are taken with some ugly vision, they would fain
 cry for help, but have no force, so remained she a while
 quite deprived not only of speech, but almost of any other
 lively action. But when indeed *Pyrocles* was quite drawn
 from her eyes, and that her vital strength began to return

unto her, now not knowing what they did to *Pyrocles*, but, according to the nature of love, fearing the worst, wringing her hands, and letting abundance of tears be the first part of her eloquence, bending her amber crown-ed head over her bed-side to the hard-hearted *Philanax*. O *Philanax*, *Philanax*, said she, I know how much authority you have with my father: there is no man whose wisdom he so much esteems, nor whose faith he so much reposes upon. Remember how oft you have promised your service unto me, how oft you have given me occasion to believe that there was no lady in whole favour you more desired to remain: and if the remembrance be not unpleasant to your mind, or the rehearseal unfitting for my fortune, remember there was a time when I could deserve it. Now my chance is turned, let not your truth turn. I present my self unto you, the most humble and miserable suppliant living, neither shall my desire be great: I seek for no more life than I shall be found worthy of. If my blood may wash away the dishonour of *Arcadia*, spare it not, although through me it hath indeed never been dishonoured. My only suit is, you will be a mean for me, that while I am suffered to enjoy this life, I may not be separated from him, to whom the gods have joined me, and that you determine nothing of him more cruelly than you do of me. If you right'ly judge of what hath past, wherein the gods, that should have been of our marriage, are witnesses of our innocencies: then procure, we may live together. But if my father will not so conceive of us, as the fault, if any were, was united, so let the punishment be united also. There was no man that ever loved either his prince, or any thing pertaining to him, with a truer zeal than *Philoxea* did. This made him, even to the depth of his heart, receive a most vehement grief, to see his master made as it were more miserable after death. And for himself, calling to mind in what sort his life had been preserved by *Philoxea*, what time taken by *Amphialus*, he was like to suffer a cruel death, there was nothing could have kept him from falling to all tender pity, but the perfect persuasion he had, that all this was joined to the pack of his master's death, which

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which the misconceived speech of marriage made him the more believe. Therefore first muttering to himself such like words: the violence the gentleman spake of, is now turned to marriage: he alledged *Mars*, but she speaks of *Venus*: O unfortunate master! this hath been that fair devil *Gynecia*; sent away one of her daughters, prostituted the other, impoisoned thee, to overthrow the diadem of *Arcadia*. But at length thus unto herself he said, If your father, Madam, were now to speak unto, truly there should no body be found a more ready advocate for you than my self. For I would suffer this fault, though very great, to be blotted out of my mind, by your former led life, your benefit towards my self, and being daughter to such a father. But since among your selves you have taken him away, in whom was the only power to have mercy, you must be clothed in your own working, and look for none other, than that which dead pitiless laws may allot unto you. For my part, I loved you for your virtue, but now where is that? I loved you in respect of a private benefit, what is that in comparison of the publick loss? I loved you for your father, unhappy folks you have robbed the world of him. These words of her father were so little understood by the only well-understanding *Philoclea*, that she desired him to tell her, what he meant to speak in such dark sort unto her of her lord and father, whose displeasure was more dreadful unto her, than her punishment: that she was free in her own conscience, she had never deserved evil of him, no not in this last fact: wherein, if it pleased him to proceed with patience, he should find her choice had not been unfortunate. He that saw her words written in the plain table of her fair face, thought it impossible there should therein be contained deceit: and therefore so much the more abashed: Why, said he, Madam, would you have me think, you are not of conspiracy with the princess *Pamela's* flight, and your father's death? with that word the sweet lady gave a pitiful cry, having streight in her face and breast abundance of witnesses, that her heart was far from any such abominable consent. Ah of all sides utterly ruined *Philoclea*, said she, now indeed I may well suffer all conceit of hope to die in me. Dear father, where

was I, that might not do you my last service before, soon after miserably following you? *Philanax*, perceived the demonstration so lively and true in her, that he easily acquitted her in his heart of that fact, and the more was moved to join with her in most hearty lamentation. But remembering him, that the burthen of the state, and punishment of his master's murderers, lay all upon him: Well, said he, madam I can do nothing, without all the states of *Arcadia*: what they will determine of you, I know not: for my part your speeches would much prevail with me, but that I find not how to excuse your giving over your body to him, that for the last proof of his treason lent his garments to disguise your miserable mother, in the most vile fact she hath committed. Hard sure will it be to separate your causes, with whom you have so nearly joined your self. Neither do I desire it, said the sweetly weeping *Philoclea*: Whatsoever you determine of him, do that likewise to me, for I know, from the fountain of virtue nothing but virtue could ever proceed, only as you find him faultless, let him find you favourable, and build not my dishonour upon surmises. *Philanax*, feeling his heart more and more mollifying unto her, renewed the image of his dead master in his fancy, and using that for the spurs of his revengeful choler, went suddenly without any more speech from the desolate lady, to whom now fortune seemed to threaten unripe death, and undeserved shame among her least evils. But *Philanax* leaving good guard upon the lodge, went himself to see the order of his other prisoners, whom even then as he issued, he found increased by this unhop'd means.

The noble *Pamela* having delivered over the burthen of her fearful cares to the natural ease of a well-refreshing sleep, reposed both mind and body upon the trusted support of her princely shepherd, when with the braying cries of a rascal company she was robbed of her quiet, so that at one instant she opened her eyes, and the enraged *Musidorus* rose from her, enraged betwixt the doubt, he had what these men would go about, and the spite he conceived against their ill-pleasing presence. But the clowns having with their hideous noise brought them both

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both to their feet, had soon knowledge what guests they had found, for indeed these were the skummy remnants of those rebels, whose naughty minds could not trust so much to the goodness of their prince, as to lay their hang-worthy necks upon the constancy of his promised pardon. Therefore when the rest, who as sheep had but followed their fellows, so sheepishly had submitted themselves, these only committed their safety to the thickest part of those desert woods: who as they were in the constitution of their minds, little better than beasts, so were they apt to degenerate to a beastly kind of life, having now framed their gluttonish stomachs to have for food the wild benefits of nature, the uttermost end they had, being but to draw out, as much as they could, the line of a tedious life. In this sort vagabonding in those untrodden places, they were guided by the everlasting justice, using themselves to be punishers of their faults, and making their own actions the beginning of their chastisements, unhappily both for him and themselves, to light on *Musidorus*. Whom as soon as they saw turned towards them, they full well remembered it was he, that accompanied with *Basilus*, had come to the succour of *Zelmane*: and had left among some of them bloody tokens of his valour. As for *Pamela*, they had many times seen her. Thus first stirred up with a rustic revenge against him, and then desire of spoil to help their miserable wants, but chiefly thinking it was the way to confirm their own pardon, to bring the princess back unto her father, whom they were sure he would never have sent so far so slightly accompanied, without any other denouncing of war, set altogether upon the worthy *Musidorus*. Who being before-hand as much enflamed against them, gave them so brave a welcome, that the smart of some made the rest stand farther off, crying and prating against him, but like bad curs, rather barking than closing: he, in the mean time placing his trembling lady to one of the pine-trees, and so setting himself before her, as might shew the cause of his courage grew in himself, but the effect was only employed in her defence; the villains that now had a second proof, how ill-wards they had for such a sword, turned all the course

of their violence into throwing darts and stones, indeed the only way to over-master the valour of *Musidorus*. Who finding them some already touched, some fall so near his chiefest life *Pamela*, that in the end some one or other might hap to do an unsuccourable mischief, setting all his hope in despair, ran out from his lady among them. Who streight like so many swine, when a hardy mastiff sets upon them, dispersed themselves. But the first he overtook, as he run away, carrying his head as far before him, as those manner of runnings are wont to do, with one blow struck it so clean off, that it falling betwixt the hands, and the body falling upon it, it made a shew as though the fellow had had great haste to gather up his head again. Another the speed he made to run for the best game, bare him full butt against a tree, so that tumbling back with a bruised face, and a dreadful expectation, *Musidorus* was streight upon him: and parting with his sword one of his legs from him, left him to make a roaring lamentation that his mortar-treading was marred for ever. A third finding his feet too slow, as well as his hands too weak, suddenly turned back, beginning to open his lips for mercy. But before he had well entred a rudely compiled oration, *Musidorus's* blade was come between his jaws into his throat, and so the poor man rested there for ever with a very evil mouth full of an answer. *Musidorus* in this furious chase would have followed some other of these hateful wretches, but that he heard his lady cry for help, whom three of this villianous crew, had, whilst *Musidorus* followed their fellows, compassing about some trees, suddenly come upon and surprized, threatening to kill her if she cried, and meaning to convey her out of sight, whilst the prince was making his blood thirsty chase. But she that was resolved no worse thing could fall unto her, than the being deprived of him, on whom she had established all her comfort, with a pitiful cry fetched his eyes unto her: who then thinking so many weapons thrust into his eyes, as with his eyes he saw bent against her, made all hearty speed to her succour. But one of them wiser than his companions, set his dagger to her alabaster throat, swearing, if he threw not away his sword, he would

would kill her presently. There was never poor scholar, that having instead of his book some playing toy about him, did more suddenly cast it from him, at the child feared presence of a cruel schoolmaster, than the valiant *Musidorus* discharged himself of his only defence, when he saw it stood upon the instant point of his lady's life. And holding up his noble hands to so unworthy audience, O *Arcadians*, it is I that have done you the wrong, she is your princess, said he, she never had will to hurt you, and you see she hath no power. Use your choler upon me that have better deserved it, do not your selves the wrong to do her any hurt, which in no time or place will ever be forgiven you. They that yet trusted not to his courtesy, bid him stand farther off from his sword, which he obediently did. So far was love above all other thoughts in him. Then did they call together the rest of their fellows, who though they were few, yet according to their number possessed many places. And then began these savage senators to make a consultation what they should do: some wishing to spoil them of their jewels and let them go on their journey, for that if they carried them back, they were sure they should have least part of their prey, others preferring their old homes to any thing, desired to bring them to *Basilus* as pledges of their surety. And their wanted not which cried, the safest way was to kill them both; to such an unworthy thralldom were these great and excellent personages brought. But the most part resisted to the killing of the princes, foreseeing their lives would never be safe after such a fact committed: and began to wish rather the spoil than death of *Musidorus*: when the villian that had his leg cut off came scrawling towards them, and being helped to them by one of the company, began with a groaning voice, and a disfigured face, to demand the revenge of his blood, which since he had spent with them in their defence, it were no reason he should be suffered by them to die discontented. The only contentment he required was, that by their help with his own hands he might put his murderer to some cruel death:

death: he would fain have cried more against *Musidorus*, but that the much loss of blood helped on with this vehemency, choked up the spirits of his life, leaving him to make betwixt his body and soul an ill favoured partition. But they seeing their fellow in that sort die before their faces, did swell in new mortal rages: all resolved to kill him, but now only considering what manner of terrible death they should invent for him. Thus was a while the agreement of his slaying broken by disagreement of the manner of it; and extremity of cruelty. At length they were resolved every one to have a piece of him, and to become all as well hangmen as judges: when *Pamela* tearing her hair, and falling down among them, sometimes with all the sort of humble prayers, mixt with promises of great good turns, which they knew her state was able to perform, sometimes threatening them, that if they killed him and not her, she would not only revenge it upon them, but upon all their wives and children: bidding them consider, that though they might think she was come away in her father's displeasure, yet they might be sure he would ever shew himself a father; that the gods would never, if she lived, put her in so base estate, but that she should have ability to plague such as they were: returning afresh to prayers and promises, and mixing the same again with threatnings, brought them who were now grown colder in their fellow's cause, who was past aggravating the matter with his cries, to determine with themselves there was no way, but either to kill them both, or save them both, as for the killing, already they having answered themselves, that that was a way to make them citizens of the woods for ever, they did in fine conclude they would return them back again to the king, which they did not doubt would be cause of a great reward, besides their safety from there fore-deserved punishment. Thus having either by fortune or the force of these two lovers inward working virtue, settled their cruel hearts to this gentler course, they took the two horses, and having set upon them their princely prisoner, they returned towards the lodge.

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The villains having decked all their heads with lawrel branches, as thinking they had done a notable act, singing and shouting, ran by them, in hope to have brought them the same day again to the king. But the time was so far spent, that they were forced to take up that night's lodging in the midst of the woods. Where while the clowns continued their watch about them, now that the night, according to his dark nature, did add a kind of desolation to the pensive hearts of these two afflicted lovers, *Musidorus* taking the tender hand of *Pamela*, and bedewing it with his tears, in this sort gave an issue to the swelling of his heart's grief. Most excellent lady, said he, in what case think you am I with my self, how unmerciful judgments do I lay upon my soul, now that I know not what god hath so reversed my well-meaning enterprize, as instead of doing you that honour which I hoped, and not without reason hoped, *Theffalia* should have yielded unto you, am now like to become a wretched instrument of your discomfort? alas! how contrary an end have all the inclinations of my mind taken: my faith falls out a treason unto you, and the true honour I bear you is the field wherein your dishonour is like to be sown! but I invoke that universal and only wisdom, which examining the depth of hearts, hath not his judgment fixed upon the event, to bear testimony with me, that my desire, tho' in extremest vehemency, yet did not so overcharge my remembrance, but that as far as man's will might be extended, I sought to prevent all things that might fall to your hurt. But now that all the evil fortunes of evil fortune have crossed my best framed intent, I am most miserable in that, that I cannot only not give you help; but, which is worst of all, am barred from giving you counsel. For how should I open my mouth to counsel you in that, wherein by my counsel you are most undeservedly fallen? The fair and wise *Pamela*, although full of cares of the unhappy turning of this matter, yet seeing the grief of *Musidorus* only stirred for her, did so tread down all other motions with the true force of virtue, that she thus answered him, having first kissed him, which before she had never done, love commanding her, which

which doubted how long they should enjoy one another; or of a lively spark of nobleness, to descend in most favour to one, when he is lowest in affliction. My dear and ever dear *Musidorus*, said she, a greater wrong do you to yourself, that will torment you thus with grief for the fault of fortune. Since a man is bound no farther to himself than to do wisely: chance is only to trouble them that stand upon chance. But greater is the wrong, at least, if any thing that comes from you may bear the name of wrong, you do unto me, to think me either so childish as not to perceive your faithful faultlessness, or perceiving it, so basely disposed as to let my heart be overthrown, standing upon itself in so unspotted a pureness. Hold for certain, most worthy *Musidorus*, it is yourself I love, which can no more be diminished by these showers of evil hap, than flowers are marred with the timely rains of *April*. For how can I want comfort that have the true living comfort of thy unblemished virtue? And how can I want honour, as long as *Musidorus*, in whom indeed honour is, doth honour me? Nothing bred from myself can discomfort me; and fools opinions I will not reckon as dishonour. *Musidorus* looking up to the stars, O mind of mine! said he, the living power of all things, which dost with all these eyes behold our ever-varying actions, accept into thy favourable ears this prayer of mine: if I may any longer hold out this dwelling on the earth, which is called a life, grant me ability to deserve at this lady's hands the grace she hath shewed unto me: grant me wisdom to know her wisdom, and goodness to to increase my love of her goodness, that all mine own chosen desires, be to myself but second to her determination. Whatsoever I be let it be to her service: let me herein be satisfied, that for such infinite favours of virtue, I have some way wrought her satisfaction. But if my last time approacheth, and that I am no longer to be amongst mortal creatures, make yet my death serve her to some purpose, that hereafter she may not have cause to repent herself that she bestowed so excellent a mind upon *Musidorus*. *Pamela* could not chuse but accord the conceit of their fortune to these passionate prayers, in so much

much that their constant eyes yielded some tears, which wiping from her face with *Musidorus's* hand, speaking softly unto him, as if she had feared more any body should be witness of her weakness, than of any thing else she had said, You see, said she, my prince and only lord, what you work in me, by your too much grieving for me. I pray you think I have no joy but in you, and if you fill that with sorrow, what do you leave for me? What is prepared for us we know not, but that with sorrow we cannot prevent it, we know. Now let us turn from these things, and think you how you will have me behave myself towards you in this matter. *Musidorus* finding the authority of her speech confirmed with direct necessity, the first care came to his mind was of his dear friend and cousin *Pyrocles*; with whom long before he had concluded what names they should bear, if upon any occasion they were forced to give themselves out for great men, and yet not make themselves fully known. Now fearing, lest if the princess should name him for *Musidorus*, the fame of their two being together would discover *Pyrocles*; holding her hand betwixt his hands a good while together: I did not think, most excellent princess, said he, to have made any further request unto you; for having been already unto you so unfortunate a suitor, I know not what modesty can bear any farther demand. But the state of one young man, whom, next to you, far above myself, I love more than all the world, one worthy of all well-being for the notable constitution of his mind, and most unworthy to receive hurt by me, whom he doth in all faith and constancy love, the pity of him only goes beyond all resolution to the contrary. Then did he, to the princess's great admiration, tell her the whole story as far as he knew of it, and that when they made the grievous disjunction of their long combination, they had concluded *Musidorus* should intitle himself *Palladius*, prince of *Iberia*, and *Pyrocles* should be *Diaphantus* of *Lycia*.

Now, said *Musidorus*, he keeping a woman's habit, is to use no other name than *Zelmane*; but I that find it best of the one side for your honour, you went away with a prince, and not with a shepherd; of the other side, accounting

counting my death less evil than the betraying of that sweet friend of mine, will take this mean betwixt both, and using the name of *Palladius*, if the respect of a prince will stop your father's fury, that will serve as well as *Musidorus*, until *Pyrocles*'s fortune being some way established, I may freely give good proof that the noble country of *Theffalia* is mine; and if that will not mitigate your father's opinion to me-wards, nature, I hope, working in your excellency, will make him deal well with you: for my part the image of death is nothing fearful unto me; and this good I shall have reaped by it, that I shall leave my most esteemed friend in no danger to be disclosed by me. And besides, since I must confess I am not without a remorse of her case, my virtuous mother shall not know her son's violent death hid under the same will go of *Palladius*. But as long as her years, now of good number, be counted among the living, she may joy herself with some possibility of my return. *Pamela* promising him upon no occasion ever to name him, fell into extremity of weeping, as if her eyes had been content to spend all their seeing moistness, now that there was a speech of the loss of that which they held as their chiefest light. So that *Musidorus* was forced to repair her good counsels with sweet consolations, which continued betwixt them till it was about midnight, that sleep having stolen into their heavy senses, and now absolutely commanding in their vital powers, left them delicately wound one in another's arms, quietly to wait for the coming of the morning; which as soon as she appeared to play her part, laden, as you have heard, with so many well occasioned lamentations, their lobbish guard, who all night had kept themselves awake, with prating how valiant deeds they had done when they ran away; and how fair a death their fellow had died, who at his last gasp sued to be a hangman, awaked them, and set them upon their horses, to whom the very shining force of excellent virtue, tho' in a very harrish subject, had wrought a kind of reverence in them: *Musidorus* as he rid among them, of whom they had no other hold but of *Pamela*, thinking it want of a well squared judgment to leave any mean unassayed of saving their lives, to this purpose spake

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to his unseemly guardians, using a plain kind of phrase to make his speech the more credible: My masters, said he, there is no man that is wise but hath, in whatsoever he doth, some purpose whereto he directs his doings, which so long he follows, till he see that either that purpose is not worth the pains, or that another doing carries with it a better purpose. That you are wise in what you take in hand, I have to my cost learned; that makes me desire you tell me what is your end in carrying the prince and me back to her father. Pardon, said one; reward, cried another. Well, said he, take both; altho' I know you are so wise to remember, that hardly they both will go together, being of so contrary a making; for the ground of pardon is an evil, neither any man pardons but remembers an evil done: the cause of reward is the opinion of some good act, and whoso rewardeth, that holds the chief place of his fancy. Now one man of one company, to have the same consideration of good and evil, but that the conceit of pardoning, if it be pardoned, will take away the mind of rewarding, is very hard, if not impossible. For either even in justice will he punish the fault, as well as reward the desert, or else in mercy ballance the one by the other: so that the not chastising shall be a sufficient satisfying. Thus then you may see, that in your own purpose rests great uncertainty. But I will grant, that by this your deed you shall obtain your double purpose. Yet consider, I pray you, whether by another mean, that may not better be obtained, and then I doubt not your wisdoms will teach you to take hold of the better. I am sure you know, any body were *better have no need of a pardon than enjoy a pardon*; for as it carries with it the surety of a preserved life, so bears it a continual note of a deserved death. This therefore, besides the danger you may run into, my lady *Pamela* being the undoubted inheritrix of this state, if she shall hereafter seek to revenge the wrong done her shall be continually cast in your teeth, as men dead by the law: the honestest fort will disdain your company, and your children shall be the more basely reputed of, and you yourselves in every slight fault hereafter, as men once condemned, aptest to be overthrown. Now if you will, I
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doubt not but you will, for you are wise, turn your course, and guard my lady *Pamela* thitherward, whither she was going: first, you need not doubt to adventure your fortune where she goes, and there shall you be assured in a country as good and rich as this is, of the same manners and language to be so far from the conceit of a pardon, as we both shall be forced to acknowledge we have received by your means whatsoever we hold dear in this life. And so for reward, judge you whether it be not more likely, you shall there receive it where you have done no evil, but singular and undeserved goodness; or here, where this service of yours shall be diminished by your duty, and blemished by your former fault. Yes I protest and swear unto you, by the fair eyes of that lady, there shall no gentleman in all that country be preferred: you shall have riches, ease, pleasure, and that which is best to such worthy minds, you shall not be forced to cry mercy for a good fact. You only, of all the *Arcadians*, shall have the praise, in continuing in your late valiant attempt, and not be basely brought under a halter for seeking the liberty of *Arcadia*. These words in their minds, who did nothing for any love of goodness, but only as their senses presented greater shews of profit, began to make them waver, and some to clap their hands and scratch their heads, and swear it was the best way. Others, that would seem wiser than the rest, to capitulate what tenements they should have, what subsidies they should pay; others to talk of their wives, in doubt whether it were best to send for them, or to take new where they went: most, like fools, not readily thinking what was next to be done, but imagining what cheer they would make when they came there, one or two of the last discourfers beginning to turn their faces towards the woods which they had left. But being now come within the plain near to the lodges, unhappily they espied a troop of horsemen. But then their false hearts had quickly, for the present fear, forsaken their last hopes: and therefore keeping on the way toward the lodge, with songs and cries of joy, the horsemen, who were some of them *Philanax* had sent out to the search of *Pamela*, came galloping unto them, marvelling who they were that in such a general mourning durst sing joyful

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joyful tunes, and in so publick a ruin wear the lawrel token of victory. And that which seemed strangest, they might see two among them unarmed like prisoners, but riding like captains. But when they came nearer, they perceived the one was a lady, and the lady *Pamela*. Then glad they had by hap found that which they so little hoped to meet withal, taking these clowns, who first resisted them, for the desire they had to be the deliverers of the two excellent prisoners, learning that they were of those rebels, which had made the dangerous uproar, as well under colour to punish that, as this their last withstanding them, but indeed their principal cause being, because they themselves would have the only praise of their own quest, they suffered not one of them to live. Marry three of the stubbornest of them they left their bodies hanging upon the trees, because their doing might carry the likelier form of judgment. Such an unlooked-for end did the life of justice work for the naughty-minded wretches, by subjects to be executed, that would have executed princes : and to suffer that without law, which by law they had deserved. And thus these young folks twice prisoners, before any due arrest, delivered of their jailors, but not of their jail, had rather change than respite of misery ; these soldiers that took them with very few words of entertainment, hasting to carry them to their lord *Philanax* : to whom they came, even as he, going out of the lady *Philoclea's* chamber, had overtaken *Pyrocles*, whom before he had delivered to the custody of a nobleman of that country. When *Pyrocles*, led towards his prison, saw his friend *Musidorus*, with the noble lady *Pamela* in that unexpected sort returned, his grief, if any grief were in a mind which had placed every thing according to his natural worth, was very much augmented ; for besides some small hope he had, if *Musidorus* had once been clear of *Arcadia*, by his dealing and authority to have brought his only gladfome desires to a good issue : the hard estate of his friend did no less, nay rather more vex him than his own. For so indeed it is ever found, where valour and friendship are perfectly coupled in one heart ; the reason being, that the resolute man having once digested in his judgment the worst extremity

tremity of his own case, and having either quite expelled or at least repelled all passion, which ordinarily follows an overthrown fortune, not knowing his friend's mind so well as his own, nor with what patience he brooks his case, which as it were the material cause of making a man happy or unhappy, doubts whether his friend accounts not himself more miserable, and so indeed be more lamentable. But as soon as *Musidorus* was brought by the soldiers near unto *Philanax*, *Pyrocles* not knowing whether ever after he should be suffered to see his friend, and determining there could be no advantage by dissembling a not-knowing of him, leap'd suddenly from their hands that held him, and passing with a strength strengthened with a true affection, through them that encompassed *Musidorus*, he embraced him as fast as he could in his arms. And kissing his cheeks, O my *Palladius*, said he, let not our virtue now abandon us; let us prove our minds are no slaves to fortune, but in adversity can triumph over adversity. Dear *Diaphantus*, answered *Musidorus*, seeing by his apparel his being a man was revealed, I thank you for this best care of my best part: but fear not, I have kept too long company with you to want now a thorow determination of these things; I well know, There is nothing evil but within us, the rest is either natural or accidental. *Philanax*, finding them of so near acquaintance, began presently to examine them apart: but such resolution he met with in them, that by no such means he could learn further than it pleased them to deliver. So that he thought best to put them both in one place, with espial of their words and behaviour, that way to sift out the more of these surpased mischiefs. And for that purpose gave them both unto the nobleman, who before had the custody of *Pyrocles*, by name *Sympathus*, leaving a trusty servant of his own to give diligent watch to what might pass betwixt them. No man that hath ever passed thorow the school of affection, needs doubt what a tormenting grief it was to the noble *Pamela*, to have the company of him taken from her, to whose virtuous company she had bound her life. But weighing with her self, it was fit for her honour, till her doings were clearly manifested, that they should remain separate, kept down the rising tokens of grief; shewing

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shewing passion in nothing but her eyes, which accompa-
 nied *Mufidorus* even unto the tent, whither he and *Pyro-*
cles were led. Then, with a countenance more princely
 than she was wont, according to the wont of highest hearts,
 like the palm tree striving most upwards, when he is most
 burthened, she commanded *Philanax* to bring her to her
 father and mother, that she might render them an account
 of her doings. *Philanax* shewing a sullen kind of reve-
 rence unto her, as a man that honoured her as his ma-
 ster's heir, but much disliked her for her, in his conceit,
 dishonourable proceedings, told her what was past, rather
 to answer her, than that he thought she was ignorant of
 it. But her good spirit did presently suffer a true compas-
 sionate affliction of those hard adventures, which, with
 crossing her arms, looking a great while upon the ground,
 with those eyes which let fall many tears, she well decla-
 red. But in the end, remembering how necessary it was
 for her, not to lose her self in such an extremity, she
 strengthened her well-created heart, and stoutly demanded
Philanax, what authority then they had to lay hands on
 her person, who being the undoubted heir, was then the
 lawful princess of that kingdom? *Philanax* answered,
 her grace knew the ancient laws of *Arcadia* were, she
 was to have no sway of government till she came to one
 and twenty years of age, or were married. And married
 I am, replied the wise princess, therefore I demand your
 due allegiance. The gods forbid, said *Philanax*, *Arcadia*
 should be a dowry of such marriages. Besides, he told
 her all the states of her country were evil satisfied touch-
 ing her father's death, which likewise according to the
 statutes of *Arcadia*, was even that day to be judged of,
 before the body were removed to receive his princely fu-
 neral. After that past, she should have such obedience,
 as by the laws were due unto her, desiring god she would
 shew her self better in publick government, than she had
 done in private. She would have spoken to the gentle-
 men and people gathered about her: but *Philanax* fearing
 least thereby some commotion might arise, or at least a
 hinderance of executing his master's murderers, which he
 longed after more than any thing, hastened her up to the
 lodge, where her sister was, and there with a chosen com-
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pany of soldiers to guard the place, left her with *Philoclea*, *Pamela* protesting they laid violent hands on her, and that they entred into rebellious attempts against her. But high time it was for *Philanax* so to do : for already was all the whole multitude fallen into confused and dangerous divisions.

There was a notable example, how great dissipation monarchial government is subject unto. For now their prince and guide had left them, they had not experience to rule, and had not whom to obey. Publick matters had ever been privately governed, so that they had no lively taste what was good for themselves. But every thing was either vehemently desirous, or extreemly terrible. Neighbours invasions, civil dissention, cruelty of the coming prince, and whatsoever in common sense carries a dreadful shew, was in all men's heads, but in few how to prevent : hearkning on every rumour, suspecting every thing, condemning them whom before they had honoured, making strange and impossible tales of the king's death, while they thought themselves in danger, wishing nothing but safety ; as soon as persuasion of safety took them, desiring farther benefits, as amendment of fore-passed faults, which faults notwithstanding none could tell either the grounds or effects of, all agreeing in the universal names of liking or misliking, but of what in especial points, infinitely disagreeing. Altogether like a falling steeple, the parts whereof, as windows, stones, and pinacles were well, but the whole mass ruinous. And this was the general cause of all, wherein notwithstanding was an extream medly of diversified thoughts, the great men looking to make themselves strong by factions, the gentlemen some bending to them, some standing upon themselves, some desirous to overthrow those few which they thought were over them ; the soldiers desirous of trouble, as the nurse of spoil, and not much unlike to them though in another way, were all the needy sort, the rich fearful, the wise careful. This composition of conceits, brought forth a dangerous tumult, which yet would have been more dangerous, but that it had so many parts, that no body well knew against whom chiefly to oppose themselves. For some there were that cried to have the state altered, and governed no more by a prince ; many
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in the alteration, many would have the *Lacedemonian* government of a few chosen senators, others the *Athenian*, where the peoples voice held the chief authority. But these were rather the discourfing fort of men, than the active, being a matter more in imagination than practice. But they that went nearest to the present case, as in a country that knew no government without a prince, were they that strove whom they should make. Whereof a great number there were that would have the princess *Pamela* presently to enjoy it: some disdaining that she had as it were abandoned her own country, inclining more to *Philoclea*: and there wanted not of them, which wished *Gynecia* were delivered, and made regent till *Pamela* were worthily married. But great multitudes there were, which having been acquainted with the just government of *Philanax*, meant to establish him as lieutenant of the state: and these were the most popular sort, who judged by the commodities they felt. But the principal men in honour and might, who had long before envied his greatness with *Basilus*, did much more spurn against any such preferment of him. For yet before their envy had some kind of breathing out his rancour, by laying his greatness as a fault to the prince's judgment, who shewed in *Dametas* he might easily be deceived in men's value: but now if the prince's choice, by so many mouths should be confirmed, what could they object to so rightly esteemed an excellency, they therefore were disposed, sooner to yield to any thing, than to his raising: and were content, for to cross *Philanax*, to stop those actions, which otherwise they could not but think good. *Philanax* himself as much hindred by those, that did immoderately honour him, which brought both more envy, and suspicion upon him, as by them that did manifestly resist him: but, standing only upon a constant desire of justice, and a clear conscience went forward stoutly in the action of his matter's revenge, which he thought himself particularly bound to. For the rest, as the ordering of the government, he accounted himself but as one, wherein notwithstanding he would employ all his loyal endeavour.

But

But among the noblemen, he that most openly set himself against him, was named *Timantus*, a man of middle age, but of extream ambition, as one that had placed his uttermost good in greatnets, thinking small difference by what means he came by it. Of commendable wit, if he had not made it a servant to unbridled desires. Cunning to creep into men's favours, which he prized only as they were serviceable unto him. He had been brought up in some soldiery, which he knew how to set out with more than deserved ostentation. Servile, though envious, to his betters: and no less tyrannically minded to them he had advantage of. Counted revengeful, but indeed measuring both revenge and reward, as the party might either help or hurt him. Rather shameless than bold, and yet more bold in practice, than in personal adventures. In some, a man that could be as evil as he listed, and listed as much as any advancement might thereby be gotten. As for virtue he counted it but a school-name. He even at the first assembling together, finding the great stroke *Philanax* carried among the people, thought it his readiest way of ambition to join with him: which though his pride did hardly brook, yet the other vice carrying with it a more apparent object, prevailed over the weaker, so that with those liberal protestations of friendship, which men that care not for their word are wont to bestow, he offered unto him the choice in marriage of either the sisters, so he would likewise help him to the other, and make such a partition of the *Arcadian* estate. Wishing him, that since he loved his master, because he was his master, which shewed the love began in himself, he should rather, now occasion was presented, seek his own good substantially, than affect the smoke of a glory, by shewing an untimely fidelity to him that could not reward it: and have all the fruit he could get, in men's opinions, which would be as divers, as many; few agreeing to yield him due praise of his true heart. But *Philanax*, who had limited his thoughts in that he esteemed good, to which he was neither carried by the vain tickling of uncertain fame, nor from which he would be transported by enjoying any thing, whereto the ignorant world gives the excellent name of goods, with great

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unlike of his offer, he made him so peremptory an answer, not without threatening, if he found him foster any such fancy, that *Timautus* went with an inward spite from him, whom before he had never loved: and measuring all men's marches by his own pace, rather thought it some farther fetch of *Philanax*, as that he would have all to himself alone, than was any way taked with the lovely beauty of his virtue, whose image he had so quite defaced in his own soul, that he had left himself no eyes to behold it, but stayed waiting fit opportunity to execute his desires both for himself and against *Philanax*, which by the bringing back of *Pamela*, the people being divided into many motions, which both with murmuring noises, and putting themselves in several troops, they well shewed, he thought apt time was laid before him, the waters, being as the proverb saith, troubled, and so the better for his fishing. Therefore going among the chiefest lords, whom he knew principally to repine at *Philanax*, and making a kind of convocation of them, he inveighed against his proceeding, drawing every thing to the most malicious interpretation, that malice it self could instruct him to do. He said, it was season for them to look to such a weed, that else would over-grow them all. It was not now time to consult of the dead, but of the living: since such a sly wolf was entred among them, that could make justice the cloak of tyranny, and love of his late master the destruction of his now being children. Do you not see, said he, how far his corruption hath stretched, that he hath such a number of rascals voices to declare him lieutenant, ready to make him prince, but that he instructs them, matters are not yet ripe for it? as for us, because we are too rich to be bought, he thinks us the fitter to be killed. Hath *Arcadia* bred no man but *Philanax*? is she become a stepmother to all the rest, and hath given all her blessings to *Philanax*? or if there be men amongst us, let us shew we disdain to be servants to a servant. Let us make him know, we are far worthier not to be slaves, than he to be a master. Think you he hath made such haste in these matters, to give them over to another man's hand? think you, he durst

Vol. II. Q become

become the jaylor of his princess, but either meaning to be her master, or her murderer? and all this for the dear good-will, forsooth he bears to the king's memory, whose authority as he abused in his life, so he would now persevere to abuse his name after his death. O notable affection, for the love of the father to kill the wife, and disinherit the children! O single minded modesty, to aspire to no less than to the princely diadem, no, no, he hath veered all this while, but to come the sooner to his affected end. But let us remember what we be, in quality his equals, in number far before him: let us deliver the queen and our natural princesses, and leave them no longer under his authority; whose proceedings would rather shew that he himself had been the murderer of the king, then a fit guardian of his posterity. These words pierced much into the minds, already inclined that way: infomuch that most part of the nobility confirmed *Timautus's* speech, and were ready to execute it: when *Philanax* came among them, and with a constant, but reverent behaviour, desired them they would not exercise private grudges in so common a necessity. He acknowledged himself a man, and a faulty man: to the clearing or satisfying of which, he would at all times submit himself; since his end was to bring all things to an upright judgment, it should evil fit him to fly the judgment. But said he, my lords, let not *Timautus's* railing speech, who whatsoever he finds evil in his own soul, can with ease lay it upon another, make me lose your good favour. Consider that all well-doing stands so in the middle betwixt his two contrary evils, that it is a ready matter to cast a slanderous shade upon the most approved virtues. Who hath an evil tongue, can call severity cruelty, and faithful diligence, diligent ambition. But my end is not to excuse my self, nor to accuse him: for both those, hereafter will be time enough. There is neither of us, whose purging or punishing may so much import to *Arcadia*. Now I request you, for your own honour's sake, and require you by the duty you owe to this estate, that you do presently, according to the laws, take in hand the chastisement of our master's murderers.

murderers, and laying order for the government: by whom soever it be done, so it be done, and justly done, I am satisfied. My labour hath been to frame things so, as you might determine; now it is in you to determine. For my part, I call the heavens to witness, the care of my heart stands to repay that, wherein both I and most of you were tied to that prince, with whom all my love of worldly action is dead.

As *Philanax* was speaking his last words, there came one running to him with open mouth and fearful eyes, telling him, that there was a great number of the people which were bent to take the young men out of *Sympathus's* hands; and as it should seem by their acclamations, were like enough to proclaim them princes. Nay, said *Philanax*, speaking aloud, and looking with a just anger upon the noblemen, it is no season to hear *Timantus's* idle slanders, while strangers become our lords, and *Basilus's* murderers sit in his throne. But whosoever is a true *Arcadian*, let him follow me. With that he went toward the place he heard of, followed by those that had ever loved him, and some of the noblemen. Some other remaining with *Timantus*, who in the mean time was conspiring by strong hands to deliver *Gynecia*, of whom the weakest guard was had. But *Philanax*, where he went, found them all in an uproar, which thus was fallen out. The greatest multitude of people that were come to the death of *Basilus*, were the *Mantineans*, as being the nearest city to the lodges. Among these, the chief man both in authority and love, was *Kalandar*, he that not long before had been host to the two princes; whom though he knew not so much as by name, yet besides the obligation he stood bound to them in, for preserving the lives of his son and nephew, their noble behaviour had bred such love in his heart towards them, as both with tears he parted from them when they left him, under promise to return, and did keep their jewels and apparel as the reliques of two demi-gods. Among others he had entered the prison, and seen them, which forthwith so invested his soul, both with sorrow and

and desire to help them, whom he tendered as his children, that calling his neighbours the *Mantineans* unto him, he told them all the praises of those two young men, swearing he thought the gods had provided for them better, than they themselves could have imagined. He willed them to consider, that when all was done *Basilus's* children must enjoy the state, who since they had chosen, and chosen so, as all the world could not mend their choice, why should they resist God's doing, and their princess's pleasure? this was the only way to purchase quietness without blood, where otherwise they should at one instant crown *Pamela* with a crown of gold, and a dishonoured title? which whether ever she would forget, he thought it fit for them to weigh: such, said he, heroical greatness shines in their eyes, such an extraordinary majesty in all their actions, as surely either fortune by parentage, or nature in creation, hath made them princes. And yet a state already we have, we need but a man, who since he is presented unto you by the heavenly providence, embraced by our undoubted princess, worthy for their youth, of compassion, for their beauty, of admiration, for their excellent virtue, to be monarchs of the world; shall we not be content with our own bliss? shall we put out our eyes because another man cannot see? or rather like some men, when too much good happens unto them, they think themselves in a dream, and have not spirits to taste their own goods? no, no, my friends, believe me, I am so impartial, that I know not their names, but so overcome with their virtue, that I shall then think, the destinies have ordained a perpetual flourishing to *Arcadia*, when they shall allot such a governor unto it. This spoken by a grave man in years, great in authority, near allied to the prince, and known honest, prevailed so with all the *Mantineans*, that with one voice they ran to deliver the two princes. But *Pbilanax* came in time to withstand them, both sides standing in arms, and rather wanting a beginning, than minds to enter into a bloody conflict. Which *Pbilanax* foreseeing, thought best to remove the prisoners secretly, and if need were, rather with-

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out form of justice to kill them, then against justice, as he thought, to have them usurp the state. But there again arose a new trouble. For *Sympathus*, the nobleman that kept them, was so stricken in compassion with their excellent presence, that as he would not falsify his promise to *Philanax*, to give them liberty, so yet would he not yield them to himself, fearing he would do them violence. Thus tumult upon tumult arising, the sun, I think, weary to see their discords, had already gone down to his western lodging. But yet to know what the poor shepherds did, who were the first discriers of these matters, will not to some ears perchance be a tedious digression.

E C L O G U E S.

THE shepherds finding no place for them in these garboils, to which their quiet hearts, whose highest ambition was in keeping themselves up in goodness, had at all no aptness, retired themselves from among the clamorous multitude: and as sorrow desires company, went up together to the western side of an hill, whose prospect extended it so far, as they might well discern many of *Arcadia's* beauties. And there looking upon the sun's as then declining race, the poor men sat pensive of their present miseries, as if they found a weariness of their woful words: till at last good old *Geron*; who as he had longest tasted the benefits of *Basilus's* government, so seemed to have a special feeling of the present loss, wiping his eyes and long white beard bedewed with great drops of tears, began in this sort to complain; alas, poor sheep, said he, which hitherto have enjoyed your fruitful pasture in such quietness, as your wool among other things hath made this country famous, your best days are now past: now you must become the vidual of an army, and perchance an army of foreign enemies, you are now not only to fear home-wolves, but alien lions: now, I say, now that our right *Basilus* is deceased. Alas, sweet pastures, shall soldiers that know not how to use you, possess you? shall they that cannot speak the *Arcadian* language be lords over your

your shepherds? for alas with good cause may we look for any evil, since *Basilus* our only strength is taken from us. To that all the other shepherds present uttered pitiful voices, especially the very born *Arcadians*. For as for the other, though humanity moved them to pity human cases, especially in a prince, under whom they had found a refuge of their miseries, and justice equally administred? yet could they not so naturally feel the lively touch of sorrow. Nevertheless, of that number one *Agalastus* notably noted among them, as well for his skill in poetry; as for an austere maintained sorrowfulness, wherewith he seemed to despise the works of nature, framing an universal complaint in that universal mischief, uttered it in this *Seisfine*.

Since wailing is a bud of causeful sorrow
 Since sorrow is the follower of evil fortune,
 Since no evil fortune equals publick damage;
 Now princes loss hath made our damage publick,
 Sorrow pay we to thee the rights of nature,
 And inward grief fail up with outward wailing.

Why should we spare our voice from endless wailing,
 Who justly make our hearts the seat of sorrow?
 In such a case where it appears that nature
 Doth add her force unto the sting of fortune:
 Chusing alas, this our theatre publick,
 Where they would leave trophies of cruel damage.

Then, since such powers conspired unto our damage
 (Which may be known, but never help with wailing)
 Yet let us leave a monument in publick
 Of willing tears, torn hairs, and cries of sorrow.
 For lost, lost is by blow of cruel fortune
Arcadia's gem, the noblest child of nature.

O nature doting old, O blind dead nature,
 How hast thou torn thy self, sought thine own damage?
 In granting such a scope to filthy fortune,
 By thy imp's loss to fill the world with wailing.

Cast thy step-mother eyes, upon our sorrow,
Publick our loss: so, see, thy shame is publick.

O that we had, to make our woes more publick,
Seas in our eyes, and brazen tongues by nature,
A yelling voice, and hearts compos'd of sorrow,
Breath made of flames, wits knowing naught but damage,
Our sports murd'ring our selves, our musicks wailing,
Our studies fixt upon the falls of fortune.

No, no, our mischief grows in this vile fortune,
That private pains cannot breathe out in publick
The furious inward griefs with hellish wailing:
But forced are to burthen feeble nature
With secret sense of our eternal damage,
And sorrow feed, feeding our souls with sorrow.

Since sorrow then concluded all our fortune,
With all our deaths shew we this damage publick:
His nature fears to die who lives still wailing.

It seem'd that this complaint of *Agelastus* had awaked
the spirits of the *Arcadians*, astonish'd before with the
exceedingness of sorrow. For he had scarcely ended, when
divers of them offer'd to follow his example, in bewailing
the general loss of that country which had been as well a
nurse to strangers, as a mother to *Arcadians*. Among the
rest one accounted good in that kind, and made the bet-
ter by the true feeling of sorrow, roared out a song of la-
mentation, which, as well as might be, was gathered up
in this form:

Since that to death is gone the shepherd high,
Who most the silly shepherd's pipe did prize,
Your doleful tunes sweet *Muses* now apply.
And you O trees, if any life there lies

In trees, now through your porous barks receive
The strange resound of these my causeful cries:

And let my breath upon your branches cleave,
My breath distinguished into words of woe,

That so I may signs of my sorrow leave.

But if among your selves some one tree grow,

That

That aptest is to figure misery,
 Let it embassage bear your griefs to show.
 The weeping myrrh I think will not deny
 Her help to this, this justest cause of plaint.
 Your doleful tunes sweet *Muses* now apply.

And thou, poor earth, whom fortune doth attain,
 In nature's name to suffer such a harm,
 As for to lose thy gem, and such a faint,
 Upon thy face let coaly ravens swarm:
 Let all the sea thy tears accounted be;
 Thy bowels will all killing metals arm.
 Let gold now rust, let diamonds waste in thee:
 Let pearls be wan with woe their dam doth bear?
 Thy self henceforth the light do never see.
 And you, O flowers, which sometimes princes wear,
 Tell these strange alt'rings you did hap to try,
 Of princes loss your selves for tokens rear.
 Lilly in mourning black thy whiteness die:
 O *Hyacinth* let *Ai* be on thee still,
 Your doleful tunes sweet *Muses* now apply.

O *Echo*, all these woods with roaring fill,
 And do not only mark the accents last,
 But all, for all reach out my wailful will:
 One *Echo* to another *Echo* call
 Sound of my griefs, and let it never end,
 Till that it hath all words and waters past,
 Nay to the heav'ns your just complaining send,
 And stay the stars inconstant constant race,
 Till that they do unto our dolours bend:
 And ask the reason of that special grace,
 That they which have no lives should live so long,
 And virtuous souls so soon should lose their place?
 Ask, if in great men good men do so throng,
 That he for want of elbow-room must die?
 Or if that they be scant, if this be wrong?
 Did wisdom this our wretched time espy
 In one true chest to rob all virtue's treasure?
 Your doleful tunes sweet *Muses* now apply.

And if that any counsel you to measure
 Your doleful tunes, to them still plaining say,
 To well felt grief plaint is the only pleasure.
 O light of sun, which is intituled day :
 O well thou dost that thou no longer bidest ;
 For mourning night her black weeds may display.
 O *Phæbus* with good cause thy face thou hidest,
 Rather than have thy all beholding eye
 Fould with this sight, while thou thy chariot guidest,
 And well methinks becomes this vaulty sky
 A stately tomb to cover him deceased.
 Your doleful tunes sweet *Muses* now apply.

O *Philomela* with thy breast oppressed
 By shame and grief, help, help me to lament
 Such cursed harms as cannot be redressed.
 Or if thy mourning notes be fully spent,
 Then give a quiet ear unto my plaining :
 For I to teach the world complaint am bent.
 You dimmy clouds, which well employ your staining.
 This chearful air with your obscured chear,
 Witness your woful tears with daily raining.
 And if, O sun, thou ever didst appear,
 In shape, which by man's eye might be perceived :
 Virtue is dead, now set thy triumph here.
 Now set thy triumph in this world, bereaved
 Of what was good, where now no good doth lie :
 And by the pomp our loss will be conceived,
 O notes of mine your selves together tie :
 With too much grief methinks you are dissolved.
 Your doleful tunes sweet *Muses* now apply.
 Time ever old, and young is still revolved
 Within it's self, and never tasted end :
 But mankind is for aye to nought resolved,
 The filthy snake her aged coat can mend,
 And getting youth again, in youth doth flourish :
 But unto man age ever death doth send.
 The very trees with grafting we can cherish,
 So that we can long time produce their time :

But

But man which helpeth them, helpless must perish.

Thus, thus the minds which over all do climb,
When they by years experience get best graces,
Must finish then by death's detested crime.

We last short while, and build long lasting places :

Ah let us all against foul nature cry :

We nature's works do help, she us defaces ;

For how can nature unto this reply :

That she her child, I say, her best child killeth ?

Your doleful tunes sweet *Muses* now apply,

Alas methinks my weak'ned voice but spilleth

The vehement course of his just lamentation :

Methinks, my sound no place with sorrow filleth.

I know not I, but once in detestation

I have my self, and all what life containeth,

Since death on virtues fort hath made invasion.

One word of woe another after traineth :

Nor do I care how rude by my invention,

So it be seen what sorrow in me reigneth.

O elements, by whose, men say, contention,

Our bodies be in living power maintained,

Was this man's death the fruit of your dissension ?

O physick's power, which, some say, hath restrained

Approach of death, alas, thou helpst meagerly,

When once one is for *Atropos* distrained,

Great be physicians brags, but aid is beggarly,

When rooted moisture fails or groweth dry,

They leave off all, and say, death comes too eagerly.

They are but words therefore that men do buy

Of any, since god *Æsculapius* ceased,

Your doleful tunes sweet *Muses* now apply.

Justice, justice is now, alas, oppressed :

Bountifulness hath made his last conclusion :

Goodness for best attire in dust is dressed.

Shepherds bewail your uttermost confusion ;

And see by this picture to you presented,

Death is our home, life is but a delusion,

For see, alas, who is from you absented,

Absented ? nay I say for ever banished

For such as were to die for him contented ?

Out of her sight in turn of hand is vanished
Shepherd of shepherds, whose well settled order
Private with wealth, publick with quiet garnished
While he did live, far, far was all disorder,

Example more prevailing than direction,
Far was home-strife, and far was foe from border,

His life a law, his look a full correction :
As in his health we healthful were preserved,

So in his sickness grew our sure infection.
His death our death. But ah, my muse hath swerved,

For such deep plaint as should such woes descry,
Which he of us for ever hath deserved.

The style of heavy heart can never fly
So high, as should make such a pain notorious :

Cease muse therefore: thy dart O death apply,
And farewell prince, whom goodness hath made glorious.

Many were ready to have followed this course, but
the day was so wasted, that only this rhiming *Seistine* delivered by one of great account among them, could obtain favour to be heard,

Farewel, O sun, *Arcadia's* clearest light :
Farewel, O pearl, the poor man's plenteous treasure.

Farewel, O golden staff, the weak man's might :
Farewel, O joy, the joyful's only pleasure.

Wisdom, farewell, the skill-less man's direction :

Farewel with thee, farewell all our affection.

For what place now is left for our affection,
Now that of purest lamp is quench'd the light,
Which to our darkned minds was best direction ?

Now that the mine is lost of all our treasure ?

Now death hath swallowed up our worldly pleasure,
We orphans made, void of all publick might ?

Orphans indeed, depriv'd of father's might :

For he our father was in all affection,
In our well-doing placing all his pleasure,
Still studying how to us to be a light.

As well he was in peace a safest treasure :
In war his wit and word was our direction.

Whence, whence, alas, shall we seek our direction ?
When that we fear our hateful neighbours might,
Who long have gap'd to get *Arcadian's* treasure.
Shall we now find a guide of such affection,
Who for our sakes will think all travel light,
And make his pain to keep us safe, his pleasure ?

No, no, for ever gone is all our pleasure ;
For ever wandring from all good direction ;
For ever blinded of our clearest light ;
For ever lamed of our sured might ;
For ever banish'd from well plac'd affection ;
For ever rob'd of all our royal treasure.

Let tears for him therefore be all our treasure,
And in our wailing naming him our pleasure :
Let hating of our selves be our affection,
And unto death bend still our thoughts direction :
Let us against our selves employ our might,
And putting out our eyes seek we our light.

Farewel our light, farewel our spoiled treasure :
Farewel our might, farewel our daunted pleasure :
Farewel direction, farewel all affection.

The night began to cast her dark canopy over them,
and they, even weary with their woes, bended homewards,
hoping by sleep, forgetting themselves, to ease their pre-
sent dolours, when they were met with a troop of twenty
horse, the chief of which asking them for the King, and
understanding the hard news, thereupon stayed among
them expecting the return of a messenger, whom with
speed he dispatch'd to *Philanax*.

The End of the Fourth Book.

IV.

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